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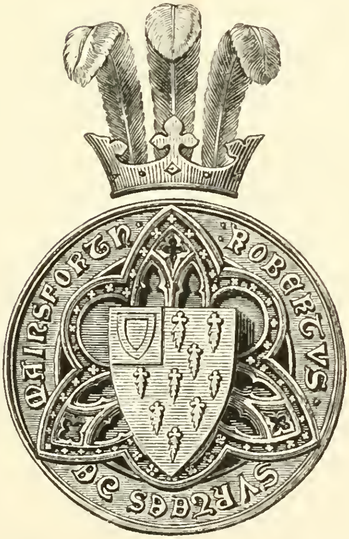
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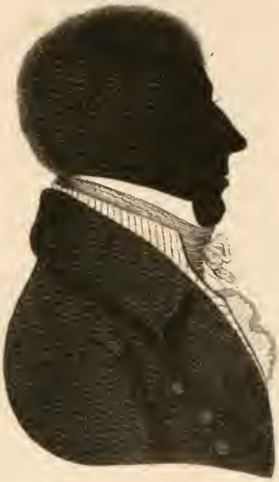

Robert Surtees

A MEMOIR

OF

ROBERT SURTEES, Esq., M.A., F.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF THE
HISTORY OF THE COUNTY PALATINE OF DURHAM.

BY GEORGE TAYLOR, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION, WITH ADDITIONS,

BY THE REV. JAMES RAINE, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF NORTH DURHAM, ETC.

Published for the Society
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PREFACE.

It having been determined by the Surtees Society, to publish in an octavo form a reprint of the Memoir in folio of Mr. Surtees, by the late Geo. Taylor, Esq., with additions, consisting of some of his unpublished Poems and Letters, I have been solicited to be the Editor of the Volume, and I have undertaken the task under feelings of no ordinary kind.

For upwards of twenty years, it was my happiness to enjoy the friendship of Mr. Surtees; a friendship which was on his side uniformly characterized by sincerity, and evidenced by numerous acts of kindness. In our respective ages there was a disparity; but in the memorable words of Dr. Johnson, when writing of his early friend Gilbert Walmsley,* although "I was only not a boy, he never received my notions with contempt. I honoured him, and he tolerated me. He was one of the first friends that literature procured me, and I hope that, at least, my gratitude made me worthy of his notice. His studies had been so various, that I am not able to name a man of equal knowledge. His acquaintance with books was great; and what he did not immediately know, he could at least tell where to find. Such was his amplitude of learn-

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* In his Life of Smith the Poet.

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ing, and such his copiousness of communication, that it may be doubted whether a day now passes in which I have not some advantage from his friendship."

It was probably in consequence of our long acquaintance, and the similarity in one respect at least of our pursuits, that upon the death of Mr. Surtees I was solicited by some of those to whom his memory was dear to undertake a Memoir of his Life, to be prefixed to the fourth volume of his History, which it was proposed to publish under my superintending care, in the unfinished state in which he had left it. No one was more urgent in the request than Mr. Taylor. Happily for the name and fame of Mr. Surtees, I declined one part at least of the solicitation; and Mr. Taylor himself was prevailed upon to undertake a task for which I felt myself incompetent, and which he has so admirably performed.

A new edition of that Memoir has been entrusted to my care; the Life of one friend written by the pen of another, and he, the writer, now also numbered with the dead. Need I say, that it has been my most earnest endeavour in the following pages to keep this affecting combination of circumstances in view; and in such additions to the Memoir as I am required to make, not to lose sight of those reverential feelings which guided the pen of its author. If in the Memoir Mr. Taylor presented to the world a faithful delineation of the life and character of Mr. Surtees, he at the same time exhibited a no less accurate manifestation of his own taste, and his affectionate feeling for the memory of his departed friend. In my attempt to add to the picture which he has drawn, it has been my endeavour to catch his spirit and follow his example.

In the execution of my undertaking, Mr. Taylor's Memoir has been reprinted, word for word, with only one or two alterations sanctioned by his authority. The few notes also with which he illustrated his text, have been carefully preserved. To those notes, for which I am responsible, I have, for the sake of distinction, subjoined the word Editor in an abridged form.

And here, with respect to the notes in further illustration of Mr. Surtees's character, for which I am answerable, a few words may perhaps be necessary. Most of them were originally submitted to Mr. Taylor, whilst he was engaged in his task, to be adopted or rejected at pleasure, and were returned to me by him, with an expression of regret for want of room and time. In space he was limited, and the publication of the fourth volume of the History was urgent. Again, some of them from their light character may perhaps appear to be somewhat out of place in a memoir of a deceased friend. If this objection should haply be made, it must be stated in reply, that they are all of them closely, and even personally, connected with the subject of the Memoir; that they have, more or less, a direct tendency to throw light upon his character; and, as so many gentle touches, and minute lights and shades, tend to complete the sketch which Mr. Taylor has so ably drawn. Others equally faithful and useful for the purpose might have been added in abundance.

Southey, in illustration of his own early life, has told us some amusing stories of his aunt Alice. Who is there who would not wish to know more of Richard Hooker's proceedings with his parish clerk?

For some of the Letters printed in the Additions to the Memoir the same apology must be made, if an apology should be needed. They are all indications of the character of their writer, and they have this additional recommendation as evidence of that character, that they were written without the slightest notion that they should ever be submitted to any eye save that of him to whom they were addressed.

For reasons above stated, those I mean which involved the question of time and space, the publication of a copious selection from Mr. Surtees's poetical compositions was not included by Mr. Taylor in his plan. He printed a few, however, of those compositions as specimens of the poetical powers and playfulness of their author. To me no limit has been assigned, and if I have rejected some of Mr. Surtees's compositions, it has either been on account of their private and personal character, or from the apparently unfinished state in which I have found them. Under this freedom it may probably be alleged against me that I have given publicity to some pieces which a more judicious editor would have suffered to remain in manuscript, and perhaps there may be justice in the charge. A friend is not always the best judge of what may be creditable to the memory of a friend, or the contrary. I may, however, be permitted to express a hope that Mr. Surtees's personal friends, and the Members of this Society, will not blame me for what I have done. Of the opinion of the public at large, I write with less confidence. And here again, as in the case of the Letters, it must be observed that, with the exception of a very few only, these compositions, whatever may be their character or merit, were not intended by their author for the public eye.

With respect to Mr. Surtees's poetical powers, or the versatility of his pen and style, any critical remarks do not come within my province. It will readily be observed that he was intimately acquainted with our best poets. I have not thought it necessary to point out the use which he has occasionally made of the thoughts or modes of expression of those in whom he took particular delight. In some cases it amounts to little more than the borrowing of an idea. In others, but seldom only, a greater liberty is taken. In his imitation of the old ballad style of by-gone days, he has had no equal in modern times; and the regret that he did not live to finish the History of the County, upon which he had so long been engaged, is increased when it is made known that after its completion it was his settled plan to compose what he often spoke of as his Bishopric Garland, to consist of a publication of ballads by his own pen, founded on the historical events and legendary traditions of the county.

The profile of Mr. Surtees prefixed to the Memoir is taken from an outline made soon after his marriage in 1807. It is much to be regretted that no more finished likeness was ever taken. He had at all times the greatest reluctance to sit for his picture, and when, soon after the publication of the first volume of his History in 1816, a few of his friends expressed an anxious wish for permission to prefix to his second volume a portrait of its author, at their expense, the request was declined.

The fac-simile of Mr. Surtees's usual mode of proceeding in the composition of his History, inserted at p. 187, is perhaps too faithful a copy by the artist of the letter-back which was placed in his hands. Of the defects in the paper, by which the free course of the pen was impeded, there was no necessity for an imitation.

Of Mr. Taylor himself, the author of the Life of Mr. Surtees, a brief notice may not be out of place. A niche may with propriety be assigned to him in the porch of that temple which he has so skilfully erected to the fame of his friend.

George Taylor, Esq. was a younger son of a family of some standing and of great respectability, who were owners of the estate of Swinhoe, in Northumberland; and, having lost his parents at an early age, was brought up along with his brothers and a sister under the care of his uncle, John Taylor, Esq. who for many years resided in Durham, in the South Bailey, and afterwards at Sunderland, where he died in 1818. Mr. Taylor received the rudiments of his education at the school of Witton-le-Wear, under the tuition of the Reverend John Farrer, of whom he has feelingly spoken in the Memoir (p. 3), and of whom, upon his death, he compiled a short biographical account, which was afterwards printed and illustrated by a likeness in profile (see p. 169). He was also the writer of the inscription upon a tablet erected in the church of Witton, by Mr. Farrer's pupils, in memory of their master ; and, such was the deeply-rooted affection which he had imbibed in his schoolboy days for the place of his education, that in his declining years, after long residences in other places, he returned thither to spend the remainder of his life.

Mr. Taylor appears to have been removed from Witton School when a boy only, and it is known that he received no other scholastic education. It was his good fortune, however, to have an elder brother who had graduated at an English University, and by that brother, as he himself informs us (p. 12), he was "inspired with a love of literature," which, under regular and judicious cultivation, was in after years productive of such happy fruits. In his younger years his time was entirely his own, and it was duly devoted, under such superintendence, to the improvement of his mind. In after years, when the business of life required his care and attention, under the same eager anxiety for the attainment of knowledge, it was his habit for many years to rise at an early hour and pursue his studies, in order to have after-leisure for the necessary duties of the day. In prosecuting those studies, however, he laboured under considerable bodily disadvantages.

In one of his eyes he at no period of his life enjoyed the power of vision. Of the other, the sight was defective. In addition to these obstacles in the way of study, he laboured also under a weakness in his wrist, which rendered it difficult for him to write. This latter infirmity, however, he, to a certain extent, obviated by a piece of machinery extending from his hand to his neck, which served in some measure to steady his pen.

Mr. Taylor began at an early period to devote himself to agricultural pursuits. In 1797, in conjunction with his brother, the graduate above alluded to, he became the tenant of a farm at Bishop Middleham, near Mainsforth, and here it was that he first became acquainted with Mr. Surtees, then a youth of eighteen, of whose character and attainments at that early period of his life he has given such a lively picture in the Memoir (pp. 11, 12).

From Bishop Middleham, Mr. Taylor removed to a farm at St. Helen's Auckland, upon which he resided for several years, until, foreseeing the effect upon agricultural pursuits of a change from war to peace prices, consequent upon the restoration of peace in the year 1815, he prudently gave up his farm, and retired to Witton le Wear, where, devoting himself to his books and his friends, in the choice of which he was careful, having spent several happy years in private life—private not by accident and circumstance only, but from a real choice and love of privacy, he died on the 2 Jan. 1851, in the 79th year of his age.

Mr. Taylor was twice married. By his first wife, a daughter of Mr. Ashworth, of Durham, he was the father of three sons, one of whom alone survives, Henry Taylor, Esq. of the Colonial Office, Hon. M.A. of the University of Durham, and the well-known author of Philip Van Artevelde, Edwin the Fair, &c. &c. His second wife was Jane, daughter of Henry Mills, Esq. of Willington, who is still living.

In his description of Mr. Surtees's political opinions (p. 136), Mr. Taylor has correctly described his own. He advocated and even took an active part in the promulgation of Liberal opinions, and acted as one of "the friends of the people," until, for the well-being of the Constitution, a balance was needed in the opposite scale. At the Election for the Southern Division of the county of Durham, in 1841, he voted for Mr. Farrer, the Conservative candidate.

In the year 1832, Mr. Taylor for a short time quitted his retirement at Witton, having been appointed Secretary to the Commission of Inquiry into the Poor Laws, but, owing to domestic circumstances, which rendered it difficult for him to remain in London, he shortly afterwards resigned that appointment. This step was much regretted by the Commissioners, one of whom was the present Archbishop of Canterbury. Mr. Taylor, however, left behind him an able and elaborate Report on the subject of the Poor Laws, which was afterwards laid before Parliament with that of the Commissioners. He was also an occasional contributor to the Quarterly Review, not only on subjects of political economy and statistics, but on the literature and political history of the day.

The following Reviews in that repository are from his pen :—

1. On Dunlop's History of Fiction, vol. xiii. p. 384. 1815.
2. On Godwin's Book against Malthus, vol. xxvi. p. 149. 1822.
3. On Prisons and Penitentiaries, vol. xxx. p. 404. 1824.
4. On Banking, vol. xxxi. p. 126. 1825.
5. On Bowles's Edition of Pope's Works, vol. xxxii. p. 272. 1825.
6. On Latin Literature, vol. lii. p. 57. 1834.
7. On the Census of 1831 and 1841, vol. lxxvi. p. 11. 1845.
8. On the Private Life of the Greeks and Romans (Becker's Gallus and Charicles), vol. lxxix. p. 337. 1847.

together with an article on French Finance, in the Foreign Review. His modesty was such that he never attached any importance to these Essays, most of which made at the time a considerable impression on the public mind, and it was generally with some difficulty that he could be prevailed upon to take up his pen as a reviewer.

With the classical authors of Greece and Rome, and also with the Greek and Latin writers of a later date and less pure style, Mr. Taylor was well acquainted; and that he read with care and attention, and for more purposes than one, is proved by a Common-Place Book, in which he had arranged, upon a comprehensive and intelligible plan, a collection of apt quotations and illustrations from the authors which passed through his hands, under the heads of the respective subjects to which they were relevant. Of this voluminous collection—the work of forty years—to which he gave the appropriate title of "Index Idoneorum," he made a fair transcript a short time before his death, which remains in the hands of his son as a striking proof of the great judgment and painful perseverance of its compiler.*

In nothing was Mr. Taylor more remarkable than for his habits of method and regularity. Every thing he did or said gave proof of thought and reflection. No word, even in the ordinary daily businesses of life, ever fell from his lips without due premeditation. His way of life was quiet and unostentatious. With Mr. Surtees, whom he had long known, although in later years they seldom saw each other, he continued to live upon the most friendly terms. The two always spoke of each other in words of the most affectionate mutual esteem and kindness. Mr. Taylor's opinion of the character of Mr. Surtees is fully developed in the Memoir of his friend; and in finishing that portrait no fictitious tints were sought for or applied. Mr. Surtees, on his part, always looked up to Mr.

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* In a short notice of Mr. Taylor which appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine soon after his lamented death, it was remarked that the Common-Place Book above mentioned "is one which, from its magnitude, it is not likely that any publisher would venture upon, but that if there be (as surely there ought to be) some fund at the disposal of the Universities for defraying the cost of publishing laborious and valuable but unmarketable books, the publication of this work might justly be charged on such a fund." This remark led to the discovery that at Oxford, and at Cambridge also, there is a fund for printing special works, but that that at Cambridge had been anticipated for some years to come. The Editor is not aware whether the attention of the authorities of Oxford has been directed to the subject.

Taylor with the most sincere regard, as to a senior in age and experience, on whose judgment he could rely. The friendship which was formed between them in 1797 continued in all its force and integrity till death made a separation, and then the survivor undertook to perpetuate the character and memory of the friend whom he had lost, in a Memoir to be prefixed to his History. A new edition of that Memoir has been called for. The Society instituted in honour of the name of Mr. Surtees, and in accordance with his pursuits and intentions, has, in a most becoming way, taken that new edition under its patronage; and I, who, to my advantage and happiness, was admitted to the friendship and confidence of two such men, have taken upon me the task of conducting it through the press. The undertaking has brought with it much of renewed regret for the loss of two such friends at that period of my life in which new attachments are rarely made, and much of grave responsibility for the due performance of an engagement of such tender delicacy—the Life of one friend (let me repeat) written by the pen of another, and both of them now numbered with the dead.

JAMES RAINE.

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MEMOIR

OF

ROBERT SURTEES, ESQ.

In addition to the interest felt by the general reader, the lovers of antiquarian and topographical research, now and hereafter, will have a characteristic anxiety to learn particulars of a writer who has furnished them with such a work as "Surtees's History of Durham."

From respect for such feelings, and for the memory of the Author, it has been deemed proper to prefix to this volume [Hist. vol. iv.] some brief notices of his personal history and character.

It is not here necessary to give details of the very respectable family from which Mr. Surtees was descended, as they may be found by reference to his volumes.* His parents had been nearly eighteen years married, and had had two children (both of whom died in infancy) when he was born at Durham, in the parish of St. Mary, in the South Bailey, on the 1st of April, 1779; and his baptism on the following day is registered in St. Mary, in the North Bailey, commonly called St. Mary-le-bow, and also at Bishop Middleham Church.† His childhood was passed with his parents, in the retirement of their hereditary seat, at Mainsforth, in the county of Durham; of which the pleasant scenes were thus associated with his earliest impressions, and laid the foundation of that taste for sequestered quiet and rural elegance which his after-life was spent in cultivating there. This retirement was, however, frequently varied by a winter visit to York, at that time a kind of metropolis for the northern gentry of moderate fortune; for a journey to London was then a serious business, only undertaken by very wealthy families, or on rare and important occasions.

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* See Genealogical Table, vol. iii. p. 311; vol. ii. p. 267.

† That there was great joy in the family upon this happy occasion may easily be conceived. The following letter to her daughter-in-law, the mother of the child, was

His parents were persons of good sense and general information; to which, in the old gentleman, was added, not merely a refined taste, but very considerable talent in arts of design and engraving, as may be seen in some of the vignettes which ornament the volumes of his son,* and as might once have been seen in many a spirited sketch and oil painting, of original character, which adorned the apartments of his own Mainsforth.

The parents of an only child are, to him, in the stead of playmates; and his taste and habits, as far as age will permit, become assimilated to theirs. As reading, gardening, and planting, were the occupation of the elder Surtees, books and flowers were the amusement of their child. And in the occasional excursions to York he frequented most of the gardeners, with whom he exchanged his pocket-money for the time-battered Roman coins which they often dug up.

The remembrance continued to be interesting to him in after years. His friend, Mr. Raine, says, "The first time I was in York was in the company of Surtees. On the left hand, as you approach Micklegate Bar, is an ancient archway; the only por-

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written a few weeks afterwards by the elder Mrs. Surtees, who, as it appears, was living a widow at Bishop Middleham, a mile from Mainsforth:—

"For Mrs. Surtees, Mansforth.

"MY DEAR DOUGHTER,

"Pleas to except thees small presents for the little boy, a currell that was his father's, and spoon that was his, but its wor ruf in the eges; this purss is gould for to buy him his first Latten book. I pray God preserve him.

"I am ever yours and Robert's affectionate Mother,

ELIZ. SURTEES.

"Midlam, Thursday,
y^{e} 6 May, 1779."

I print the letter as it was written, as characteristic, not of any want of education in the writer, but of the period in which her notions of spelling were formed.—ED.

* Those with the initials R.S.

tion remaining of the old Priory of the Trinity, the site of which is now a garden; and I well remember his remark as we passed the door. 'There, Raine, when I was a lad, I picked up now and then a coin; they find them every day. Let us go in and see what he has got now.' We went in, but the gardener was not at home. He often talked to me of what had evidently made a great impression on his mind—the discovery, on the excavation for a cellar in the same street, of the grave of a young Roman lady, buried, apparently, with great care: the skeleton was in a stone coffin, filled with the purest water; the bones all perfect, and *in situ.* This grave was suffered to remain undisturbed, and it is now, or at least was twenty years ago, exhibited for a shilling to the curious in these matters."

Tempting as his quickness of intellect and excitability of mind must have been, the judicious affection of Mr. and Mrs. Surtees prevented them from prompting him to strain his faculties for precocious attainments, of which so frequently the only result is the temporary gratification of parental vanity, and the fostering of a never-dying vanity in the pupil; who, contented with such petty premature superiority, seldom continues the efforts necessary to secure eminence as a man. From his father's memorandum book, it appears he did not begin learning to write till the winter of 1785-6, when he was in his seventh year. He was taught his first pot-hooks by the Middleham village schoolmaster, Edward Smith, who was for many years, in after life, steward to his early pupil, and to whom Mr. Surtees had by his will devised the house in which he lived; but the kind intention towards him and his family was defeated by Smith dying first, and the property lapsing to the heir-at-law. The companions of his juvenile sports were the sons of General Beckwith, and he was first taught his Latin Accidence by Sidney Beckwith.*

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* Afterwards General Sir T. Sidney Beckwith, K.C.B. and K.T.S. and who died Jan. 19, 1831, when Commander-in-chief of Bombay. He was the youngest of several sons of General Beckwith, who became distinguished general officers in the British service, as their father had been in that of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick. He was educated, as his brother had been, at the Grammar School of Witton-le-Wear, under the Reverend and truly venerable John Farrer. He was kept at school till a commission in the army was obtained for him; was consequently long "head-scholar," and

Mr. Surtees has been often known to talk with great delight of the happy days they used to spend in fishing in the Cornforth Beck, entrusted to the care of old Dixon, who had charge of the greyhounds of his uncle, Lieutenant, or by village courtesy, Captain George Surtees, R.N.

There is much danger for the character of an only child, whose parents appear to him of the first consequence in that neighbourhood with which alone he is acquainted, and who feels himself to be the first object in their family; and this, probably, was foreseen by the Surtees, who, with generous self-denial, sent their boy, in May, 1786,* to a public school, where he might learn to find his level, and see the necessity of controlling his own feelings, in order to conciliate the good-will of others. The situation selected was Houghton-le-Spring; neither so near, as by the facility of frequent visits to prolong a hankering after home, nor so distant as to preclude parental supervision, and immediate resort, in any case of emergency. The master of Kepyer school there (founded by the venerated Barnard Gilpin) was at that time the Reverend William Fleming, M.A. of Queen's College, Oxford, to whose memory the historian of Durham acknowledges himself as owing "a grateful tribute of respect." * Nor was this the mere compliment of an author. Mr. Raine, his valued friend and coadjutor, the historian of North Durham, states that when they were at Hexham together, in 1816, "Surtees stumbled upon a monument to his old master, and seemed greatly moved. He spoke of him in very affectionate terms, and acknowledged the great obligation he was under to him." The usher of the school was Mr. Wingfield. His first two years here appear to have been exclusively devoted to the attaining of a well-grounded acquaintance with the Latin language; for he did not begin arithmetic

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might have been the tyrant of the little society; instead of which he was the friend of every great boy, and the protector of every little boy,—all loving and admiring him for that manly suavity of character which distinguished him throughout his varied and active career.

The writer hopes to be excused this little indulgence of old school-fellow feelings; and some, perhaps, may yet remain to make the indulgence not wholly a selfish one.

* These dates are taken from a memorandum book of Surtees, the father, in which additions were afterwards made by his son.

† History, vol. i. p. 161.

till August 1788, nor Greek till Christmas of the same year. To Mr. Fleming he was indebted for that complete familiarity with the language of the Classics, so absolutely necessary to his future admiration of their powerful elegance of style, and to his delight in the beauty of their sentiments. But there was at Houghton school, as in many provincial seminaries, not much attention paid to *quantity*, and the niceties of rhythm. The boy's delicacy of ear, however, and his extraordinary power of memory, enabled him, even at this time, to distinguish himself in the composition of Latin verse. For, on one occasion, a no less person than the Rector's uncle, the Lord Chancellor Thurlow, had been refused his request of a holiday for the boys: but on Surtees shortly afterwards shewing up a copy of verses, the master was so delighted with them, that he exclaimed, "Lads, I would not give you a holiday for his lordship, but I'll give you a holiday for Bob Surtees." Fleming knew well what "lads" are made of, and he hit upon the reward most valuable to a youth of generous spirit, and upon the stimulus most operative on the ambition of all his pupils.

The youth's pursuits were not, however, exclusively classical. His mind had received an early bent to the study of general antiquities, and of the topographical history of his native county. So decided was this taste, that even at this period he carefully preserved any documents that fell in his way; and it is stated by a class-fellow and early friend, that they "used to take many excursions together, in search of coins." * Another friend observes, "he often dedicated a whole holiday to the pursuit; running to Durham in the morning, and to Sunderland in the afternoon,—never weary in the search of such treasure."

Mr. Raine states his recollection of having seen some of Surtees' drawings of the coins thus picked up. "They were rude enough. When any thing more finished was required, he generally applied to his school-fellow Bertram Mitford, now Osbaldestone." A very fine Roman coin, it is not recollected of what emperor, was found on Houghton Hill. This he purchased; and it was almost the first coin of his collection. Mrs. Carter kept a little shop in Houghton, and weighed her articles with pieces of old copper coinage; these found their way into Surtees' infant collection.

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* From notes of recollections furnished by John Pemberton, Esq. of Sherburne Hall, near Durham.

It is not likely that a schoolboy's acquisitions in either coins or documents could be of much value; but they evince that characteristic zeal, and industry in research, which distinguished him through life; and of the success of which the public have now such abundant proof. It seems certain, however, that his investigations so early as 1790 or 1791, were pursued with an especial view to his future work; for Mr. Pemberton, who was about that time on a visit at Mainsforth, says, "He had then begun to turn his attention to the History of Durham. I rode with him daily to see various places in the neighbourhood. He was full of anecdote respecting the then or prior owners of the properties."

It is mentioned by one who knew him best, that, "at Houghton school Surtees formed many friendships with lads of his own standing, which lasted during life: but with Ralph and William Robinson, of Herrington, he spent most of his short holidays; and with this family by far the greatest part of his domestic pleasures were throughout life associated;" for to this early intimacy may, probably, be traced that long attachment which happily terminated in marriage with a sister of these gentlemen.

On leaving Houghton, Mr. Surtees was placed, in September 1793, under the care of Doctor Bristow,* who, at Neasdon, near London, undertook to prepare young men for the University. Here he formed intimacies with Reginald Heber, afterwards the celebrated Bishop of Calcutta; the present Sir Wastell Brisco, of Crofton Hall, in the county of Cumberland, Bart.; Anthony Spedding, brother of John Spedding, of Mire House, in the county of Cumberland, Esq.; and with the Pierrepoints, sons of the afterwards Earl of Manvers.

On the 14th of Oct. 1795, Mr. Surtees was matriculated at Oxford; and, on the 20th of Oct. 1796, entered as a commoner at Christ Church. His fellow collegian, William Ward Jackson, Esq. of Normanby, in Yorkshire, has obligingly communicated the following notices of his course of life at Oxford.

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* Afterwards Prebendary of Southwell.

"Surtees's tutor was the Reverend M. Marsh, now canon of Salisbury. During his stay at Oxford, his habits were studious. He read Herodotus, or at least the greatest part of it; the whole of Thucydides and of Euripides; the Hellenics and Anabasis of Xenophon; Diodorus Siculus, and Polybius; great part of Juvenal and Persius; the whole of Livy; the public Orations of Demosthenes; several plays of Æschylus and Aristophanes; the Olympics of Pindar; and Aristotle's Rhetoric.* He generally gained great credit at the examinations at the end of each term, known by the name of *collections.* These were attended and conducted by the dean and the tutors and censors of the college. Besides the college lectures in mathematics, logic, and rhetoric, he attended those of the University in anatomy and natural philosophy. The course of study above related was accomplished, notwithstanding some occasional absences from Oxford on account of his mother's and his own illness; and, on one occasion, for a whole term, on account of that of his father.

"He exerted himself a good deal in the composition of what were called Lent verses. Each copy contained generally not exceeding twelve or twenty lines. It was an annual exercise peculiar to Christ Church, on subjects chosen by the writers, and six copies were usually expected from the competitors. They were subjected to the eye of the censor, who selected from among them such as he thought worthy of being publicly read. Although the composition of Latin verses was not entirely strange to Mr. Surtees, yet he had never been in the habit, either at school, or subsequently, of paying much attention to that branch of classic exercise; but when the opportunity arrived, he said to a friend, who survives him, that 'he did not know why a man should not make verses as well as anything else,' and to work he set. He afterwards observed, 'it was rather hard work at first, but I knocked on, and it came.' Out of six copies of verses, which he presented, four received the distinction of being publicly recited."

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* His friend Frederick Mundy (now Rector of Winston) remembers his being called, by way of distinction, "Greek Surtees." His Greek brought him into acquaintance with Gaisford (now Dean of Christ Church); and that acquaintance was renewed, under agreeable circumstances, when Dr. Gaisford came down to Durham as a relative of Bishop Van Mildert and Prebendary of Durham.

And he retained for life (notwithstanding the deficiency of his school education in this particular,) the facility thus acquired. Mr. Raine says, "he remembers very well being at Mainsforth one evening, certainly after the year 1813, when Surtees struck off immediately, and with great beauty and accuracy, eight or ten hexameters and pentameters, upon an amusing subject, which had formed part of our after-dinner conversation. 'Raine,' said he, 'are they right? I mean the long things and the short things;' intending thereby, not the hexameters and pentameters, but the dactyls and spondees."

Mr. Jackson continues,—"It was about this time observed of him, by his tutor, that 'from his abilities he was likely to succeed, and to be distinguished, in whatever he undertook.'

"Surtees, in fact, always thought for himself: he was not a man to be satisfied with strapping himself down to the homely, though generally useful, maxim of 'Ne sutor ultra crepidam.' He ventured, though tempered with a modesty that never exceeded becoming limits, to look higher, and to act more according to the impression, that 'Altius ibunt, qui ad summa nituntur.'

"Although Mr. Surtees's habits were studious, his application was not so intense as to interfere with his hours for exercise and moderate social enjoyment. His acquaintance in college was pretty generally extended among the different sets, into which the association of the junior members might be divided. He had intimacies with the members of the set called, by distinction, 'the literati,' or reading men: and had many friends in a set whose habits combined, with a more moderate portion of studious application, a somewhat greater latitude of amusement: even with many members of a set who seldom or never, through inclination, opened a book, but who possessed many amiable qualities, and were all 'honourable men,' Surtees lived, in their occasional meetings or visitings, in cordiality and good-will.

"Among persons of these several descriptions, his principal associates were Mr. Hallam, now so well known for profound historical research; Mr. Page, afterwards Master of Westminster school; Mr. Charles Kirkpatrick Sharp,* for many years his ingenious and lively correspondent; Lord Fitzharris; Mr. R. F. Bristow, afterwards archdeacon of Worcester; Mr. R. P. Goodenough, son of the Bishop of Carlisle, afterwards rector of Carlton, Notts.; Rev. Frederick Mundy, now rector of Winston, in the county of Durham; and Mr. Ward Jackson, of Normanby in Yorkshire.*

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* Of Hoddam Castle, Dumfries-shire. He died at Edinburgh in 1851. Memoir in Gent. Mag. for May.—Ed.

"This general acquaintance in college had been obtained readily by Mr. Surtees, not from any very particular advantages of introduction, but from his own indisputable, and not to be mistaken, appearance of sense and respectability, combined with that native humour, and original source of information and entertainment, with which his conversation sparkled, diffusing pleasure and hilarity among his companions.

"He was beloved by those who knew him well; esteemed by those who knew him less intimately; and sought by all who became acquainted with his powers of conversation.

"On account of the college being exceedingly full when he entered, he, for two or three terms, lived in the worst rooms of an old part of it, called Chaplains' Quadrangle; with the worst of staircases leading up to his sitting-room (saving that which twisted its way to his dressing-room still higher); yet, in this garret, his parties were always well attended. Good cheer and cheerfulness prevailed; excess seldom or never; but merriment was in abundance,—promoted by the pointed anecdote, and quaint sallies of the host, who was always ready to contribute effect to the effusions and efforts of his guests.

"The following morning, perhaps, he might be met musing in the cloister, or the long walk of elms, by some of those who had passed at his table the cheerful previous evening; and such as were but imperfectly acquainted with their entertaining host would wonder to observe his look of deep thought and research, of pensive seriousness and abstraction from all that could seem of light import. They might imagine his appearance that of a Cynic, till, on accosting him, they would find that good-humour and kindliness formed the basis as well as adorned the superstructure of his character. And the lines of this character, so marked in youth, became deepened in after-life."

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* To this list another friend has added, from Mr. Surtees's own account, Richard Heber, Rev. R. Conybeare of Christ Church, Sir T. Winnington, the Rev. Martin Bull, Christopher Cookson, late Recorder of Newcastle, George and John Marriott, Rev. T. Sanders, and Edward Grey, late Bishop of Hereford; in company with the last two of whom he used to ride from Oxford to the North.

Another college friend, the Reverend C. R. Cameron, of Lincolnshire, thus speaks of Mr. Surtees when at Oxford. "One of his most intimate friends was Briscoe (afterwards Sir Wastell Briscoe) of Christ Church, and Reginald Heber (afterwards Bishop of Calcutta) of Brazenose.* He was fond of what he called *miscellany* † reading; but his favourite pursuit was, unquestionably, history; and I remember him, when an undergraduate, often speaking, in his jocular way, about his *opus magnum*,—the History of Durham, which he seemed then to have planned, and to be making preparations for.

"The characteristic of his mind, I should say, was a fearless independence, which led him to regard not the persons of men; and was accompanied by a peculiar kind of humour, and a strange flow (as they say here) of ideas and language. I remember two little anecdotes illustrative of this. He and myself were once taken to task, by the Proctor, near Tom Gate, at Christ Church. Surtees immediately began to argue with the Proctor on the little harm there was in what we were then doing, and was ready to dispute every inch of ground with him: this so absorbed the attention of the Proctor, that when he cut short the argument by ordering Surtees to come to his rooms the next morning, he quite forgot me; and Surtees got a swingeing imposition, (the longer probably for his boldness,) and I escaped scot-free. On another occasion, all the undergraduates who were commoners were examined in the Hall, (with a view to some exhibitions,) by the Dean himself. We were construing the Georgics of Virgil, and the Dean asked some explanation of a passage, which was given, among others, by Surtees. The Dean disapproved of the exposition of Surtees, who yet persisted in it that he was right, and held out his book to the Dean, asserting that it was so explained in his notes, and therefore that it was right; much to the amusement of those present, and even the Dean himself."*

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* The intimacy, which had commenced at Neasdon, was probably only continued at Oxford on Mr. Surtees's occasional visits there; for Mr. Heber had foreseen and regretted that "Surtees was going from Christ Church" when he himself was to enter at Oxford, which happened accordingly. See Life of Heber, vol. i. p. 14 and 23, 4to edit. 1830.

† This expression is from Anthony à Wood, with whose writings Surtees was most intimately acquainted. The quaintness of Wood's Life afforded him infinite amusement, and it was his great pleasure to adopt its language perpetually in his conversation when talking with a kindred spirit, and to quote it and refer to it in his correspondence and history. Hist. ii. p. 67: "Jarrow, the 'romancy spot' where, as honest Anthony à Wood hath it, a man may admirably 'refresh himself with a melancholy walk;'" and p. 377, the Monk Wearmouth Priory Rolls, of which "the very winnowing of the chaff would, as honest Anthony hath it, 'hold a man a good tug for a year together.'" &c. &c.—Ed.

Of this trait of character the Dean had another amusing specimen, when Mr. Surtees called upon him to solicit a leave of absence. The Dean had, probably, been engaged in writing, and Mr. Surtees, whilst waiting his leisure, took up the poker to stir the fire.—"Pray, Mr. Surtees," said the Dean, "do you think, that any other undergraduate in the college would have taken that liberty?"—"Yes, Mr. Dean," was the reply, "any one as cool as I am."—This dignitary was at that time the excellent and highly-respected Dr. Cyril Jackson, who, no doubt, saw into the character of the young man, and that these little eccentricities proceeded from no spirit of impertinence, or disrespect to the "cloud-compelling wig of the venerable Cyril;" † for, many years afterwards, he good-humouredly alluded to their petty skirmishes, when writing to solicit Mr. Surtees's vote for a candidate to represent the University.

In the spring of 1797, Mr. Surtees was called from Oxford by the alarming illness of his mother, who died on the 10th of March, in her 61st year, and was buried in the church of Bishop Middleham.

In the summer of that year, the writer of these notices first became personally acquainted with Mr. Surtees. In his memoranda, "May-day, 1797," he notes, "Wm. and G. Taylor, Esqrs. entered on Mr. Russell's and Mrs. Halhead's farms, at

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* It was probably upon a similar occasion, a disputed reading, or meaning of a word, that, when at Houghton school, he threw his book at Mr. Fleming, his master.—Ed. from the information of Isaac Cookson, Esq. of Meldon Park, who was Surtees's contemporary in the school.

† Heber, Letter to Davenport, Life, vol. i. p. 499.

Bishop Middleham" (a village at about a mile to the east of Mainsforth). William Taylor, like Mr. Surtees, had graduated at an English university, and studied the law in London, without pursuing the profession. His enthusiastic benevolence, his singular candour, and cheerful simplicity of mind and manners, seemed at once to win upon Surtees; who has often been heard to say, that there was no man whom he loved and respected more than William Taylor. The younger brother had been inspired by the elder with a love of literature, and Mr. Surtees found himself at home in their society; whilst they were delighted with the prospect of having such a man in their neighbourhood. The extent and variety of his general information, together with his peculiar researches, his extraordinary power of memory, his high relish of all that is beautiful, witty, quaint, or ridiculous, gave to his conversation a singular charm and raciness. Though then only in his nineteenth year, his manner and general appearance were so completely formed, that a description of them may be applicable to any period of his life. He was rather above the middle size, broadly made, with obtuse features, and pale complexion; and his hair was already grizzled—a hereditary peculiarity; for his mother, about the age of thirty, wore her hair, not with the then fashionable powder and pomatum, but in its own pure glossy whiteness. His dress and manners were plain. He had nothing of the fashionable effrontery of those days; or of the yet more contemptible finicalness of the present. He seemed to despise the grimace of fashion, as his friend Pemberton says, "he hated being taught dancing at school, considering it beneath the dignity of a man;" and conscious, perhaps, that he was entitled to bear the motto inscribed under a portrait of Johnson, sketched by his father,—"Meliora latent."

Scott, in a letter to Southey, 1810, says,* "If you make any stay at Durham, let me know; as I wish you to know my friend Surtees, of Mainsforth. He is an excellent antiquary; some of the rust of which study has clung to his manners: but he is good-hearted; and you would make the summer eve short between you." But Scott was essentially aristocratic; like Byron,

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* Life by Lockhart, vol. ii. p. 301.

"doated on the high patrician air," and called that rust which was only the absence of polish. In Mr. Surtees the surface was unadorned, but also undisfigured, and simply indicative of the solidity within. The fixed expression of his countenance was that of grave observance—the eye resting composedly on the speaker—the lips a little protruding, and a little apart, till the words of another, or his own thoughts, suggested aught of generous, beautiful, or humorous; when there was an immediate glistening of sensibility, or general relaxation of the features in full glee. For, notwithstanding the prevailing seriousness of his countenance and deportment, no one more enjoyed, or more promoted, hilarity. Where broad lights were wanted, he had anecdotes, and citations, and allusions innumerable; and excelled particularly in the *chiaro-oscuro* of humour, where the wit was not corruscating and pointed, but latent and diffused; with a slight dash of ridicule; in which, however, not the most jealous analysis could detect a single particle of ill-nature. "Ex omni genere urbanitatis facetiarum quidam lepos, quo, tanquam sale, perspergebatur omnis oratio."

Mr. Surtees having taken, at the same time with his friend Mr. Pemberton (Nov. 1800), the degree of Bachelor of Arts, they removed to London together, and became members of the Middle Temple. "Surtees," says Mr. Pemberton, "entered there in consequence of his acquaintance with the present Lord Kenyon and his brother, sons of the then Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. I entered there to be near Surtees. He himself used always to say, that he became a member of the Middle Temple on account of their having a good dinner for a very reasonable sum, with a bottle of good old *Domus-wine*, among each four, given gratuitously by the Benchers. He at first became a pupil of the late Judge Richardson, then an eminent special pleader; but in a few days was convinced that special pleading would be of little use to him as a country gentleman, and therefore joined his friend in studying the law of real property, or conveyancing, under a practitioner of great eminence, the late Mr. W. Walker, himself a pupil of the late Ralph Bradley of Stockton-upon-Tees, whose valuable collection of Precedents, particularly interesting to persons connected with the county of

Durham, had come into Mr. Walker's possession. Of these, and of all the manuscript Cases and Opinions belonging to Mr. Walker, Mr. Surtees made a complete Index: a very laborious, but an instructive undertaking. He copied also many Cases and Opinions into a quarto volume, which, at the Mainsforth sale, was purchased by Francis Mewburn, Esq. of Darlington."

Mr. Surtees, without being called to the bar, finally left the Temple in 1802, on the death of his father; who was buried in Bishop Middleham church, on the 14th of July in that year; and Mr. Surtees, now in his twenty-fourth year, became established for life at Mainsforth.

About this time an interesting addition was made to the society of his neighbourhood, by the establishment at Bishop Middleham of his cousin, Miss Ambler, only child of his mother's sister, who had been the wife of William Ambler, Esq.* of facetious memory, many years Recorder of Durham. The vicinity and relationship of the families had made Miss Ambler, during her aunt's life, a frequent inmate at Mainsforth, from the very infancy of her cousin, and for many years before his birth. When each had been deprived of both parents, each became more to the other, than any remaining relation of either. On her expressing, therefore, a desire to settle in his neighbourhood, he met her wishes with the wonted affectionateness and liberality of his nature. "Well now, cousin Ambler, there is the little field where the site of the old Hall is at Middleham. I will build you a house there, which you shall have for your life; or, if you like to build a house for yourself, I will give you the field to build in." She accepted the field for her life only, and built a house, which, on her death, lapsed, as she intended, to Mr. Surtees, who, it appeared by his will, had in the same spirit devised the field to her.

The present writer can speak of Miss Ambler from an intimate friendship and correspondence with her for nearly forty years.

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* I have reason to believe that Mr. Ambler was the writer of the letter said to have been sent by Sir John Lesley, a commander in the Scotish army, to Sir Tho. Riddell, of Gateshead, during the siege of Newcastle in 1640. Mr. Surtees printed this letter in his History (ii. 127) fearing, however, that it was *not* genuine. The humour which it displays is of an high order, but there is more than enough of internal evidence to prove that it is of modern origin.—Ed.

She was a person of a cheerful spirit, warm affections, and active benevolence; with great quickness of intellect, and extensive and varied information: but her studies were principally directed to religious subjects, with the importance of which she was deeply impressed; as might be inferred from her acquisition of the Hebrew language, in which she had the advantage of being directed by the exemplary Dr. Burgess, Bishop of Salisbury.

She died 26th Feb. 1829, and was buried by the side of her parents, in the Nine Altars in Durham Cathedral.*

It has been stated, that for more than ten years Mr. Surtees had begun to turn his attention to the History of Durham;† he must be supposed to have employed the interval in collecting materials; and now in continuing that labour, as also digesting them for his work. In this occupation his sedulity impaired his health, which had never been robust. From his diary of 1804-5 he appears to have been tormented with a general deranged state of the digestive organs; and he says, "I have formerly written too much, and now avoid it; and only amuse myself with such pursuits, in collecting materials for the County History of Durham, as may be done without fatigue, or are joined to exercise and change of place." He had, in the ardour of a youthful zeal, both overrated his own strength, and underrated the arduous nature of his undertaking. But, wisely taking as warning corrections the hints which nature gave, he this year employed an amanuensis in the laborious transcription of documents; and made excursions to Harrogate and Dinsdale Spa. Still carrying his purpose about with him, he copied the Byerley monuments in Goldsborough Church, and extracted the registers, and copied the arms and inscriptions, relative to the Places, Killinghalls, and Pembertons, in the churches of Dinsdale, Sockburn, and Middleton; and at

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* Mr. Surtees attended her funeral as her nearest relative, supporting upon his arm with the greatest attention and kindness her grieving maid, who, from long and faithful service, had become, as it were, her companion, and for whom she had made a suitable provision in her will.—Ed.

† The History of Durham was not the only literary employment to which Mr. Surtees at this period of his life devoted his attention. That he meditated a publication of a more general nature is proved by two closely-written octavo volumes in his, at that time, neat hand, entitled, "A Chronological List of the various successions of Princes in Modern Europe, with some short Historical Notices relating to the greater States. 1799." These Lists, extending from an early period to the year 1799, are apparently drawn up with great care, and are accompanied by genealogies and much personal and general history. That they were at one time intended for publication is manifest. The History of Durham, however, soon began to engross the sole attention of its author. In the Appendix are contained such notices of Mr. Surtees' Manuscript Collections as illustrate its origin and progress, and the playfulness of his mind in the midst of his dry pursuits. In the meantime I subjoin two Orders of the Dean and Chapter of Durham, which indicate the confidence of that body in Surtees, and their kindly feeling for the promotion of his undertaking:

"Chapter House, 9th August, 1806. Resolved, that Mr. Deason (the Librarian) be directed to allow Mr. Surtees to have the Librarian's key and the key of the closet in which the coins are contained, as often as he shall be disposed to have it, for the purpose of arranging them."

"Rev^d Sir,—I am directed to send you the above Resolution of Chapter, and am, Rev^d Sir, your most obedient Servant, John Bowlby.

"To the Rev^d Mr. Deason."

"To R. Surtees, Esq. Sir,—Below is the Order of Chapter respecting the Bishops' Registers in the Dean and Chapter's Office, and I shall be ready to attend you in the Chapter House any day if you will inform me the day before.—I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant, John Bowlby.

"Durham, 29th Nov. 1809."

"Agreed, that Mr. Surtees have leave to look at and make extracts out of the two Bishops' Registers, Hatfield and Langley."

Access to the Monastic Registers and Cartularies soon followed, and a year or two afterwards the same body threw open to Surtees their Treasury or Muniment Room in what he frequently afterwards called "the most gallant way," and hence the chief part of the documentary evidences of his History and the whole of the splendid seals with which it is embellished and graced. In the Preface to his first volume he thus expresses his thanks for these favours:—

"The Author's obligations to the Dean and Chaper of Durham will appear in almost every page of the subsequent work. The whole of the charters in their Treasury, comprising a mass of evidence superior, probably, to any similar collection in England, extending from the Conquest to the reign of Henry VIII. and relating, not only to the estates of the modern Cathedral, but to the possessions of Wearmouth, Finchale, and the other dependent Cells and Monasteries, and to the various properties which chance, change, or the will of Henry VIII. have severed from the Church's patrimony, have been thrown open without reserve; and the work has been enriched by a series of plates of episcopal and other seals, taken from a mass of antiquarian treasure, where the chief difficulty was to set any proper bounds to the selection."

The Editor has heard Mr. Surtees say that that portion of his first volume which contains the General History and the Lives of the Bishops of Durham was twice written; the first *writing* was probably at an early period, before he had obtained access to the records of the Dean and Chapter. As a small acknowledgment for the facilities which were thus afforded, he, about the year 1806, presented to the library of that body a small collection of coins, with a few books and matrices of seals.—Ed.

Stokesly "engaged 'Tom Bird,'[*] who drew the views for Mr. Graves's Cleveland,[†] to take views on the Tees for him, and the monuments in Sockburn and Norton churches."

"He was generally," says Mr. Raine, "when his health permitted, moving from place to place in search of information. He was driven about in his gig by his man Henry Shields, who, for a while, liked the employment; but, at last, he became fairly tired of it. "Sir," said he once to me, "it was weary work; for master always stopped the gig: we never could get past an auld beelding."[‡]

At home he varied his sedentary employments with botany, (of which, as his numerous memoranda evince, he was particularly fond,) with planting and draining, and making agricultural experiments, on a small scale, within his pleasure-grounds: for he had become a member of a society for agricultural experiments, meeting at the neighbouring inn at Rushyford, and founded on the most useful principle, perhaps, which was ever devised for such institutions; their purpose being to ascertain, by accurate experiments, the produce of different grains, and of the varieties of each kind of grain on the same and different soils: and, in like manner, with regard to the grasses, potatoes, turnips, and other esculents for cattle; and to determine the best adapted mode of culture, including the nature and action of the manures; together with the comparative merits of different breeds of sheep and cattle, ascertained by the quantity and quality of animal food produced from the consumption of a given quantity and value of vegetable matter. Some of the most valuable of these experiments were reported to the Board of Agriculture, in Bailey's "General View of the Agriculture of the County of Durham." 8vo. 1810.

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[*] Mr. Surtees afterwards employed another draughtsman, of the name of Green, but, with the exception of the church of Kelloe in the first volume and one or two woodcuts of less importance, none of their designs were adopted. One of the two, I believe Green, whilst engaged in sketching for Surtees at Hartlepool, was apprehended by the authorities as an emissary from France. A French invasion was at that time daily expected, and the artist was supposed to be engaged in ascertaining the strength of the town, and the suitableness of the place for disembarkation. He was soon, however, set at liberty.—Ed.

[†] To this History Mr. Surtees contributed much information, and to his liberality Mr. Graves was indebted for the handsome engraving of the Priory of Mount Grace.

[‡] The two, in one of their expeditions, once drove up to the head inn in Northallerton at fall of day, and Surtees, plainly dressed and in his long drab gaiters as usual, taking the reins, sent Shields into the house to engage beds for the night. The man was as spruce and *brave* as his tailor could make him, and he marched into the inn on his errand in considerable state. Hirst, the landlord, met him at the door, and passing him without speaking attacked Surtees in no measured terms, calling him a "lazy rascal" for suffering his master to do his duty, whilst he himself was sitting in the gig at his ease. This anecdote was lately communicated to a friend of the Editor by Shields himself; who, it is believed, is still alive.

The drab gaiters have been mentioned, and of them a tale must be told. Mrs. Siddons was an occasional visitant at the rectory of Sedgefield, during the incumbency of Mr. afterwards Lord Barrington. During one of her visits Surtees, habited as usual, rode over to pay his respects to the Queen of Tragedy and in the course of conversation his gaiters having attracted her attention she, in her usual grave and dignified way, expatiated upon the comfort which they would of necessity impart to their wearer, especially in winter weather, telling him in the end that she envied him their possession, and that if she had such habiliments they should always be her travelling companions. She called them buckskins, thinking them to be made of that material. Surtees called them buskins; and telling her that she should be buskin'd to her heart's content, as she deserved, sent to her next morning a pair new from his tailor, which she thankfully accepted.—Ed.

A specimen of Mr. Surtees's humour may here be mentioned. The present writer acted as honorary secretary to the society; and on some occasion of extra trouble having been imposed, several members, apologizing, were interrupted by Surtees—"O double his salary—double his salary."

But Mr. Surtees did not suffer his time to be engrossed by such pursuits, nor by his favourite topographical researches. His serious hours were devoted to higher things. His friend the Reverend C. R. Cameron, of Lincolnshire, thus speaks of him. "One short renewal of our intercourse I cannot forget. Surtees came up to Oxford to keep his terms for his degree of M.A." (which he took in June, 1803,) "when his mind was deeply occupied with the all important subject of religion; and he gave utterance to thoughts and feelings which no one could have entertained who was not only earnestly seeking after spiritual peace, but a spiritual state of mind. I well remember that, on recommending to him 'Doddridge on Regeneration,' he said, with much emphasis and apparent pleasure, 'Regeneration! ay—that is the thing I want.' And he appears, accordingly, to have continued his search for religious improvement from the best source; for, in his Diary is the following memorandum: 'From the winter of

1804 to Christmas 1805, I read the Bible and Testament in the vulgar English Version; also the Four Evangelists in Le Clerc's Harmony, and the Four Evangelists in the Greek, edit. Curcellæi.' And he adds,—with that deep sense of humiliation which every man must experience who measures his own conduct, and the inmost feelings of his mind, by the standard of the Gospel, and who duly considers its awful declarations,—'It has not created the change in my life which, together with the many warnings of sickness I have felt, and do feel, (it) should have done; and I am very sensible of the hardness of my heart, and of my totally corrupt nature. I always feel, whilst engaged in reading the Holy Writ, the fullest conviction of the truth of Christianity, and the purity and divine excellence of the doctrines declared to us. Væ mihi! quod deteriora adhuc sequor. My only hope is in the merits of Christ; but I cannot hope for his grace, unless I strive better to deserve it. I am never fervent in prayer: more so in meditation: but my impressions of religious life do not blossom into action, nor overcome my radical vices. Libera nos, Domine Jesu, audi nos!"

The convictions, in which his studies resulted, are thus expressed, "I solemnly declare, I think no one (laying aside all prejudice, and not attempting to cavil or become enthusiastic, but going steadily on with the stream of the discourse,) can peruse the Gospels without giving credit to the sincerity of those who wrote them; and I think, this step being gained, no one can read the actions and precepts of our Saviour without fully crediting his divine mission. There are many dark points, awful to consider; but what is our business? To make our own election sure, and thus to enter in at the narrow gate. Jesus's answer to the question, If there be many saved, precludes useless inquiries, and bids us take heed to our own salvation."

In conformity with these sentiments, he avoided all discussion of religious subtleties. "I was once," says one of his most intimate friends, "at Mainsforth, when two clergymen of the Church of England were debating, with vehemence, on minor matters, on which each deemed his own opinion essentially important. For some time Mr. Surtees listened in silence; then occasionally interposed with a word or two; till at last out came the definitive sentence—'You say this, and you say that; but I say nothing but that I stand in need of a Saviour.'"

His own attendance on public worship was constant: but, not trusting to example alone, he watched over the habits of his dependants.—"Richard," said he to one of his tenants, "you used to be a regular attendant at church; how comes it that I have not seen you there of late?"—"Why, sir, the parson and I have quarreled about the tithes."—"You fool," was the reply, "is that any reason why you should go to hell?"

In every instance he evinced his respect for the minister of the Gospel in his parish, whoever he might be. It so happened, that, after his settlement at Mainsforth, there were frequent changes in the incumbency at Bishop Middleham. In his later years, from the ill health of Mr. Yorke, the present vicar, a clergyman with whom he was unacquainted frequently presented himself in the pulpit; but, from first to last, whenever a new face was seen in the pulpit, he went, after service, into the vestry, and, introducing himself, invited the clergyman to dine at Mainsforth.

With these kindly feelings towards the ministers of religion, he was peculiarly favoured, by having, for the last twenty years of his life, in Mr. Yorke, the vicar of Bishop Middleham, a neighbour and a friend, whom he cordially respected and venerated as an excellent classical scholar, a very modest man, and, as far as his health permitted, at all times most anxious to do his duty. Mr. Surtees's first impression of Mr. Yorke's character was a correct one. In the year 1813, the time of Mr. Yorke's presentation to the living of Bishop Middleham, he said, with equal elegance and feeling, in reply to Dr. Phillpotts (the former vicar of Bishop Middleham, and now Bishop of Exeter), when inquiring the character of his successor, "Why, Dr. Phillpotts, I'll tell you what I said to him, in the language of old,

"————si quâ fata aspera rumpas,
Tu Marcellus eris."

Ill health appears at this time to have been a grievous interruption to his own studies. After noting some manuscripts lent to him, and some transcripts made from them, he adds, "I durst not venture more—nam volo, non valeo." This necessity of not being long sedentary probably produced that apparently desultory habit of study, which Sir Cuthbert Sharp observed in his subsequently frequent visits to Mainsforth, and thus describes in the "Recollections," which he obligingly furnished for this Memoir. "The manner in which Mr. Surtees wrote his History was very peculiar. He never sat down 'doggedly' to write; but would wander about on a spacious gravel-walk in front of his house; and having well considered his subject, he would come to his library, and hastily write down the result of his musings. But his ideas crowded on his mind so rapidly, and his fancy was so exuberant, that his pen could not keep pace with his creative imagination; and the consequence was, that his words were but half written, or simply hieroglyphic indications;* and nobody but himself could read what he had written; and that not always. Yet he would afterwards amplify, and make his words more legible. In sending his 'copy' to the press the different paragraphs and sentences were generally pinned or wafered together, and numbered. The compositor had many difficulties to encounter in decyphering his writing; and frequently mistook his meaning altogether; yet he never found fault; but, on the contrary, he was amused with the mistakes of the press: and he could recall, at pleasure, his former thoughts;—for, the ideas having been once fixed in his mind, the correction of the press was a matter of little difficulty. He never had any 'copy' ready until it was absolutely wanted: he said, he never held a 'stock in hand,' but he could always provide for the current day's work."

This singular mode of conducting a great work could only have been feasible by a man of such extraordinary powers of memory as he possessed; whether the component parts existed only in his own mind, or were extant in loose memorandums, he had so distinct a perception of their mutual relations, that, like the prepared portions of marquetry, he could at once notch them together into a consistent piece, where neither gap nor clumsy juncture were observable.

To the indisposition, which had induced these singular modes of proceeding, were added the solicitudes of a long cherished attachment. Speaking of its object, at this time, (autumn 1805,) he uses the expression—"quam olim tres abhinc annos perditè amavi:" for so sacred seemed the subject to his mind, that, even in this secret record of his affection, he veiled it in Latin; and the name of his beloved is left in blank: but many poetical pieces, during this period, leave no doubt, that the person intimated was the lady, who, two years afterwards, to the blessing of both their lives, became his wife. His reason for not urging his suit is characteristically generous; "nec sinit ut nuptias contraherem adversa valetudo." "I am convinced," he adds, "that it would have been a happy change of life; for my habits require domestic attention and cheerfulness; and evenings uniformly spent in solitude or study, aggravate my disorder:—but I cannot bear the thought of making a bride into a nurse of a sickly valetudinarian—Tecum, beata salus, omnia florent."

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* See the fac-simile in the sequel.—Ed.

In these sufferings and anxieties, however, he had all the consolations, which literature can (next to religion and a good conscience) best supply: he had his general studies, with a definite object to give them interest, and with the society and correspondence to which these lead, and for the cultivation of which he was eminently fitted, by his dispositions, tastes, and acquirements.

> "Doctus, fidelis, suavis homo, facundus, suoque
> Contentus, scitus, atque beatus, secunda loquens, in
> Tempore, commodus, et verborum vir paucorum.
> Multa tenens antiqua sepulta, et sæpe vetustas
> Quæ facit, et mores veteresque novosque tenentem,
> Multorum veterum leges, divumque hominumque
> Prudentem, qui multa loquive, tacereve possit."

Certainly, one of the most interesting of his correspondences was that which commenced about this period with the then celebrated, and afterwards illustrious, Walter Scott. The intercourse seems to have been opened by a letter from Surtees, which has not been recovered, but in which he appears to have communicated some remarks and information, that he thought might be useful in the expected new edition of "The Border Minstrelsy."

It is not intended to swell this Memoir with many selections of letters to and from very numerous correspondents; but the subjects principally discussed between Scott and Surtees—Romantic and Ballad Poetry, Border History and Tradition—have so much affinity with the History and Antiquities of the County of Durham, that it is thought the possessors of that history may deem the observations of men so deeply versed and so enthusiastically delighting in such topics, to constitute valuable additional notes for these very volumes.

Scott's first letter, then, is dated "Ashestiel by Selkirk"—late, probably, in 1806—as Surtees' reply is dated 8th December, 1806.

"TO ROBERT SURTEES, ESQ. MAINSFORTH, NEAR RUSHYFORD.*

"Sir,—I have to beg your acceptance of my best thanks for the obliging communications with which I am this day favoured; and am much flattered to find that my collections have proved at all interesting to a gentleman whose letter proves him so well acquainted with Northumbrian antiquities. I have only to regret that a new edition of the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border has just issued from the press, so that I must treasure up your remarks for a future opportunity.

"I had begun to suspect that Whitfield of Whitfield might be the person of whom Hobbie Noble expresses some apprehensions; and as I see in Wallis's History of Northumberland, that, about the close of the sixteenth century, *Ralph* Whitfield was at the head of the family, I have expressed my opinion that *Ralph* Whitfield had in recitation been corrupted into Earl of Whitfield, as the words are very similar in sound, though not in sense or spelling. But your very curious observations lead me to hesitate, and think the original reading of Earl may be the right one.

"I am here so far from books and authorities, that I cannot say anything with certainty on the subject of Ralph Eure. Certain it is that the Scotch historians call him Lord Eure; but that, according to the loose practice of giving the father's title to the son, common in these days, is no argument against your proofs, which indeed seem irrefragable.

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* It may be noticed, that Scott invariably in his printed works, and sometimes in his private addresses, designates his friend *Richard* Surtees, Esq. who used to smile, and say, "It is not worth while to put him right."

"The Knights of St. Michael were, according to the best of my recollection, called Knights of the Cockle; but having no authority to consult, I may be mistaken. The ornament or badge seems more appropriate to the Knights of St. James of Compostella.

"Your story of the Goth who melted Lord Eure's chain, reminds me of the fate of a beautiful set of rosary-beads, which James V. of Scotland gave to one of his godsons, and which fell into the hands of an old lady, who had the cruelty to dispose of the best part of it, *à la façon* of the proprietor of Witton Castle.

"Poor Ritson's MSS. were sadly dispersed. Indeed, in the alienation of mind which preceded his death, he destroyed many which contained the memoranda of the labours of years. There is a copy of Musgrave, in the Roxburgh or Pearson Collection of Ballads, which I hope to get copied when I go to London. It seems to be that very favourite song of 'Plumpton Park,' which is often referred to as a popular air. There was another ballad in the collection of poor Ritson, of which he would not give me a copy, and which I fear is lost. It was called 'Raid of Rookhope,' and, as I think, was picked up from recitation somewhere in the Bishopric or Northumberland. It contained some account of a skirmish between the Tynedale men and those of Rookhope, in which the former were beaten; with a curious enumeration of the clans on both sides. Perhaps these hints may enable you, or some friend curious in these matters, still to recover it.

"The fragment with which you favoured me seems to refer to a ballad current in Scotland, the burden of which runs,

'With a hey and a lily gay,
And the rose it smells sae swetly.'

But one or two verses of your fragment are much more poetical than those of our old song. The bride's brother kills the bride. It is printed by Jamieson, in his Select Ballads, lately published by Constable of Edinburgh, in which you will, I think, find some other curious matter. I am, Sir, with my best thanks for your polite attention,

"Your obliged and very humble servant."

[*The signature appears to have been cut off—probably to oblige some hunter of autographs.*] *

"*Ashestiel, by Selkirk.*"

The letter of Mr. Surtees, acknowledging the receipt of this, requires some explanation. It commences with giving a copy of a border ballad on the "Feud between the Ridleys and Featherstones, from the recitation of an old woman of Alston Moor," accompanied with glossarial explanations and learned historical notes, to identify the personages alluded to, and determine the date of the transaction. Scott, as will be hereafter seen, was delighted with the contribution to his collection; and entertained no doubt of the genuineness of the piece. It accordingly was introduced as a valuable gem of antiquity, in the twelfth note to the first Canto of Marmion, published in the beginning of 1808, as furnished by his "friend and correspondent, R. Surtees, Esq. of Mainsforth." Yet all this was a mere figment of Surtees's imagination, originating probably in some whim of ascertaining how far he could identify himself with the stirring times, scenes, and poetical compositions, which his fancy delighted to dwell on.

This is proved by more than one copy, among his papers, of this ballad corrected and interlined, in order to mould it to the language, the manners, and the feelings of the period, and of the district to which it refers.

Mr. Surtees, no doubt, had wished to have the success of his attempt tested by the unbiassed opinion of the very first authority on the subject; and the result must have been gratifying to him. But at a later period of their intimacy, when personal regard was added to high admiration for his correspondent, he probably would not have subjected him to the mortification of finding, that he could be imposed on in a matter where he had a right to consider himself as almost infallible. And from this feeling most likely it was, that Mr. Surtees never acknowledged the imposition: for so late as the year 1830, in which Scott dates his introduction to the edition of the Minstrelsy published in 1831, the ballad of the "Death of Featherstonehaugh" retains its place (vol. i. p. 240.) with the same expressions of obligation to Mr. Surtees for the communication of it, and the same commendation of his learned proofs of its authenticity.

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* Of Scott's letters here printed, few retain the signature. See the Scrap-books of Young Ladies.—Ed.

As the ballad itself, with the fictitious testimonials, have already appeared in the two publications cited, it is unnecessary to insert them here. The letter in question then proceeds to give that curious extract from a manuscript note in a copy of Burthogge on the Nature of Spirits, which may be found in the notes on the third Canto of Marmion; and which, in fact (Scott there says), "occasioned the introduction of the tale (of the Elfin Knight) into *that* poem."

Mr. Surtees then continues his commentary on the extract.

"So says the nameless Monk of Durham; for a Monk of Durham I have reason to suppose him.—Amongst the books of the late Mr. Gyll,* Attorney-General to Egerton, Bishop of

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* There is a short notice of Mr. Gyll, with a copy of his Epitaph, in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes (viii. 288,) contributed by George Allan, Esq. M.P. Gyll was much devoted to topographical pursuits, and copiously benoted his books on local history. I have in my possession his *Yorkshire* from the Magna Britannia, rich in marginal notes in his peculiarly elegant hand, and containing, besides, numerous additions by Mr. Surtees, who bought it in London in 1806. It was purchased by me at the sale at Mainsforth in 1837. I possess also, by purchase at the same sale, the Gwillim which Mr. Surtees (vol. ii. p. 287) thus describes:

"I have an illuminated and benoted Gwillim, which had belonged to the Durham antiquary Mickleton, and since passed through the hands of Dr. Hunter and Thomas Gyll, Esq. receiving large additions from each successive proprietor, so that it now resembles the pied doublet of Sir David Lindsay, 'proudly shewing Gules, Argent, Or, and Azure glowing.'"

It must be added that Mr. Allan the antiquary and Mr. Surtees have both made additions to this now very valuable book. There belong to me also Mr. Gyll's Nicolson's English Historical Library, in folio, with numerous marginal notes and additions in his hand, and his Note Book of Law Cases, chiefly on the Northern Circuit, from 1731 to 1769. Mr. Gyll was born at Barton, near Richmond, of an ancient family; was educated at Richmond School; and that, like a true Yorkshireman, he knew something of horses, may be inferred from certain entries in his book of

Durham, which I had an opportunity of seeing in the hands of his nephew and heir, Mr. Hartley, were several which were rendered extremely curious by the insertion of MS. addenda and references, chiefly on loose slips of paper, or else marginal, and within the covers.

"In 'Burthogge on the Nature of Spirits,' 8vo. 1694, he had inserted several of these notes, amongst the rest *the above.* Mr. Hartley was not then determined to part with the books; but lent me several to copy the genealogical and topographical notes they contained, and I also transcribed *this.* The books were after sold at Leigh and Sotheby's; but Mr. Hartley set aside a few for me, and sent me them as a present. I was bitterly disappointed, however, to find most of the *loose notes* gone; and I found on inquiry from Mr. Heber, that they had been carelessly or injudiciously shaken out of the books; and, as it would have been endless to replace all, the books sold without them; and the MSS. with some sheets of arms and pedigrees, were bought in one large bundle separately, by Jeffery, bookseller, for a Mr. Lloyd (?) for 6*l.* 6*s.*

"The above narration was lost to me in that manner: it was not in Mr. Gyll's own hand, but older, probably 100 years, and was said to be 'E Libro Conventus Dunelm. per T. C. extract.' which I believe to have been Thomas Craddock, Esq. barrister, and who held several law offices under the see of Durham 100 years ago. Mr. Gyll was possessed of most of his MSS. At that time he might have access to books now destroyed. There are above 200 MSS. in the Dean and Chapter Library, Durham —Missals, Bibles, Theological Tracts, Rentals, and Papers relative to the dissolution of the Convent; but not one that contains any thing like the above, or any collection of annals,* &c. Many Ralph Bulmers were engaged in the Scotch wars, particularly Sir Ralph at Flodden. Had the person in question wished to

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Cases above mentioned—"A drink for a horse that has a cough, from Mr. Bootle," &c. &c. Mr. Gyll left behind him a Diary, from which numerous extracts of local importance might be usefully published.—Ed.

* Mr. Surtees's statement may be confirmed. No such narrative can be found in any manuscript or other record now belonging to the Dean and Chapter of Durham.—Ed.

sport with his confessor's credulity? or to disguise an overthrow from an earthly knight under the plea of supernatural interference? At any rate, it is a remarkable instance of *Glamour.* In Burthogge, as I now have it, on the inside of the back is a short account in Latin, in Gill's own hand, of a 'vox per altum noctis silentium exaudita,' at Edinburgh, summoning James IV. and several of his nobles (a little before the battle of Flodden) to appear *respondere coram Plotcockio.* I am sure I have seen this elsewhere, and it is therefore probably familiar to you in some printed book; it made me think of the spirits in Macbeth—'*Paddock calls.*' I am tempted to add here a heraldic bearing inserted by Mr. Gyll, in Gwillim's Heraldry,* now in my hands. 'He beareth per pale or and arg. over all a spectre passant, *shrouded sable,* by the name of Michael Newton, of Beverly, Esq. in Yorkshire;' probably the only attempt ever recorded to describe an unembodied spirit in heraldry.—The common arms of Newton are, Sable, two cross thigh-bones proper,—which perhaps suggested the above. I must apologize for the length of the above, but I could not well tell you in fewer words on what authority the extract rested."

The following extract, and Scott's reply to its suggestions, are highly interesting, as affording the first glimpses of that light, which afterwards "burst forth so gloriously," revealing, in splendour and distinctness, the scenes and the personages of the rebellions of seventeen hundred and fifteen and forty-five.

"Before I conclude, will you pardon my presumption in inquiring if you feel no inducement to continue your collections to the interesting periods of 15 and 45. Whilst Scotland can boast a minstrel, why is posterity to trace those interesting periods only in the cold pages of a professed historian? I say this without disrespect to the estimable labours of Hume, or of others whom I may not have seen; but such a plan cannot include the scope and variety of yours. Your poems, original and collected, and the wonderful fund of information and entertainment in the Notes, already incontestably present the best existing history of the times you undertake to illustrate; and the periods I allude to must, I think, afford materials little less interesting.

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* This singular bearing formed a subject of conversation during the visit of Mr. Surtees and myself to Abbotsford in 1819 mentioned hereafter. It had in the mean time been alluded to by Scott in his Rob Roy published in 1818, no doubt upon the authority of the letter now before us. Gyll's Gwillim is now my property, but I find in it no trace of such an entry.—Ed.

"It is in your power to do what no historian can—to bring us acquainted with the very men themselves; to place us on the scene of action, and to perpetuate for ever the characteristic traits of valour and generosity, which must have distinguished the Highland Clans, assembled for the last time under their native chiefs.

"The crownlet of many an antique thane already owes you its lustre, and future chiefs of Buccleuch must, I think, for ever be indebted to you for the rich romantic veil which you have woven to adorn their ancestry. Perhaps you may shew us that Dundee was not the last of the Scots. Should you ever be induced to such a continuation of your poetical labours and collections, I can, I think, promise you Lord Derwentwater's Good Night, a nobleman, the only Englishman whose fate is inwoven with that of your countrymen in '15, and whose representatives are now peers of Scotland. I have it not by me; but have both seen it in a halfpenny ballad, and repeatedly heard it from nurses and servants, twenty years ago, when (even in that short lapse of time) much more evidence of these periods was remaining. The Good Night contained, I believe, nothing very uncommon, but was plaintive and pleasing. I can recollect two stanzas.

"No more along the banks of Tyne
  I 'll rove in Autumn gray,
No more I'll hear at early dawn
  The lav'rocks wake the day.
Farewell, farewell, George Collingwood,
  Since Fate has put us down;
If thou and I have lost our lives,
  King James has lost his crown."

"Lord Derwentwater's youth, and the hospitality in which he dispensed his large revenues, living constantly in the country, made him much lamented; and popular superstition still attributes to the displeasure of Heaven at his execution the first appearance of the Northern lights, which were, I believe, peculiarly vivid about that time.

> "The eiry blood-hound howl'd by night;
> The streamers flaunted red."

"I have now only once more to ask pardon for intruding on your time so long, and to sign myself

"Your very obedient servant,

"R. SURTEES.

"*Dec.* 8*th*, 1806.
"*Mainsforth, near Rushyford.*"

"I cannot look on Ritson's collections as a reason for declining the latter period of Scotish history. He certainly had great accuracy and much merit, but cannot be supposed to stand on the ground you do, as to either the history or the minstrelsy of Scotland. A faithful edition of the ballads themselves is, I think, all he attempted; and besides, his mind was warped by some strange prejudices. At this distance of time, we may surely feel for the spirit and loyalty of the Clans, or admire Hamilton's Gladsmuir Ode, without entering into the depth of Jacobitism. Ritson was at once a Jacobite and a Republican; hated kingly government, and owned Henry the Ninth for his sovereign.

"In Hobbie Noble change one letter; you will then read the great *Carle* of Whitfield; the great rich clownish fellow at Whitfield. This was lately suggested to me by a friend."

To this letter the following is Scott's reply.

TO R. SURTEES, ESQ. MAINSFORTH BY RUSHYFORD, BISHOPRIC OF DURHAM.

"Dear Sir,—I was much obliged and interested by your long and curious letter. The fray between the Ridleys and the Featherstonehaughs is extremely curious, and seems to have been such a composition as that in the Border Minstrelsy called the Fray of Suport, which I have heard sung. I will certainly insert it, with your permission, in the next edition of that work; and I am only sorry that it will be some time before I can avail myself of it, as the third edition is just out of the press. Your notes upon the parties concerned give it all the interest of authenticity, and it must rank, I suppose, among those half-serious, half-ludicrous songs in which the poets of the Border delighted to describe what they considered as the *sport* of *swords.* It is, perhaps, remarkable, though it may be difficult to guess a reason, that these Cumbrian ditties are of a different stanza, character, and obviously sung to a different kind of music, from those on the Northern Border. The gentleman who collected the words may, perhaps, be able to describe the tune. That of the Fray of Suport is a wild rude kind of recitative, with a very outrageous chorus. The Raid of Rookhope,* such parts of it at least as I have seen, resemble extremely the Fray of Suport, and the verses you have so kindly sent me; and none of them are like any Scotish ballad I ever saw.

"You flatter me very much by pointing out to my attention the feuds of 1715 and 45:—the truth is, that the subject has often and deeply interested me from my earliest youth. My great-grandfather was out, as the phrase goes, in Dundee's wars, and in 1715 had nearly the honour to be hanged for his pains, had it not been for the interest of Duchess Anne of Buccleuch and Monmouth, to whom I have attempted, *post longo intervallo,* to pay a debt of gratitude. But, besides this, my father, although a Borderer, transacted business for many Highland lairds, and particularly for one old man, called Stuart of Invernahyle, who had been out both in 1715 and 1745, and whose tales were the absolute delight of my childhood. I believe there never was a man who united the ardour of a soldier and tale-teller, or man of talk, as they call it in Gaelic, in such an excellent degree; and as he was as fond of telling as I was of hearing, I became a valiant Jacobite at the age of ten years old; and, even since reason and reading came to my assistance, I have never quite got rid of the impression which the gallantry of Prince Charles made on my imagination. Certainly I will not renounce the idea of doing something to preserve these stories, and the memory of times and manners, which, though existing as it were yesterday, have so strangely vanished from our eyes. Whether this will be best done by collecting the old tales, or by modernising them, as subjects of legendary poetry, I have never very seriously considered; but your kind encouragement confirms me in the resolution that something I must do, and speedily. I would be greatly obliged to you for the 'Good Night of Lord Derwentwater.' I have a stall copy of a ballad so entitled, very similar to that published by Ritson, in a small thin 12mo. entitled the Northumberland Garland, or some such thing. Ritson's copy and mine agree in the main, and begin

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* Printed in the Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border, vol. ii. p. 101, ed. 1833, with notes by Surtees and Scott. Corbyl in the ballad is a mistake for Corbyt.—Ed.

"Mackentosh was a soldier brave,
And of his frends he took his leave,
Toward Northumberland he drew,
Marching along with a valiant crew."

This is a miserable ditty in all respects; and, as it does not contain either of the verses in your letter, I hope yours is either entirely another song, or a very superior edition of the same.

"The extract of the ghostly combat, between Bulmer and his aerial adversary, is like the chapter of a romance, and very curious. I am much obliged to you for the trouble you have taken of transcribing it. The story of the nocturnal proclamation at the cross of Edinburgh, summoning all the leaders of the Scotish army to appear before the tribunal of Plotcock (Pluto, I suppose,) occurs in Pitscottie's History of Scotland. I think he gives it on the authority of the person who heard the proclamation; and, hearing his own name in the citation of the infernal herald, appealed from Plotcock's tribunal to that of God, and threw a florin over the balcony in which he was walking, in evidence of his protest. He was the only man of the number cited who escaped death at the fatal field of Flodden. I have some part of a poem or tale upon this subject, which I will be happy to shew you one day.

"Once more, my dear sir, pray persevere with your kind intentions towards me, and do not let me lose the benefit your correspondence holds out to,

"Dear Sir, your most obliged humble servant,

WALTER SCOTT.

"*Edinburgh*,
"17*th December*, 1806."

R. SURTEES, ESQ. TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

Mainsforth, February 12*th*, 1807.

"Dear Sir,—I have great pleasure in inclosing for you the Ryde or Raid of Rookhope. I had very faint hopes of its being in existence, much less of its having been committed to the press. Mr. Frank, in a former letter, informs me that a few copies were struck off by his uncle as part of an intended publication of ballads, which never took place. At the end you will perceive is added the single stanza which I formerly pointed out to you, as almost the only relique we had of ancient poetry relative to this county. The Raid of Rookhope derives some additional interest from the circumstance of its date being exactly ascertained to coincide with the Northern Rising. It seems that the Tynedale men had taken advantage of the public troubles which particularly affected the Bishopric, to execute their predatory plans; and that your acquaintance in the Tynedale ballad, the Thirlwalls and Ridleys, had foregotten their private animosities, and united for the laudable purpose of plundering their neighbours in Weardale. Ritson's notes are so explanatory as to the persons and places mentioned, that little can be added. The mention of the bailiff's house at the East gate is (were such a proof wanting) strongly indicative of the authenticity of the ballad. The family of Emerson of Eastgate, a fief, if I may so call it, held under the Bishop, long exercised the offices of bailiff of Wolsingham (the chief town and borough of Weardale) and of forester, &c. &c. under successive prelates; and the present bishop's gamekeeper and ranger within Weardale may be said to claim his office by maternal descent, being Emerson *Muschamp** (another ancient name), and, though somewhat shorn of his beams, the lineal heir of the old bailiffs of Weardale :—

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* It is more than probable that the Muschamps of Weardale are descended from the knightly family of Muschamp of Baremoor in Northumberland, itself a cadet of the Baronial family of Muschamp of Wooler.—ED.

> Robt. Emerson, Parcarius de Stanhopp, 13 Aug., 7 Robt. Neville Ep̃i.
>
> Cuthb. Emerson de Eastyat, sub-forestar' Parci de Stanhope, —1 Wolsey.
>
> Lease of the Eastgate to Mr. George Emerson for 30 years, £10 per ann^{m}. 4 Ed. VI.—Bp. Tunstall.
>
> Robt. Emerson de Eastyat—sede vacante p. depriv. Tunstall, Parcarius Dominæ Reginæ.
>
> Geo. et Rads. Emerson, Ballivi de Wolsingham, p. patent. —12 Sept. 1616, sicut Geo. Rob. vel Roland' Emerson olim tenuere.

Were it necessary, a pedigree might be authenticated from such records. I am induced to mention the circumstance, both as adding authority to the ballad, and as a peculiar instance of a family remaining as long seated on a lease, under the Church, in the midst of a mining and commercial district, as would have been expected from a race of freeholders in a county of ancient gentry. Rookhope stands literally in a pleasant place, in the midst of a green and fertile vale, extending a few miles on each side, at the head, as Ritson describes it, of the Vale of Wear (resembling in some degree the beautiful scenery on many of the Scotch rivers); the finest verdure and most luxuriant cultivation, constrasted with and hemmed in by scenes of barren moor and crag. The names of Corbyl * and Carrick, which occur in the ballad, are quite new to me; that of Fell is common enough in the lower ranks: but what I am most surprised at is, that no mention is made amongst the Weardale men of the family of Featherstone, not of Featherstonehaugh in Northumberland, but of Stanhope Park, who at the date of the ballad and for many preceding centuries were by far the first family in Weardale. We may indeed suppose that they were engaged in the public disturbances of the time. There is an old tradition that the Earl of Westmerland, before he escaped to Flanders, was for some time secreted

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* This should, I think, be Corbyt, a northern name.—Ed.

under the disguise of a gamekeeper at Stanhope, the seat of the Featherstones.

"In a former letter of Mr. Frank, he mentioned to me his intention of, at some time or other, giving to the public some account of his late uncle Ritson, whose executor he was, and of whose papers and MSS. all that remained at his death are I believe in Frank's hands; but many were lamentably dispersed and destroyed. He there says, 'I am making a collection of Mr. Ritson's Letters, with some little account of his Life, which I mean at one time or other to give to the public.* May beg the favour of your inquiring of Mr. Scott, whether he or some of his literary friends with whom R. might correspond (Lord Woodhouselee for instance) would oblige me with any letters or other papers useful in such a work?' His subsequent observations, as I intend sending this under a frank, I have given you in his own letter.

"Mr. Frank, who is established as a conveyancer at Stockton, is a man of great ingenuity, and spent many years under his uncle, in order to his education for the branch of the law he follows; and I dare venture to say, that if it is in your power to procure him any materials for his projected illustrations of poor Ritson's life and literary character, they will be used with scrupulous delicacy. His direction is,—Joseph Frank, Esq. Stockton on Tees, Durham. Any communication that you may be able to afford him will reach him safely without further direction; or I shall be happy at any time, when I have the pleasure of hearing from you, to transmit to him any information. I think you mention that of Musgrave's Lament you can obtain a copy. Frank has sent me one, which I do not transcribe, only because it would fill too much paper; but it is at your service, if required. It begins

"To lodge, it was my chance of late,
At Kendal in the 'Sizes week,
Where I saw many a gallant state
Was walking up and down the street.

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* This task was consigned to the late Sir Harris Nicolas, who, in 1833, published in two volumes 8vo. Ritson's letters with a memoir of his life, at Mr. Frank's request and under his superintendence.—Ed.

Down Plumpton Park as I did pass,
I heard a bird sing in a glen,
The chiefest of her song it was,
Farewell the flower of serving men.

"*Note from Mr. Frank.*—'Plumpton Park, in the parish of Lazonby, county of Cumberland, being a demesne of the Crown, and leased out for a long term to one Jack Musgrave, Captain of Bewcastle. He planted there five sons on five different tenements, and in 1584 the Captains of Bewcastle were farmers thereof.—Hist. of Cumberland, 1777, p. 419.)'

"I cannot easily express how much I have been gratified by hearing your intention of undertaking, in some mode or other, the illustration of the periods of 1715 and 45. Of the two plans proposed no one can hesitate to wish you should adopt that of taking the most interesting traces of those times as the subject of original poetry; and in fact this need not preclude the other part of the scheme. Much of ballad and anecdote is already known: so much may be cited or referred to; and whatever is new or necessary to be repeated afresh or in a better manner (materiem superabit opus), may be easily given in notes or appendix. That this would be the general sentiment there could be no doubt;—every one pays homage to your feudal chieftains, when arrayed in the splendid robes you have woven for them; but it is not every one that is glad to shake hands with Hobbie Noble, in his plain Border accoutrements. As for me, I am well pleased to hear an old Baron speak the language even of a feoffment or indenture; and to gain now and then from many a tedious circumstantial investigation, a slight glimpse of the visions of past times, which you have again embodied in more than mortal splendour. I have been, since I heard your determination, making inquiry in every probable quarter for song and anecdote, and am sorry my success has justified my fears rather than my wishes. Some persons to whom I have made application have not yet returned answers, and perhaps never will; though I know not a more powerful name in which I could conjure up the spirits of olden time than that of the Minstrel. Of the following ballads I have recovered or can obtain imperfect copies, such as pass in recitation:

"No. 1.—

"The King has sent a lovely letter,
And seal'd it with a golden seal."—*Vide infra.*

"No. 2.—

'Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My father's ancient seat;
Another now may call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.
Farewell each friendly well-known face,
My heart has held so dear;
My tenants now must leave the place,
Or hold their lives in fear.' &c.

"This is the same of which I recollected myself two stanzas, which I sent before. It is at some length, and touches on all the usual topics of local attachment, &c. and is the only one I have met with which rises above the very lowest class of popular song. It is not so commonly known as the others, perhaps because somewhat in a better strain. Were I to give you it all now, it would, with what I have to add, exceed the limits of a frank; but you shall have it whenever you choose.

"No. 3.—

'A mushroom king does o'er us reign,
And Geordie he is named.'

"I have this very imperfect, and a sad production. Lady Derwentwater's Lament certainly exists, but I have not recovered it as yet. These all refer to 1715, probably.

"No. 4.—I have got a kind of rhyming Dialogue, between Jenny Cameron and her maid Jeannie, which begins,—

'Jeanie, come hither; I'm told you've been
To see this man.'
'What man, madam, do you mean?'
'The Pretender, hussey, at his lodging.—
Is n't so? come, tell me, without dodging,' &c. &c.

These are, unfortunately, all the songs I have met with, and not one anecdote or circumstance of interest. The piece, of which you sent me the first lines, 'Mackintosh was a soldier brave,' &c. is common here, and reprinted from time to time, in the ballad style, and called 'Mackintosh's Rant.'—Much of the above, such as it is, I owe to a very intelligent neighbour, Mr. Thomas Forster Taylor, now a temporary resident in this county, who has a hereditary right to be a retailer of Jacobite poetry: for his maternal grandfather, Thomas Forster, Esq. of Lucker, a near relative of General Forster, was condemned in 1715, and escaped out of Newgate by an exchange of clothes with his wife, and afterwards recovered his estates; and Mr. Taylor's paternal ancestor was begot between the double walls of Chillingham Castle, where his father was secreted in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion. Mr. Taylor remembers that his own father, whose estate was at Swinhoe in Northumberland, used to maintain an old man in the capacity of writing-master to the children, who had been engaged in 1745, and was supposed to have been a person of some rank and property. He used on particular occasions, when tipsy, to sing a Latin Jacobite song, which I am sorry Taylor does not remember a word of. I am disappointed in the minister of Hexham (the very Derwentwater country) telling me he can procure no information more than what is matter of general history.

"'The King has written a lovely letter,' (15 stanzas) is from him. I have made inquiry concerning the tune of the Tynedale Rant, but cannot get any exact idea how often the chorus should recur, or what words exactly are the chorus, for those that seem to be so in one place will not make sense (if that be an objection) in another; but I learn that in general it was sung with a wild, and, as you properly term it, outrageous chorus, and the rest in rapid recitative. The old person who recited it had not heard it sung for years. It is long since a quarrel between the Thirlwalls and Ridleys could interest an inhabitant of Alston Moor; but she said, when a girl (then eighty years old) she had heard it re-echoed till the roof rung again.

"Qu. as the Raid of Rookhope is paged, what the other ballads were? If they should be of any service, Mr. Frank would, I have no doubt, readily communicate them.

"R. S."

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"My dear Sir,—I cannot express how much I am obliged to you for your kind communications, which I value as I ought to do. The Raid of Rookhope, so unexpectedly recovered, is a very curious piece; and rendered much more so by your illustrations. I willingly acknowledge Mr. Frank's kindness, by sending such of his uncle's letters as I have been able to recover. I think I have one or two more, but I fear they are at my farm in Ettricke Forest. Mr. Frank is perfectly at liberty to print any part of them he pleases, excepting those passages round which I have put a circumflex with a black-lead pencil, which he will see reasons for my wishing omitted. I had a great kindness for poor Mr. Ritson; and always experienced from him the readiest, kindest, and most liberal assistance in the objects of our joint pursuit, in which he was so well qualified to direct the researches of an inferior antiquary. One thing I observed in his temper, an attention to which rendered communication with him much more easy than if it was neglected: it was, that Mr. Ritson was very literal and precise in his own statements, and, expecting you to be equally so, was much disgusted with any loose or inaccurate averment. I remember rather a ludicrous instance of this. He made me a visit of two days at my cottage near Laswade, where I then spent the summer. In the course of conversing on such subjects, we talked of the Roman Wall; and I was surprised to find that he had adopted, on the authority of some person at Hexham, a strong persuasion that its remains were nowhere apparent, at least not above a foot or two in height. I hastily assured him that this was so far from being true, that I had myself seen a portion of it standing almost entire, high enough to break a man's neck. Of this Ritson took a formal memorandum, and having visited the place, (Glenwhelt, near Gilsland,) he wrote back to me, or rather I think to John Leyden, 'that he had seen the wall; that he really thought that a fall from it *would* break one's neck; at least it was so high as to render the experiment dangerous.' I immediately saw what a risk I had been in, for you may believe I had no idea of being taken quite so literally. I was very indignant at the insult offered to his memory, in one of the periodical publications, after his decease, imputing the unfortunate malady with which he was afflicted to providential vengeance and retribution, for which the editor, in exact retributive justice, deserved to be damned for a brutal scoundrel.

"As a friend going towards London has promised to drop the parcel containing Ritson's letters at Rushyford, I add a small volume of ancient modern ballads and traditions, composed by one of our shepherds, (I do not speak in Arcadian phrase, but in literal Ritsonian strictness,) of which I beg your acceptance. You will, I think, be pleased both with the prose and verse of this little publication; and if you can give it any celebrity among your friends who may admire ancient lore, you will do service to a worthy and ingenious lad, who is beating up against the tide of adversity. I must now tell you (for I think your correspondence has been chiefly the cause of it) that, by calling my attention back to these times and topics which we have been canvassing, you are likely to occasion the world to be troubled with more border minstrelsy. I have made some progress in a legendary poem, which is to be entitled, 'Marmion, or a Tale of Flodden-Field.' It is in six Cantos, each having a *l'envoy*, or introductory epistle, in more modern verse. In the first Canto I have introduced a verse of the Thirlwalls, &c. Marmion, on an embassy to Scotland, is entertained at Norham Castle, by Heron, the captain of that fortress.

'He led Lord Marmion to the dais,
Placed * o'er the pavement high,
And placed him in the upper place;
They feasted full and high.
Meanwhile a Northern harper rude,
Chaunted a rhyme of deadly feud:—

'How the fierce Ridleys and Thirlwalls all,
Stout Willemoteswick,
And Hard-Riding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawdon, and Will of the Wall,
Have set on Sir Albany Featherstonehaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadman's Shaw.'

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* Sic.—It is "raised" in the printed poem.

Scantly Lord Marmion's ear could brook
The harper's barbarous lay;
Yet much he praised the pains he took,
And well those pains did pay;
For lady's suit and minstrel's strain
By Knight should ne'er be heard in vain.'

"In the notes I will give your copy of the ballad and your learned illustrations. Holy Island is one of my scenes: also Whitby. I have occasion for an Abbess of Whitby, and also for a Nunnery at Lindisfarne. There were nuns in both places,* as well as monks; both of the order of St. Benedict: but I suspect I am bringing them down too late by several centuries; this, however, I shall not greatly mind. I fear I shall be obliged to go to London this spring, which may throw me behind in my poetical labours, which, however, are already pretty well advanced.

"I wonder what other ballads Mr. Ritson intended to insert in the little collection, of which the Raid of Rookhope is one; and should like very much indeed to have a complete set of the leaves, if Mr. Frank could favour me so far. If he has any intention of publishing them, I will with pleasure postpone my curiosity. The Latin song, which you mention as a favourite of the old hero of 1745, was probably Kennedy's *Prælium Gillicrankiense,* in leonine Latin, which I translated into doggrel verse, at Ritson's instance, and for his collection. If Mr. Frank wishes to have those verses which are alluded to in Mr. R.'s letters to me, I will send them. They are absolute doggrel, but very literal. I also translated for him *Les Souvenirs de Chastelain.* 'Down Plumpton Park' seems to have been a favourite tune. There are many references to it. As the Duke of Roxburghe's library is in a state of abeyance, I may not easily find access to the copy which is there. Will you, therefore, excuse my requesting you—not to write out the song yourself (which if you hate copying as much as I do will be but a tedious task), but to find some one to make me a copy. The Dialogue between Jenny Cameron and her Maid I have seen. I like some of the simple strains in Lord

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* Scott has forgot the misogyny of St. Cuthbert. At no period were there nuns at Lindisfarne.—Ed.

Derwentwater's Complaint very much indeed, and am impatient to see it; though I should be ashamed to say so, after the trouble I have already given, and am to give you.

"Ritson had a ballad with a simple northern burden—

'The oak, the ash, and the ivy tree,
O, they flourish best at hame, in the North country.'

Do you know anything of it?

"I dare not again read over this scrawl, which has been written at our Court table, while the Counsel were pleading the great cause of the Duke of Roxburghe's succession. So pray excuse mistakes, and believe me,

Dear Sir,

[The remainder has been cut out.]

"*Edinburgh, Feb.* 21, 1807.

"Of course Mr. Frank will take [care] of and return the originals of Mr. Ritson's letters to me."

R. SURTEES, ESQ. TO W. SCOTT, ESQ.

"*Hendon, near Sunderland,*
28*th February,* 1807.

"Dear Sir,—I send you Musgrave from Mr. Ritson's copy, and Derwentwater's Good Night in such state as I can procure it. This latter, notwithstanding two or three collations from recitation, still appears evidently imperfect, and I have never met with it in print. Some of the stanzas at the end are so inferior in elegance, and even so defective in grammar, that one would scarce suppose them from the same hand, even allowing for the usual corruptions *in ore vulgi.* I have pieced it together for you as well as I can, and it is, after all, much the best thing I have met with on the subject. The copy inclosed is by a little girl here, who was taught it by a servant, and remembers more of it than any one else. Lord D.'s request to be buried in Northumberland stands on historical evidence; but the fear of popular tumults prevented its being complied with, and I think he was buried in

St. Giles's churchyard, Holborn.[*] You will recollect Lord Lovat's wish, to have all the old women in Scotland howl at his obsequies. Lord D.'s milder genius may be supposed to have sighed for the more elegant offering of a wreath of flowers from the maids of Tynedale. I may further mention, that it is generally said that Lady D. used all her influence to engage her husband in the Jacobite cause. His son, I believe, recovered the entailed estates under a settlement on heirs male; Lord D. only forfeiting his life-interest. On this son's (John Ratcliffe) death, s.p. and under age, the property would have devolved on Charles Ratcliffe, and consequently again vested in the Crown, as he was under attainder. Of George Collingwood[†] (of Eslington), I before mentioned something, I think. He was one of those who were executed. 'Widdrington' may mean Lord W. or either of his brothers Peregrine and Charles; 'Forster' General Forster, or his cousin Thomas Forster of Lucker, Mr. Taylor's ancestor. 'Shaftoe of Bavington'—Errington chief of the name, and commonly called Chief of Beaufront (his seat-house). The present chief is a lunatic, and conceives himself to be Duke of Hexham by patent from James III. If you should chance to get hold of Hutchinson's View of Northumberland, &c. you will find under Holy Island a romantic exploit of one of the Erringtons, in the year 1715, or soon after.[‡] I add a ballad of Lord Eure, apparently a song of gratulation on his elevation to the peerage, which

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[*] The body of Lord Derwentwater was afterwards removed, and buried in the family chapel at Dilston. See Mr. Surtees's own History, vol. I. p. cxx., and the very interesting account by Mr. Sidney Gibson of the History of the Family of Radclyffe, and of the present state of the vault in which the remains of the Earl repose. —Ed.

[†] There is a tradition in Northumberland that George Collingwood was advanced in years and an infirm man when he joined the rebellion, and that when he betrayed some reluctance to take up arms his wife assisted him to mount his horse, telling him that she had long been aware that she had married a fool, but knew not till then that he was a coward.—Ed.

[‡] The story of Errington and his "romantic exploit" at Holy Island rests upon no better authority than that of a nameless correspondent of Grose. It next appeared in Hutchinson's History of Northumberland, and has since been copied by book-makers in abundance. So far from there having been anything of romance or bravery in the affair, the very contrary was the case, as is proved by Depositions taken at the time by the authorities of Berwick-upon-Tweed, and printed in North Durham, p. 165, &c.—Ed.

I took by recitation from a very aged person, Rose Smith, of Bishop Middleham, æt. 91, whose husband's father and two brothers were killed in the rebellion of 1715. I was interrogating her for Jacobite songs, and instead acquired Lord Eure.* The person intended is William Lord Eure, father of Sir Ralph, killed at Ancram; created a peer in 35 Hen. VIII. which would be, I believe, the year before Ancram fight. I find a good deal of confusion in the several accounts given of the death of Eure. Some call him Lord Eure; but all the English historians speak only of *one* of the name, and that one Ralph, killed there, together with Layton.

"Before another edition of the Minstrelsy appears, I will extract an accurate copy of the Livery to the heir, which will state the person to whom he succeeded, and the date of Lord Eure's death. I am here at a distance from books and records; but shall be at Durham in a few days, on my homeward road, and will inspect the records, however it may appear *labor ineptiarum.* In my annotations on the romantic encounters of Bulmer and his aerial foe, I called the commander at Flodden Rafe, who was certainly Sir *William* Bulmer, yet Lord Eure's ballad states the name as I did, Rafe. I mention this lest Ritson's angry wraith should appear, and break my neck. I shall be happy to see justice done to the kindness and integrity of Ritson; the brutal account of his malady I never saw, and am glad I did not. I always found him equally willing to communicate and receive information: his irritability was seldom directed except against imposition or conceit; extremely accurate himself, he made no allowance for inaccuracy in others: he was of all men the least willing to pretend to anything beyond his own immediate knowledge; and whatever might be his speculative opinions, I should have thought his inoffensive life, as to any practical intercourse with the world, might have secured him from harsh and brutal censure. Frank will, I am sure, feel highly obliged by your communication, which I have sent him by a safe conveyance, and the originals shall be safely and speedily returned. I shall see him in a short time, and will make inquiry after the rest of the printed pages, and 'The Oak, Ash, and Ivy Tree,' of which I know nothing. You may conceive how much I am gratified by the prospect of Flodden Field. Thirlwall's ballad will come to great honour. My notes I leave to your discretion; many of them would be tedious to the general reader, and were sent to you merely to corroborate the authority of the ballad. I believe Ritson's local account of Thirlwall Castle is more accurate than mine. It does, as I mentioned, lie towards the Irthing, which divides Cumberland; but, I believe, immediately on the little water of Tippal, of which I knew not the name. Ritson investigated accurately all the names of Northern waters, as he supposed them to be in general appellations of more ancient and genuine date than any others; and he recovered the old names of many brooks now only known by the addition of some place near which they run. For instance, Chester Burn, he told me, was the Cokbeck, &c. &c. I fear, lest writing in much haste, and amidst the social noises of music, backgammon, and conversation, I may have omitted some notices I had for you. If I procure anything from Frank, I will get it transcribed in some hand more legible than my own.

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* This ballad was printed by Scott in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border; and in the edition of 1833 it occurs in vol. i. p. 417. A note by the Editor, Mr. Lockhart, informs us that Sir Ralph Eure was buried in Melrose Abbey, and that his stone coffin may still be seen there a little to the left of the great altar. Scott and Surtees were both of that opinion. They read the stone IVOORS DE CORBRIG, and, after much reasoning on the subject, came to the conclusion that the slain knight was privately buried, and that he was so named from an estate which belonged to him at Corbridge, to prevent indignities from being offered to his remains by the Scots. I saw and made a drawing of the grave-stone in question on the 30th of June, 1824, in company with my late lamented friend, Mr. Hodgson, and have no hesitation in assigning it to a much earlier period. It belongs, in fact, without any doubt, to the middle of the thirteenth century, if not to an earlier time. It is of the ridged shape then in fashion, and upon its summit, chamfered off for the purpose, is the inscription:—

ORATE : PRO : ANIMA : IVOORS : DE : CORBRIGGE.

The word "Ivoors" is no doubt a mistake of the carver for "Ivonis."—Ed.

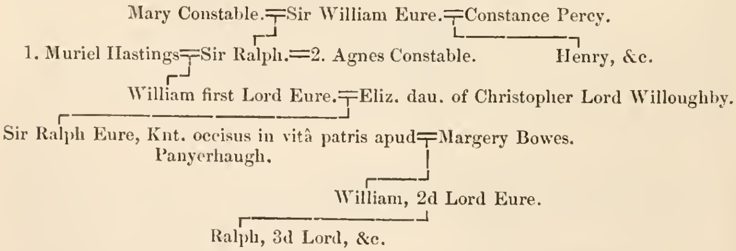
"I inclose a *5l.* note, which I hope (from the situation in which you and himself describe his circumstances) it will be no offence to desire may be applied to the service of the Ettrick Shepherd; and if you will send me four copies by any of the coaches to Rushyford, I think I can give them to so many persons, who may in some measure interest themselves in his behalf: though we have not here many admirers of legendary poetry. To me, fond as I am of popular superstitions, particularly of those of Scotland, which are, I think, always singularly wild and romantic, the volume has afforded great pleasure. The Covenanter's scuffle with the Devil, recorded in the notes, and the affrighted musician, amused me much; and some of his descriptions, such as that of Scott of Harden going to wheet the swords of Gilmanscleuch, his dress, &c. shew a mind that has received a deep impression of these subjects. I also think there is both poetry and patriotism in his Glens of Scotland, and his Highland song.

"You say, my dear Sir, you may probably travel to London. If you go the Newcastle road, you pass within three miles of my residence, when at Rushyford, nine miles south of Durham; and should you be inclined to rest on the road, or to view any of the antiquities of Durham, where we have a vast collection of Scotish grants to the ecclesiastics, &c. I need not say how happy I should be to have you for my guest. As I am a bachelor, and rather a solitary being, you will, I hope, at least find nothing to offend; and shall be at any time proud of the office of your guide in these parts.

"I remain, with sincere respect,

"R. SURTEES.

"P.S. Lord Eure. Is not 'married *upon* a Willoughbe' a Scotch mode of expression? What are *habs?* if the word be not corrupt. There are some other marked phrases—*to prikke* the Scott, and *riding roughshod,* &c.


Mary Constable.
Sir William Eure.
Constance Percy.
1. Muriel Hastings
Sir Ralph.
2. Agnes Constable.
Henry, &c.
William first Lord Eure.
Eliz. dau. of Christopher Lord Willoughby.
Sir Ralph Eure, Knt. occisus in vitâ patris apud Panyerhaugh.
Margery Bowes.
William, 2d Lord Eure.
Ralph, 3d Lord, &c.

(Old Family Pedigree.)

"'Ex eod. Stemmate. Rauffe Eure born in Berwick Castle, the 24 September 1558, at 7 o'clocke in the morneinge, cristened in the parishe churche there on the 26th daye by the Erle of Northumberland, and Mr. Christopher Nevill, deputy to his brother the Erle of Westmerland, then Governor of the Northe Partes;' this was Rauffe, son of Wyllyam second Lord Eure.

"'Berwick Castle, 1558.'

"I must just find room here to give you a scrap of a Tynedale ballad, which the Thirlwalls, &c. brought into the recollection of a friend of Mr. Taylor's: *—

"Hey, Willy Ridley, winna you stay?
Fetherston's leds ha' gotten the day.
Where are ye ganning lilting away?
With a ha, ha, winna you stay?
Hey, Willy Ridley, winna you stay?
Your bonny grey mear has lost her tail,
And your auld wife's drown'd wi' a pot of het kail.

* * * * * *

* * * * * *

Blenkinsopp's laird leuk'd o'er the wa',
He was the wiser man o' the twa',
For he sav'd his mence, and his banes, and a'.
With a ha, ha, &c.

"Evidently part of a song of exultation on a victory over the Ridleys. Blenkinsopp of Blenkinsopp, I suppose an ally of the Ridleys, had prudently declined interfering with the conquerors."

W. SCOTT, ESQ. TO ROBERT SURTEES, ESQ.

"Dear Sir,—I am constrained to answer your very kind and acceptable letter by a few hurried lines. The truth is, I hoped in my way to town to have had an opportunity to avail myself of your kind invitation, and to have personally offered my thanks for your repeated favours. But I find I must deny myself that pleasure till my return; for the illness of a particular friend, charged with a commission of some delicacy, in which we are both deeply interested, obliges me to make the best of my way to town: his physicians have advised him to go down to Devonshire, and I am aware he will not obey them until I relieve him upon his post. I inclose a letter of poor Ritson's, which had fallen aside when I last wrote. Lord Derwentwater's Lament, as you have improved it, is beautiful. There are also some uncommonly happy touches in the original; and I am particularly pleased with the expression of devoted loyalty in the address to Collingwood, where the sense of his own misfortunes is completely lost in his feelings for his dethroned sovereign. But I will resist the temptation of entering upon this subject, and recollect that I have papers to arrange, and a portmanteau to pack up. In about a month I hope my business in town will be finished, and in my way down I reckon upon the pleasure of waiting upon you at Mainsforth. I will duly apprize you of my motions. I must not omit to thank you for your very liberal inclosure for the Ettrick Shepherd, who was doubly happy at learning from whom it came. I hope the books were regularly despatched, and have duly reached you. I am happy to say that the bard's success has been such as to induce him to look forward to the power of stocking his little farm very comfortably at Whitsunday.

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* I more than suspect that the "friend of Mr. Taylor's" was *Mr. Robert Surtees.* The scrap is evidently in the "Death of Featherstonhaugh" style, with no savour of antiquity.—Ed.

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours most truly,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"*Edinburgh*, 15 *March*, 1807."

Mr. Surtees had now, for a considerable time, persevered in substituting alternations of study, exercise, and amusement, for that unremitting labour to which he had devoted himself in the first ardour of his undertaking; and his health became good, and his spirits invigorated. This happy change was no doubt promoted by the relief from all doubt of his long-cherished affection being returned by her who was the object of it. All obstacles being thus removed, he was married 23rd June 1807, to Miss Anne Robinson, daughter of Ralph Robinson, of Middle Herrington, in the county of Durham, Esq.*

Perhaps few marriages have more entirely realised the anticipations of the parties. Mr. Surtees, instead of the depressing solitude to which his leisure hours had been condemned, (and those hours, also, often abridged, from the want of inducement to quit his study,) found in his wife a companion fully competent to appreciate his character and enjoy his society; to join with zest in his lighter readings, and in complete accordance with his religious feelings and opinions. His health was watched over, and his comfort cared for, with tender assiduity; and whilst he felt himself relieved from attention to details of business and domestic arrangements, he found he had a zealous co-operator in all his plans for increasing the enjoyments and relieving the distresses of his poor neighbours and dependants. And she, who was the source of so much happiness, found her reward in the unbounded confidence and affection of the husband she had chosen.

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* Of this family a pedigree will be found, vol. i. p. 190-1.

But, paramount as such influence was, it was not the sole one which by this union was added to the variety and hilarity of the Mainsforth life. Mr. Surtees, from early boyhood, had been often domesticated in the Robinson family, the members of which had been the earliest, as they became through life the dearest, of his friends; and the interchange of visits, which now took place, gave a variety and animation to social life such as Mr. Surtees had never experienced before, and which he never ceased to appreciate.

His plan of life being now fixed as it continued to the end, may be most properly here described. On this subject Mr. Jackson of Normanby, to whose information this memoir has before been indebted, thus expresses himself. "If ever excess of hospitality could be said to be regulated by moderation, it was there. If ever the dark stores of erudition could be shaded off, and presented in a clear and attractive light to every auditor, it was there. If ever there was a roof under which the production and encouragement of knowledge were combined with the diffusion of cheerful ease and happiness to every guest, it was at Mainsforth. To this effect contributed invariably and efficiently the amiable partner of his wedded life. To her he looked, as to a counsellor and guide, in any doubt or trouble in which he might be involved, and as a balm to alleviate all uneasiness or anxiety that might assail him. He justly and meritedly considered her as 'his home,' and his comfort; and she made his house all that it could be of comfort to him and all around him."

An interesting part of the Mainsforth society was the visits of persons, whose tastes and studies were congenial with the more peculiar pursuits of their host. Among these, for many years, the most frequent visitor was the historian of North Durham, who says, "To persons who rendered him assistance in his work, Surtees was extremely liberal in his invitations to Mainsforth. I have often heard him say to John Bowlby (Registrar to the Dean and Chapter of Durham,) 'Come and shoot, and dine, and lay up your leg.' Poor old Woodness* was the owner of Jacob Bee's Diary; and Woodness had an annual holiday at Mainsforth. On his first visit he was requested to state what he would eat; but not one word would he say, till he had ascertained the nature of every dish upon the table. 'What's i' th' pie, ma'am?' said he to Mrs. Surtees. On learning that it was a partridge pie, indecision was ended, and his preference manifestly indicated. This amused Surtees much; and long after Woodness ceased to visit Mainsforth, there was regularly sent to him at Sherburn hospital, a brace of partridges twice or thrice a year.†

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* A petty shopkeeper in Durham, a very shrewd person, and of much local knowledge, who losing all his savings by the failure of a bank, passed the latter years of his life, and died, in Sherburn hospital. As a specimen of the humour which recommended him to Surtees, may be mentioned, that when the Dean and Chapter of Durham, about 1794, by the advice of the learned Dr. Burgess, had restricted the very free admission to their library (which had been shamefully abused), Woodness was highly indignant, and put into the key-hole of the library door a slip of paper, "Burgess's Lock upon the Human Understanding." It is due to the present Dean and Chapter to state that these restrictions, imposed on the first feeling of alarm, have been most liberally relaxed, as far as is consistent with the safe custody of the treasures committed to their charge.

† Upon Woodness's death Mr. Surtees purchased his papers from an illegitimate son into whose hands they had fallen. The bargain was struck at the sign of the *Jolly Butcher* in the market-place of Durham. The papers were most of them in a loose condition, but were soon afterwards arranged by Surtees as follows:—

Woodness's MSS.

1. Sanderson's Antiquities of Durham Cathedral, inlaid in folio, with numerous additions in manuscript.

2. A Volume of Papers of a miscellaneous nature, manuscript and in print, relative to the city of Durham.

3. A thick Volume of Collections relative to the City and Neighbourhood of Durham.

"Mr. Hazlewood, the Dean and Chapter's Librarian, as a reason for declining repeated invitations, at length said, 'To tell you truly, I wear hair-powder, and require some one to dress my head every morning.' Surtees smiled, walked down the street, and returning with a shilling's worth of powder and pomatum, said, 'Now here's plenty of powder and ball, and my man can grease and dust you to your heart's content.'

"Surtees was peculiarly attentive to those boys of the Grammar School with whom, or with their friends, he had any acquaintance; and had often two or three to visit him on a Sunday. I was once there with one of my pupils, now a barrister, when a young man of three or four and twenty came in to dinner, of which a plum-pudding was part. The young man, probably recollecting that in his school-boy days he would have had no objection to a second platefull, pressed my young friend, with an indelicate importunity, to renew his attack. Surtees was annoyed:—'Sir,' said he, 'that's a gentleman.' I know not that I ever witnessed a more impressive rebuke."

From this hospitable spirit, Mainsforth was sometimes even crowded; but kindly hosts and good-humoured guests will contrive to pack close; in which sense was Mr. Surtees's observation to Sir Cuthbert Sharp, "that he thought his house had the pro-

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4. A similar Volume.

5. Succession of Mayors of Durham, Notices of Elections, &c. &c. all by Woodness.

6. The Topographical part of Sanderson's Antiquities, inlaid upon folio paper, with numerous additions, arms, &c.

7. Numerous loose papers in a roll.

8. Brayley's Durham, from the Beauties of England and Wales, with notes and additions by Woodness. For the History of Durham, Woodness gave its Editors much useful information. Money was promised him for his trouble; instead of money they gave him the Durham portion of the work.

Soon after the purchase Mr. Surtees writes to the Editor as follows:—

"The Jolly Butcher (*i. e.* the master of the hostel) went to gaol soon after our visit. His wife died, and there are five children left. Young Woodness has called here to day, and was on his journey to Sedgefield to seek relief from some relations for the orphans. Moreover he wishes Sir C. Sharp to make him a Custom House runner or so, but I fear he has tricks—however, I'll remember him; but the Knight will do just his own way."

For a further notice of Woodness, see Gent. Mag. June, 1851, p. 673, in a brief memoir of Matthew Thompson, for whom Mr. Surtees had a high regard.—Ed.

perty of indefinite extension, so as to expand in proportion to the number of his friends."

When alone, a part of his mornings was spent in his woods, and riding through his green lanes, or favourite Lough-bank, which was beautifully covered with every shade of columbine, from seed scattered by himself when quite a boy. He had especial pleasure in raising flowers upon his garden wall; and many a passer-by admired to see the 'squire mounted on his short ladder, weeding the rough grass from his wild pinks and stonecrop.

But when any of his literary friends were with him, they made occasional excursions in quest of information touching his History; "And in these," says Mr. Raine, "it was extremely interesting to accompany Mr. Surtees.* He was a great admirer of nature and

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* "If you are inclined for York, I'll go with you. If you prefer going home, so; it is the same to me either way; 'not anxious, not expectant I.' I am in fact equally happy in either determination, so give me a line by return of post. We engage our lodgings in Durham from Monday first. I do not promise to return with you *by night*, as I prefer (as the man said of Nicodemus) *fair daylect*. Whitmonday will also fall within our Durham sphere, when we or some of us will preach at Blanchland in the morning, and lecture at Hunstanworth in the evening."

"*Monday noon.*" R. S. to J. R.

I well remember certain *passages* in an interesting expedition to Hexham with Mr. Surtees in September, 1816 We went by way of Lanchester and Shotley Bridge, and returned by Minsteracres, Blanchland, Muggleswick, Edmondbires, and Lanchester again, examining every place, in the county of Durham at least, with an eye to his History. We took with us a chaise and horses from Durham, and to the horses and their comfort Surtees paid especial attention. Our driver was a character, in his way. At the top of every hill, or where anything was worth looking at, he pulled up, turned round and touched his hat; "a fine *prospect-view*, gentlemen;" and then he jogged on as before. He was long a favourite with Surtees, but he in the end fell into disgrace, having once, at Chester-le-Street, as we were returning from Tanfield, pocketed the money which ought to have fed his horses. To cheat an animal of his due was with my companion little short of treason, and poor old *Prospect*, as Surtees always called him, drove us no more.

At Blanchland, in the old tower of the Forsters, converted into an inn, there was a landlady who peculiarly attracted the attention of my companion. She was tall and stately, dressed in an antiquated style, in a high-peaked cap garnished with ribands, and the cut and pattern of her gown savoured of those in use in the time of her grandmother. In addition to these peculiarities she was, to our great amusement, fond of "dictionary words;" in fact, a very near relation of Mrs. Malaprop. The trustees of Lord Crewe's Charities, to whom Blanchland belongs, had a while before been riding the boundaries of the estate, and with respect to the health of one of them, Dr. Prosser, a prebendary of Durham, who was far advanced in years, she made particular her scenery, and would moralize for an hour together upon the rise and fall of the families of the county. An old gable-ended house in decay, once inhabited by a gentleman, or a dried-up fish-pond, attracted his especial attention, and he would reflect aloud

inquiries. He had evidently made a strong impression upon her mind. "He was an old gentleman," said she, "but he was the most *actionable* of them all." This was afterwards a favourite word with Surtees. On our way home we spent much time in examining the remains of the Roman camp at Lanchester, and deposited in its ruins, duly sealed, in a glass bottle, an inscription upon parchment written *more Romano*, and containing many interesting particulars, which to future antiquaries will be invaluable.

I venture upon a few more stories, arising out of our expeditions in quest of information for our respective Histories.

We were once at Belford, on our return home from Bamborough. The coach, for which we were waiting, drove up, and Surtees opened the door and looked in. "I am afraid of butchers," said he; "they are not very pleasant travelling companions; I know them by their greasy knees; they go to Morpeth market at this time of the week, and if I find one I'll wait for the next coach." The result of his investigation was, "no butcher," and we took our places accordingly; but he had made a mistake. Our companions were, a butcher, with a face beaming with good-nature and beefsteaks, accompanied by his overgrown wife, on their way to Shields. The female faced Surtees in the coach, and soon began to annoy him exceedingly with questions of a personal nature, foolish remarks upon the prospect, the crops, the weather, and, in short, with that grating, never-ending buz of nothingness to which travellers in former times, in a six-inside coach, to boot, were compelled to submit when it was their misfortune to meet with such a fellow-traveller. For a while he took it patiently, casting, however, every now and then upon me an eye craving commiseration. I pitied the woman, however, more than him, for I knew that a storm was gathering against her. As we were leaving Alnwick, and had reached the column erected by the Percy tenantry as a compliment to the Duke of Northumberland, our fellow-traveller caught the words "Esperance en Dieu," upon its pedestal, and casting an indignant look upon her husband, exclaimed, in a sort of scream, "Well to be sure, only think! they've got our *motty*." I shall never forget Surtees's face. He held his tongue, however, till the lady began to gabble as before, and then, to my infinite amusement, to every remark she made, he gave a ready answer in rhyme. For a while she did not seem to understand what was going on; but ere long, to one of her foolish observations there came a jingling response, after which we reached Morpeth in silence. At Morpeth we parted from our companions.

Upon another occasion, we met, by appointment, at Darlington, on an expedition to York. We had as companions in the coach, a lady rather above the middle age, and a drab-coated farmer, evidently a man of substance in his way, from Barmpton or its neighbourhood. The latter amused us exceedingly for some time with ghost stories, and especially with a true and particular account of how Mr. Colling, of Barmpton, the great breeder of short-horns, who had died a-while before, might be seen every morning through the window of his room, sitting and shaving himself after his fashion when alive. I know not that I ever saw Surtees in higher glee. Every word that fell from his mouth was fun and frolic, and the farmer, to whom he talked in his own plain way, upon the personal history, the virtues, or the vices of its former owners.* A Spanish chestnut, in the extremity of decay, is all that remains at Sockburne. This poor old tree was a peculiar favourite of his, and as he himself says of Leland, 'he seemed to gaze with that deep feeling of natural beauty, which often unintentionally betrays itself amidst his severer pursuits, on the green inheritance of the Conyers—the lovely lawn, the circling Tees, and the wear for fish.'"†

Before Mr. Surtees's marriage Mr. Scott had addressed to him at Mainsforth the following letter:—

"*Edinburgh, June* 12, 1807.

"My dear Sir,—The dissolution of Parliament hurried me down to Scotland, where I had some duty to discharge in conse-

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was enraptured with the old-world stories which he heard in return. By and bye there was a pause, and then the lady began to talk. She told us that she was on her road from Edinburgh; that she was intimately acquainted with Walter Scott; that he was not lame, as Surtees intimated; that it was a vulgar error; and, after wearing out herself and us with numerous and most manifest inventions, to call them by no harsher name, which in her vanity she wished us to believe, became fairly exhausted. Night came on, and a general silence along with it. At length, all being in darkness, Surtees said, aloud, "Raine, are you asleep?" "No," was my reply. "Is she asleep?" "I think not." "Oh! man, get her to tell us some more lies."

Such were his reproofs, when reproof was needed. Let me tell a coach story of another character, in proof of the kindness of his heart, when he fell in with modest and unpretending people.

He once travelled to York on the top of a stage coach in company with a poor country girl, who was on her road to Acomb, a village in its neighbourhood, on a visit to a dying relation. The coach reached York at midnight, but to York and to Acomb the girl was equally a stranger, and what to do she knew not, as at that hour no guide could be procured if she had had money to hire one, and no time was to be lost, as she wished to find her relation alive. Mr. Surtees witnessed her distress, and pitied her with all his heart. He knew the way to Acomb, and taking her arm in his, conducted her in safety to her dying friend. I once, and only once, during our long acquaintance, heard him allude to this act of true Christian kindness.—Ed.

* It has not, I believe, been anywhere stated by Mr. Taylor, that Mr. Surtees laboured under a defect of sight. He could read and write without assistance, but to aid him in viewing distant objects he made use of an eye glass, which, oddly enough, he carried loose in his pocket without rim or frame. It had lost its frame before I became acquainted with him, and it was never repaired. It served his purpose, he said, just as well without one. It must be also added, that for many years before his death he never wore a watch. "I have lost so many," said he once to me, "that I am not to be trusted with another." These, perhaps, are trifling matters, but minute touches have much to do with a faithful portrait.—Ed.

† Vol. iii. p. 246.

quence; so that I was compelled to pass Mainsforth without soliciting an opportunity of personally acknowledging the favours you have so frequently conferred on me. Since my return, my leisure has been partly occupied in preparing for the press a mass of curious state papers belonging to the representatives of the famous Sir Ralph Sadler, who you must remember makes such a figure in history in the reigns of Henry VIII. Edward VI. and Queen Elizabeth. There are many particulars in these letters which I am persuaded will be very interesting to you; and I would be particularly happy to profit by your assistance in the task I have undertaken, of adding a few notes of occasional illustration. As an introduction, we intend (for Mr. Clifford the proprietor is properly the publisher) to reprint the curious negotiation concerning the proposed marriage of Queen Mary with Edward VI. These you are doubtless no stranger to, as they are contained in a small 8vo. volume published about the beginning or middle of the last century. These letters are to be followed by the whole correspondence between Sir R. Sadler and Sir James Crofts on the one side, and the Scotish Reformers, the English Privy Council, and Randolph, Queen Elizabeth's agent to the Lords of the Congregation, on the other. The intrigues of the English Court in that bustling period are very clearly developed; and though I cannot say that any new facts occur of great importance, yet the minuter springs by which so great a machine was agitated may be thence more distinctly and accurately traced than they have heretofore been. The letters referring to this period of 1549 or 1550 are very numerous, and all either autographs or copies in Sir Ralph Sadler's handwriting. There follow some very curious letters during the rebellion of the Northern Earls, in the 12th of Queen Elizabeth, particularly a very long and curious letter from Robert, afterwards Sir Robert Constable, who took upon him the dishonourable office of a spy for Sadler, and in that capacity visited the Earl of Westmerland, while sheltered in Fairnihirst Castle, near Jedburgh, whom as well as Richard Forster, a noted insurgent, he attempted, under the masque of friendship, to prevail upon to return, and take shelter in his house in England. He prays Sadler, that if this plan should succeed, his (Constable's) house may be their sanctuary, but adds, that the parties must take their own risk in coming and going. If I had an opportunity I would gladly send you this letter, which is altogether a very curious piece; and would probably convey to you some information in the way of your particular researches. You would also probably know much more than I can easily find out concerning the Northumbrian gentlemen mentioned in the letter. The last part of this collection refers to the part which Sadler had in the confinement of Queen Mary in Tutbury Castle. Some of these last letters appear in the Shrewsbury Collection, published under the inspection of Mr. Lodge, in 3 vols. 4to. Will you be so good as to consider whether you would like to look over these letters, at least such as are connected with Northumberland, and in what way they will reach you safely. I mean to send the copies, as the originals remain with Mr. Clifford.

"This by-job has a little interfered with the progress of my new poem MARMION, which I think I told you I had upon the stocks, and in which I have availed myself of your curious old ballad of the Featherstonhaugh feud. But this I intend to resume at a later period of the year, for I have been too much fretted by election bustle to have my pipes in very good tune for poetry.

"I am very much interrupted in my letter by the pleading of a vociferous counsel at the bar, (for I write from the Court,) who is discussing a battle or battery fought out in the ancient style, between a Highland Chieftain and a gentleman of another family; the scene of contest being a churchyard, after an interment, and the accompaniment a pair of great war bagpipes blowing 'The Cameron's Gathering.' It is a shame that what was so chivalrously commenced, should be finished with lawyers' tongues, instead of the dirk and glaymore. At any rate I must give way to it, and subscribe myself in haste,

"And very truly, yours,
WALTER SCOTT.

"*Edinburgh*,
12*th June*, 1807."

R. SURTEES, ESQ. TO W. SCOTT, ESQ.

"Dear Sir,—I ought to apologise for your letter remaining so long unanswered. No less an event than marriage must plead my excuse. Your letter reached Mainsforth after I had left home, and has since been pursuing me through the several stages of a short tour we have been making, and I have only been in possession of it a few days since I came to this place, where we are stationary for a short time. Your publication is probably by this time nearly arranged. I fear I have little information to give that could compensate the risk or trouble of sending any of the MSS. to me—none, I am sure, that ought to delay the press. I do not in fact recollect any striking anecdotes or circumstances illustrative of or connected with the northern rebellion; the only part of your work in which I could hope to assist you. Possibly, if I saw Constable's letter, or other papers relative to those transactions, some notices of the Northumbrian *dramatis personæ* might occur to me; and, should the work be still enough removed from the press to allow time for it, I should have great pleasure in perusing any documents you thought proper to entrust to me, and which would arrive very safe, I think, by the mail, which passes within three miles of Mainsforth, viz. at Rushyford; but I would neither wish to occasion delay, nor give you any trouble of transcription: the facts that I could communicate would probably be very trifling personal or local anecdotes. Many of the chief Durham families suffered severely in that rebellion, and the cruelty of Sir George Bowes, Knight Marshal, to his unhappy countrymen, was equal to any Duke of Alva that ever existed. I think it very possible that some papers of consequence may be preserved relative to this period, and to other interesting points of connection between Scotch and English history, in the *Evidence*-room of Lord Strathmore at Streatlam Castle.* Several of the Bowes's were employed in embassies to Scotland or held high situations on the borders, temp. Hen. VIII. Eliz. and Jac.; and they were certainly a family who seemed to possess a great share of hereditary skill and policy as well as courage. I have heard that some letters between Sir George or Sir William Bowes and Government exist;† but I have no knowledge of nor means of introduction to them, and any aid I can give you must be derived from very inferior and unconnected resources. I do not leave this place for ten days, and shall not be at home till the 23rd of this month. You will, therefore, considering the premises, send or withold any part of the materials as may suit your convenience of publication. I shall probably myself derive much pleasing information from the letters in question; but for that I can equally await their going to the press.

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* Of this Rebellion Sir C. Sharp has published a very interesting History, derived from original letters and other papers preserved at Streatlam Castle above referred to, and in the public repositories of the kingdom.—Ed.

† The letters referred to above are those of Robert Bowes, of Aske, Esq. who was

"I have received back all your papers from Mr. Frank,* with many acknowledgments; and with them he sent me the remainder of Ritson's songs (of which the 'Raid of Rookhope' formed part), intended, as seems, for a kind of Cumberland Garland. I think there is scarce anything in them that is not anticipated either in your Border Minstrelsy, or in other publications. 'The Oak, the Ash, and the Ivy Tree,' does not occur, nor can Mr. Frank find any trace of it. On the other side I send you the names of all the pieces in the collection; and there seem no variations nor notes from which anything can be derived. I am sorry to have been deprived of the pleasure of your company at Mainsforth: it was one of the vile consequences of elections. I had already supposed you returned to Edinburgh, on account of the sudden dissolution.—I shall, I think, now be still less than ever tempted to stray far from home. I shall be, I hope, safely moored in the harbour of ease and retirement, with very few interruptions; and all that I can add to the sincerity of my former invitations is, that my wife will be as cordially happy to receive you as myself whenever it is in your power to confer that pleasure on us.

"With sincere respect and regard, I am your ever obliged,

"*Low Harrogate, July 9th*, 1807. R. SURTEES.

"Mr. Frank has sent the following songs, &c.—1. 'Hoby Noble.' 2. 'Fray of Suport.' 3. 'Bewick and Graham.'

Ambassador to the Court of Scotland from 1577 to 1583. These papers, which make a valuable addition to the history of the period, constitute a thick volume in the Publications of the Surtees Society. They were printed in the year 1842.—ED.

* Mr. Frank was a conveyancer at Stockton, and had in his possession such of the papers of his late uncle, Mr. Ritson, as had not been destroyed. He always entertained a sincere respect for Mr. Surtees, and was strenuously instrumental in founding the Surtees Society.—ED.

4. 'Life and Death of Sir Hugh the Grime.' 5. 'Johnny Armstrong's Good Night.' 6. 'Musgrave and Armstrong's Duel, &c. for Lady Dacre's Daughter.' 7. 'Musgrave's Lamentation, As I down Plumpton,' &c. 8. Parody on Chevy Chase, 'The Luck of Eden Hall,' &c. 9. 'Hoby Elliot and his sweetheart Maggy,' with various readings. 10. 'Hey for Cumberland, ho!' and 'Last Martinmas gone a year, odds wucks how pleased was I,' &c. 11. 'The Hawthorn Tree.'

> 'It was a maide of my countre,
> As she came by a hawthorn tree,
> As full of flowers as might be seen;
> She marvell'd to see the tre so grene.'

12. 'In honour of Paterson, the Mayor of Carlisle,' printed in Ritson's Party Songs.' 13. 'Raid of Rookhope;' another, imperfect in this MS. but already printed; 'They raised the slogan with a shout;' 'Fy, Tyndaille, to it;' 'Jedbrugh here,' &c.*

"I will see when I get home, if Frank has any more scraps or sweepings left. It blows a sirocco here; and the bad news from the Continent has just completed my state of exhaustion.

"R. S."

W. SCOTT, ESQ. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"My dear Sir,—Accept of my best congratulations on your change of condition, and may you long experience, as I have done, that mutual affection is the surest, as it is the most natural support in a pilgrimage through this nether vale. Your line, as the Scripture somewhere says, has fallen in pleasant places;† for, with a taste for literature, and the means of supporting with independence an elegant retirement, I know nothing but an affectionate partner which would add to your means of happiness. It will give me sincere pleasure, should I have an opportunity of waiting upon you and Mrs. Surtees at Mainsforth; but I dare not flatter myself that it will occur till next Spring, when probably I may look towards London. Do you never think of taking a peep at our northern wonders, now so much the object of curiosity and attention? Should Mrs. Surtees and you think of a Scottish trip this season, you will find Mrs. Scott and me at our little farm on Tweedside, to which we go on Friday fortnight. I have just finished some unpleasant business which has robbed me of some part of my vacation. I cannot express the pleasure it will give us to see you; and for shewing our lions—

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* Most of the songs here enumerated may be found in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.—Ed.

† Psalm xvi. 6. Bible Translation.—Ed.

> 'I'll be a guide worth any two
> That may in Teviotdale be found.'

"I willingly embrace your obliging offer of looking through Sir Ralph Sadler's letters during the Great Northern Rebellion, which I am apt to think will interest you considerably. Be so good as mark any illustrations which occur to you upon the blank side; and never mind my scribbling, which was hastily jotted down from the readiest authorities. I have not had time to look over these notes, or rather memoranda, since I marked them down. You will see but too much reason for this apology.

"I should be glad to see Ritson's Songs, although they are all old acquaintances. It is not likely that the Minstrelsy will be re-published in a hurry; being a book of rather a confined sale. But, should such an event happen in my day, I would seek to have the means of making the poems as perfect as possible by collating them accurately. I am scarce able to write, with a violent nervous headache, which I take the more unkindly with, as I am little accustomed to indisposition of any kind. There is no hurry whatever in returning the papers, which will not be wanted for some time for the press. Will you make my respectful compliments acceptable to Mrs. Surtees, as those of an unknown, but sincere well-wisher, and believe me,

"Ever yours faithfully,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"*Edinburgh, 28th July*, 1807.

"My address henceforward is Ashesteel by Selkirk."

R. SURTEES, ESQ. to W. SCOTT, ESQ.

"*Mainsforth, August 22d*, 1807.

"Dear Sir,—I did conjecture that my annotations would be brief and valueless; but I find that all the information which is in my power to give falls below even my own expectations. I began, however, according to your wishes, to scribble on the blank sides; but I had not proceeded far, before I repented of what I had written. I found much already contained in some notes of yours, at which I had not then arrived; and some of my statements I suspect to be erroneous, as being contradicted by probably better evidence in your possession. In order to blur no more paper uselessly than I had done, I have thrown together everything I could rake up to bear on the subject on a separate sheet, so as not to interfere with anything else. My sources of information are more relative to the history of private descent than calculated to throw light on general history; and the clannish similarity of names renders it often difficult to identify an individual, Fenwick, Forster, or Constable. Concerning the period in question, tradition here is silent; nor am I possessed of any memoirs or written anecdotes of value. A note or two from an old register, and a vague and perhaps unfounded assertion or two, are all my store. That the return of your parcel may not wholly disappoint you, I add Ritson's ballads, from which a various reading may perhaps occasionally be acquired. The 'Hawthorn Tree' is, I suppose, in print, as it here stands: I have seen a very different copy. Mr. Frank (who also returns your own letters from Ritson) wishes you to keep the Songs as long as ever they can be of use to you; and they may be sent to me here by the mail from Edinburgh when fully perused. My wife and myself owe you many thanks for your kind and elegant congratulations; and we hope some time to avail ourselves of your and Mrs. Scott's hospitality. We shall probably remain stationary this year, and in the Spring, London will most probably be our object. Scotland, at some future period, will, I hope, afford a tour of uncommon pleasure. I have already been most enthusiastically delighted with the ancient grandeur of Edinburgh, and with the stamp of natural majesty which nature has so visibly impressed on every surrounding object of sea or land. I have also rapidly passed through much of the country which lies in the Lay of the Minstrel, where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose, and

Eildon slopes to the plain; and have owed better half my enjoyment of the scene to the magic of the Border harp.

"Of Scotland every trace is dear to my mind. The word classical ground would be faint and puerile;* I could hardly tell how to disentangle my own feelings on the subject: but I believe the predominant one is, whether on Teviot's wild and willowed shore, or in the 'land of the mountain and the flood,'—the marked connexion between the features of the country and the character of her minstrel and warrior-children; the shepherd's reed and the bugle of the chieftain both sound in magic unison with the scenes that surround us; and are at this very moment hurrying me very fast, not on my road to Scotland, but to—Bedlam. I have therefore only to add, that if you can put up with plain prose and plain entertainment, there is no place where your presence at any time can confer greater pleasure. If anything occur in the course of any of your undertakings in which I can be of the smallest service, I beg to be informed of it. My endeavours, however trifling, shall be devoted to the cause of Scotland, in verse or prose, history or romance.

"I should be happy to hear good tidings of the Ettrick Shepherd. I think I saw a book on agriculture advertised by him. If I am right, and he chooses to send half-a-dozen copies here (in case it is his wish to circulate it in England), I will do my best to make it known, and remit the price to Edinburgh, or anywhere he points out. As I do not know the direct road a parcel would take from Selkirk, I direct mine to Edinburgh, which I thought more advisable, as one or two things which went to Mr. Sharpe's at Hoddam, not long ago, miscarried, or were picked up on the road by some wandering Anthony a Wood or Tom Hearne, in the disguise of a stage-coachman. Believe me, with Mrs. Surtees's respects to yourself and Mrs. Scott,

"Your most sincerely obliged,

"R. SURTEES.

"P.S. The parcel is directed to your own house at Edinburgh, containing your MSS., Ritson's Letters, and Ritson's Ballads, booked by the mail from Rushyford. You will find also a long cock-and-bull story, which was committed to my care when inquiring concerning Lord Derwentwater, &c. It may be returned hereafter with Ritson's, as the family probably wish to preserve the narrative."

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* I well remember the rapture with which Surtees spoke of place after place on our ride from Melrose to Cornhill after our short visit to Abbotsford in 1819.—ED.

R. SURTEES, ESQ. TO W. SCOTT, ESQ.

"Dear Sir,—I much lament I did not inclose the 'English Fugitives' with the other papers, &c. but it struck me as most probable that you had seen it. Such as it is I now send it. I hope you will be able to glean from it some few articles of interest or entertainment. I was the other day at Brancepath, one of the residences of the Nevills, and searched the Register, but could find no traces of anything connected with the rebellion. Some of these parochial records are now and then very full in this district as to public or private occurrences of moment; but this interesting period seems to have been uniformly passed over *sub silentio.*

"In St. Nicholas' Register, Durham (which parish includes the place of execution),* the following meagre entry occurs:—

"'1549 October. The Rebellion.'

"1549 an evident mistake for 1569, as the Register only commences 1558. As I have nothing else to send you, I shall give you the dimensions of an immense snake, which I stumbled on in the said Register, in searching for other matters:—

"'1569, Nov.—Memorand. That a certaine Italian brought into the cittee of Doresme y^{e} 11th of June in y^{e} yeare aforesaid, a very greate, strange, and monstrous serpent, in length sixteene feete, in quantitie and dimensions greeter than a greate horse, which same was taken and killed by speciall policie in Ethiopia, within the Turk's domminions. But before it was killed, it had devoured (as is credibly thought) more than a thousand persons, and also destroied a wholle contrey.'

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* The place of execution was not in the parish of St. Nicholas, but in the chapelry of St. Margaret, and at the head of Framwellgate. The gallows stood near the inn lately built where the new and old roads meet, and between the two. In making the new road, where it was necessary to cut away the face of a sloping bank, human bones were found in abundance, the remains of the unhappy persons who had been executed, and buried at the foot of the tree.—Ed.

"As you have an undoubted claim to every thing that comes under the description of minstrelsy, or in any way relates to the same, I also extract from the ancient books of the Cordwayners' Company, Durham, the following items:—

"'1568. Itm. Paid at our feaste for y^e Minstrell, xviii^d.
"'1575, Oct. Paid to Wm. Weddell our Mynstrell, xviii^d.

"It appears that the Drapers were equally musical.—

"'1588. Gyven to y^e Mynstrell at the daye of our meeting, the Monday after St. Michell, iii^s iiii^d.'

"You mention my friend Charles K. Sharpe, with whom I have been long acquainted. The book I sent him, (which was a MS. account of the Revolution, as I recollect, and much of Church affairs in Scotland, by John Kirkton, temp. Will. III.) has, after some delay, arrived safely at Hoddam. I am in no want of the book I now send, and therefore beg you to retain it till you return Ritson's MSS. &c. Believe me, with sincere respect and regard,

"Your obedient,

"R. SURTEES.

"*Mainsforth, Sept.* 17*th*, 1807.

"The clergyman, Rector of Brancepath, at whose house Cuthbert Nevill is said in your MSS. to be probably hid, was Nicholas Forster, presented 1558, by Adelina Neville, sister to the last Earl of Westmerland. He was probably implicated in some degree in the troubles of his patron's family, as far as vulgar tradition can be trusted: *viz*. that the parson of the day nearly escaped hanging, for some share he took in the rebellion—(perhaps harbouring the fugitives): he died, however, in full possession, 1571." *

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* It does not appear that Forster, the Rector of Brancepath, was implicated in the rebellion. The tradition merely goes to this, that the parson nearly escaped hanging;

W. SCOTT, ESQ. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"Dear Sir,—I have been shockingly ungrateful; but I have been moreover very busy, which I hope will be some apology for what the Scriptures state to be greatly worse than the sin of witchcraft. In evidence of my diligence, I have to request your acceptance of a thumping quarto entitled 'Marmion,' in which you will find I have availed myself with suitable acknowledgments of your tale of Sir Ralph Bulmer, and the ballad of the feud between the Ridleys and the Featherstonehaugh family. I have your account of the Fugitives *in salvâ custodiâ.* The necessity of diligently comparing each sheet of the Sadler's Letters with the original (though, thank God, that labour I have no concern with), and the press of business at my friend Ballantyne the printer's, has occasioned some delay in that work. I am not yet arrived so far as to profit by your kind annotations. The book with the MSS. concerning the Rebellion shall be taken care of and returned; and I shall be happy indeed if the time and manner of a visit to London, which I believe I must make this season, will allow me to pay my personal compliments to you upon the occasion.

"When you cast your eye over 'Marmion,' remember mercy in your judgment. I had idly come under an obligation to produce that *preux chevalier* by a certain time,—sufficient indeed to have done him ample justice in the way of arming and equipment, but some very unpleasant family affairs left me neither head nor heart to work that kind of work for six months; and at last I had nothing for it but dispatch, which was so rapid, that of the last four cantos no part was written twice over; and it was

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but by *parson* may be meant the curate, and there is abundance of proof that Robert Pierson, the curate, took an active part in the rising. Under his direction, and that of the Cuthbert Neville above mentioned, five altars were restored to their places in Durham Cathedral when it was seized upon by the rebels, and at some of them he sung mass, compellingthe prebendaries, &c. to be present. (See "Depositions," &c. Surt. Soc.) A person of this name, according to Sharp ("Rebellion," p. 260), held the vicarage of Sockburne at this period; probably the same who, having a ticket in the great lottery, in 1567, indicated by his motto, or posy, his attachment to the house of Neville, "God save the Earl of Westmerland." A new vicar was presented to Sockburne in 1570, and therefore the rebel had probably escaped by flight. His execution is not mentioned.—ED.

printed sheet by sheet, as fast as composed. This prepares you for all its faults. Its merits, for some I must hope it has, will speak for themselves.

"I am in great haste; but with best compliments to your lady,

"Ever your truly obliged,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"*Edinburgh*, 20*th Feb.* 1808."

W. SCOTT, ESQ. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"Dear Sir,—My best thanks attend you for the curious and valuable additions which your letter of 29th February enables me to make to the letters in Sadler's collection, relating to the Grand Northern Rebellion. Heartily do I wish it were possible to have the Bishop of Durham's letter transcribed. Mr. Ellis of the Museum, at the request of Mr. Rose, was so good as to promise me his assistance to this effect; but having been frequently upon the point of coming to London, I have always delayed writing till I should see him. I would not, by any means, burden you with a task so odious and fatiguing as transcription, but perhaps there may be some one about the Museum capable of that labour, and willing to accept of a recompense for his pains; should such person be to be had, I would without scruple request you, supposing the Lansdowne papers now arranged, to take the trouble of pointing out such passages or letters as may tend to throw new light on the state of the North in Queen Elizabeth's reign. After all, that part of Sadler's Letters will owe to you whatever is curious in the illustrations. I heartily wish the whole had been under your management, as I am certain you would have done them much more justice than is in my power. As for Prince Charles, 'He, that wandering knight so fair,' we will talk about him when we meet. I have always thought of a Highland poem before hanging my harp on the willows; and perhaps it would be no bad setting for such a tale to suppose it related for his amusement, in the course of his wanderings after the fatal field of Culloden. Flora Macdonald, Kingburgh, Lochiel, the Kennedies, and many other characters of dramatic [?] might be introduced; and the time is now past away when the theme would have had both danger and offence in it. When you have read over Marmion, which has more individuality of character than the Lay, although it wants a sort of tenderness which the personage of the old Minstrel gave to my first-born romance, you will be a better judge, whether I should undertake a work which will depend less on incident and description than on the power of distinguishing and marking the *dramatis personæ.* But all this is in embryo, the creation of your letter, and may never go further. When you look into the notes of the aforesaid Marmion, you will see how valuable a correspondent you have been to me.

"Charles Kirkpatrick Sharpe is here at present; he is, I find, an old college friend and correspondent of yours. He is a very ingenious as well as agreeable young man, and, I think, will be an excellent poet, when the luxuriance of his fancy is a little repressed by severer taste. I never saw so excellent a drawer of comic figures, for I will not debase his sketches by calling them caricatures.* He is making some extracts from our MSS. in the Advocates' Library: I heartily wish you would one day find it absolutely necessary to do the same.

"I must not finish my letter without saying, that if you can make a contract with an amanuensis for me, I will request Mr. Millar, bookseller, of Albemarle-street, to pay him the amount of his labours.

"I do not know if you are so much attached to chivalrous poetry as to admire the ancient metrical romances. If so, you will be interested in a plan which I have greatly at heart, namely, to have these venerable poems carefully published. For this purpose I have found a patient, and at the same time an enthusiastic editor in the person of Henry Weber, an Anglo-German. He has made transcripts to the amount of many thousand lines. I think I could get some of my friends in London to add some notes, and would what I could myself. My present idea is to get so many names as will ensure the bookseller against loss (for such a book will be 'caviare for the multitude,') and give some little recompense for the editor. I think, if I can get a hundred names at *5l. 5s.* I can afford them three quarto volumes of romantic poetry. Will you be one of my round table? We do not intend to publish those which Ritson has already given.

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* Mr. C. K. Sharpe's drawings were chiefly in pen-and-ink, and of the most characteristic kind. Two, upon which Sir Walter Scott set a high value, are framed and glazed at Abbotsford; one represents Queen Elizabeth dancing before her courtiers; and the other, Meickle-mow'd Meg, in Scott's Tales of a Grandfather, as she was exhibited in all her ugliness to her future husband. There is one at Mainsforth, and one representing the Witch of Fife and her associates was presented to the Subscription Edition of Hogg's Queen's Wake, in 1819.—Ed.

"Believe me ever, dear Surtees, your truly obliged,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"*Edinburgh, 4th April*, 1808."

W. SCOTT, ESQ. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"My dear Surtees,—I have been a little way out of town, and only yesterday received your kind letter. Upon maturely considering your obliging offer, I have determined to be contented with copies of the Bishop's two letters, which you are kind enough to offer me. There would be no end of publishing every thing relative to the period, nor is it perhaps desirable, where so much depends on minute accuracy, that state papers should be printed where the proof-sheets cannot be collated with the originals before their being thrown off. I do grudge a little the necessity of relinquishing the more complete illustrations which might be derived from the Lansdowne papers; but, I believe, I must e'en confine myself to my own materials. Among the Cotton MSS. are four letters respecting Sir Ralph Sadler's earlier life. They occur upon pages 343, 370, 375, 378; and No. 102, 118, 121, 112, on the respective pages of the Catalogue. (By the way, is there not a new Catalogue?) May I give you the trouble of looking into them to see what they contain, and whether they throw any light on the rise of his fortunes. There is also on page 344, No. 161, a letter from Sir Ralph, about some commotions in the Northern counties: this, I presume, may be interesting, at least to you and me. You see how I presume on your goodness; but as you have taught me how to beg, you will not, I hope, teach me how a beggar should be answered.

"My own motions townward are absolutely uncertain. I would have been there before now; but as I have a prospect of being called up on business, I rather chose to postpone my journey till it became necessary, than to run the risk of having my stay protracted beyond what would be pleasant or convenient. At any rate, I hope to see you either in town, or by the road. When you write to John Marriot, will you say, with my kind compliments, that a copy of Sir Marmion intended for him is at Murray's, the bookseller, in Fleet-street, not being enough of a knight errant to venture into the wilds of Cornwall without a direction. The truth is, I should have written to him long ago, but an event deeply afflicting to him, and the thoughts of which still make me sick—I mean the loss of his former pupil, Lord Scott—took from me all heart to write to him. I am truly happy to hear of his giving so effectual proof of convalescence as to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony, and should like much to know where he is to establish himself, and all about it.

"I am very glad you like Marmion; it has need of some friends; for Jeffery shewed me yesterday a very sharp review of it; I think as tight a one as he has written since Southey's Madoc. As I don't believe the world ever furnished a critic and an author who were more absolute *poco curante's* about their craft, we dined together, and had a hearty laugh at the revisal of the flagellation.

"Ever yours, &c.

"*Edinburgh, April*, 1808."

W. SCOTT, ESQ. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"My dear Sir,—I do not delay to write to thank you for the transcripts received to-day in your own excellent and most distinct hand. I am quite ashamed of the trouble you have had. In requital *annuntio vobis gaudium magnum.* The old pedigree was quite right;* and Norton the father certainly escaped abroad, in spite of all ballads and traditions whatever. Here is the proof:—In the eighth volume of the Harleian Miscellany you will find, about page 584, a letter to a friend concerning Doctor Story, the famous persecutor, who was taken and executed in Queen Elizabeth's time; in which the said Story is said to have confessed that, in 1570, he held many conferences and much intercourse with the English exiles in Flanders, amongst whom old Norton is distinctly and repeatedly mentioned. It is needless to say that this evidence is decisive, whether Story made any such confession or not; because if Norton had been hanged at York the year before, it would have been absurd in a partizan of Queen Elizabeth to represent Story as conversing and corresponding with him in Flanders in 1570. So that's a difficulty solved. I like the crazy old Bishop's *nolo episcopari* on the subject of his York preferment. As for Lady Margaret Gray, I would fain hope that her spiritual backslidings have been made the foundation of charging her with carnal inaccuracies. The fury of the times against the Papists amounted to persecution, especially when they fell into fanatical hands. There is a good deal in Lodge's Illustrations about the proceedings against a Lady Constance Foljambe in Derbyshire, whom her own grandson apprehended (by the assistance of God! as he said), and despoiled grievously.

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* For the pedigree of Norton, headed, "A Tribe of Wicked People," see Mr. Surtees's History, vol. i. Appendix, p. clx.—Edit.

"About Marmion, I can safely say, though it sounds very like affectation, that my anxiety was past, after it received in a considerable degree the suffrages of a few of my friends. I hardly know how or why it is, but I really lose all concern for my labours after they get before the public; and the fate of those that sunk and those that swam, and I have had a good many of both, made an equally indifferent impression upon their unfeeling parent. As to the special objections mentioned, they fall within my plan, which has always been rather to exhibit ancient costume, diction, and manners, than to display my own ingenuity in making an ideal world, or in dealing in general description, which may be as correct among the Iroquois as when the scene is laid in feudal Europe. No doubt this may easily be carried too far, and one may be induced to dwell on minute particulars, because they are ancient, which would not be worth mentioning were the costume modern. But as the Venetian general told his soldiers, when fighting against the Pope, that they were Venetians before they were Christians; even so I, having been an antiquary many years before I thought of being a poet, may be permitted to sacrifice to my original studies, while pursuing those of later date. Adieu, my good friend, and believe I will think myself happy if an opportunity should ever occur to me of repaying in part your manifold kindnesses. I intend to write to Marriot, and will address the letter to your care, not knowing his proper direction.

"*Ashesteil, Selkirk,* 26*th April,* 1808."

The answer to this included many memoranda for elucidating Sadler's Letters,* and thus concludes:—

"29*th April,* 1808.

"We go from London to Oxford, halt at Harrogate ten days, and shall be at home the first week in June, and thenceforth stationary in our *æstiva,* where I hope to have the pleasure of being your host, either on your journey southwards or your return. Written, as your Sir Ralf says, with the rude and hastie hand and ruder quille of

"Your most assured faithful servant,

"ROBERT SURTEES.

"*From the British Museum, this present Thursday,*
April 29*th, at* 11 *o'clock, forenoone.*"

WALTER SCOTT, ESQ. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"My dear Sir,—I do not delay acknowledging your kind letter, and begging you will give yourself no further trouble on my account than you mean to take on your own concerning Sadler's letter from Darlington. I would not publish it entire, and should only be glad to glean from it any particulars which might throw light on Sadler's situation and private history. If you will trust me with the perusal of your own memorandum, I will return it safe, and save you the trouble of obtaining or making a transcript. My motions are still very undetermined: whether I shall remain at Edinburgh during the next summer session, or move southwards, I am very uncertain.

"The letter from Sir Ralph's father argues that he was a man of inferior rank; probably only a steward or auditor to the proprietor of Cilney, whom I trust to discover when I go to Edinburgh. I think it would seem he expected his wife to return by the Great Hadham carts or waggons.

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* The Sadler Papers were published in two vols. 4to. in 1809; and, as far as Mr. Surtees's communications, chiefly in Latin, are concerned, reflect no credit upon the press through which they passed. The errors are numerous and disgraceful.—ED.

"I have been favoured with a letter from a Mr. Lowes, of Ridley Hall, stating that it is a different place from Willimoteswick, which is situated two miles higher up the river, was embattled, and still exhibits an oblong tower in tolerable preservation. What is more afflicting, by confounding these two mansions, I have conferred, according to Mr. Lowes, Ridley Hall, the immemorial possession of his ancestors, upon the Ridleys of Willimoteswick. I don't know how all this gear cottons with the matter of fact, but you will of course be able to tell me exactly. I think Wallis or Camden led me into the blunder; yet, as I had your letter on the subject before my nose, I hardly know how I could make so gross an error.

"Believe me, my dear Sir, ever yours truly,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"*Ashesteil*, 2 *May*, [1808.]
Written in haste, as
appeareth."

R. SURTEES, ESQ. TO W. SCOTT, ESQ.

"*Harrogate*, 23*rd May*, 1808.

"Dear Sir,—Your last letter, after performing several evolutions betwixt London and Oxford, has arrived here before me. I fear it must have been some inadvertent expression in my letter, and not Wallis nor Camden, which has misled you: for I think (speaking *memoriter*) I recollect that Wallis gives some distinct account of Willimondswick, and of the ruins still existing, as distinct from the modern edifice of Ridley Hall. As to Camden, I believe he mentions nothing of the latter at all. At the time I sent you my ballad I had no immediate idea of your publishing it, and was probably not so minutely accurate as I ought, had I contemplated its appearance from the press: what I meaned to express was what I did believe to be fact, the identity of the estates of Willimondswick and Ridley Hall, but not the identity of the exact spot of ground on which the old and new mansions stand. I had intended, *et si mens non læva fuisset,* I certainly should have written to you, on hearing you were about to honour the ballad with a place in Marmion, to give you some account of the old Tower of Willimondswick (which would have prevented all this trouble), but I depended on your having Wallis or Hutchinson at hand to refer to. I supposed Mr. Lowes to be the modern proprietor of Ridley Hall and Willimondswick both; from his account I think it possible the estates may in modern days have been divided; but this confusion of mansions is, I think, the whole extent of the offence; for which, as I must suppose some inaccuracy of mine has misled you, I beg, through your medium, to apologise to Mr. Lowes. At the same time I cannot think you have grievously offended the *manes* of Mr. Lowes's ancestry, by bestowing Ridley Hall on the ancient Ridleys—certain I am that the Ridleys of Willimondswick were also possessors of Ridley down to a late period, and that it was considered as an integral parcel of the property, and was, as I fully believe, a comparatively later name given by the family. I happened to have made a few miscellaneous extracts from the Museum, &c. in London, relative to different families of the North, and I have opened my budget here to find two notes of inquisitions relative to the point in question. I can only stumble upon one at present, which I give you on the other side, and which will, I think, exculpate you from the second part of Mr. Lowes's charge. I can, I think, when at home, supply you with another document proving a later possession in the Ridley family.—

"'Harl. MSS. No. 756, page 115. Cole's Escheats. Inq. apud Corbrigge 21 Sept. 28 Eliz.

"'Nicholaus Ridley de Wyllymondswyke, Arm. ob' seis. de cap. mess. et terr. de Wyllymonsdwyke, val. 6*l.* 11*s.* 2*d.* per ann. ultra repris. ten. de Rege in cap. ut de ma. de Warke.

"'Item de man. de Ridleye Hall et Beltingham ten. de R. per servic. feod. 1 Mil.'

"I forbear sending you the rest of the inquisition, which states that the same N. Ridley held the vill of Aydon and Aydon Brigges, the rectory of Hautwhistle, the manour of Hemshaughe, lands in Chesterwood, Thorngrafton, Whytsheeles, Mylhouse, Milleburne, Waltone, Birkshawe, Woodsheles, Allongrene, Newborough, Haltwhistle, Shawes, Crendledyk, Bardon mill, Towhouses, &c.; but I must point out one particular:—

> "'Itm. de 1 vasta et inculta p'cell' t're vocat' le Forest de Lowes infra Tindale, ten' de Rege val. 40*s.* per ann.
>
> "'Wm. Ridley, frater et her. æt. 28.'

"The name of Lowes is, I believe, local, from Lowes forest; but, however ancient it may be, I cannot find that they were the possessors of Ridley Hall at any very remote period. The name is not mentioned in any of the Heraldic Visitations of the county, nor does it occur in any list of Knights' Fees, &c. to the best of my knowledge. I think Musgrave Ridley of Willimondswick alienated several of his estates to defray the expenses of his loyalty to Charles I. and he might probably be the last of the family there. His estates were sequestered. In the pedigree of a collateral branch of the Ridleys, entered in 1666 by the ancestors of the baronet (the 'Hard-Riding' family), I well remember that a slight sketch of the elder line is given, with a note that Ridley of Craw Hall was the representative of Willimondswick in 1666. If Mr. Lowes can produce family evidences of his possession, it may alter the case; otherwise I think the above statement will scarcely admit the supposition of any long line of his ancestors on the Ridley Hall estate. At the time to which your Ballad refers, it was certainly held by the Ridleys. If you have an opportunity, refer to Wallis's List of Sheriffs of Northumberland, and see if Lowes appears at an early period: at any rate the blame is mine if I am wrong in this; and for the confusion of the two houses, which must have, I fear, arisen from my letter, I beg to apologise to Mr. Lowes. By the by, when you reprint Marmion, say the ballad was given me by *an* agent, &c. not *the* agent; as that would imply Col. Beaumont's chief agent, of whose name even I am ignorant, and who probably knows nothing of the matter. *Sadler* when I get home: and plura de Ridley, if necessary. Let me hear from you in regard to Mr. Lowes, if more occurs. If you should be in London, and refer to Cole's Escheats, Harl. MSS. 756, you will see more Escheats of the Ridleys."

W. SCOTT, ESQ. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"My dear Sir,—My absence from this place for these ten days prevented my sooner acknowledging the receipt of Sadler's papers, with the very valuable commentary with which you have favoured me. It is real encouragement to persevere in researches of this kind, when one experiences such friendly readiness in those whose skill and information render them so well qualified to afford it. You are pleased to undervalue the kind assistance you have given, but I can only wish to Heaven that I had such an auxiliary in illustrating the other parts of the work.

"I will take the greatest care of Ritson's Ballads, and return them in the way you direct, as well as the Anecdotes of the Selby family. One of these brought to my mind, like the recollection of a dream, the story of the wounded man, who brought up from his stomach the piece of scarlet cloth which the ball had carried in: but my edition has this whimsical circumstance, that one of the Scotch captives who was in very evil apparel, having been plundered when taken at Preston, seeing his companion in calamity make this singular evacuation, begged, as a particular favour, that he would continue his exertions, and if possible bring up cloth enough to make him a pair of breeches. I heard my grandfather tell this story when I was a mere infant; perhaps he had it from his father, who was a staunch Jacobite, and *out*, as it was called, in the year 1715.

"The Shepherd Bard, about whom you so kindly interest yourself, is well, and I hope in the way of doing well. He has got a good farm at the head of Nithsdale, and at a moderate rent; but is as yet rather short of cash to stock it; a deficiency which he has supplied very judiciously by grazing a few scores of sheep for other farmers. Times, I think, are likely to mend with him shortly, provided he is prudent, of which I see at present no doubt. The situation of a man, with certain claims on public attention, and whose talents have procured him a considerable degree of attention, is always a painful one, if his circumstances require a close and precise economy. But Hogg has hitherto shewed no indisposition to the necessary toil and privation of his state, although he is by no means without his own share of vanity.

"The Sheep-book was sold to Constable of Edinburgh, whom I have desired to send you one copy only, as the emolument did not go directly into the author's pocket. It is reckoned by good judges a clever thing.

"Mrs. Scott and I, on our return to this place, by Lanark and Peebles, found ourselves on Sunday in a most unpleasant predicament. We had been to see the falls of the Clyde, but our journey put me in mind of the *voyage à St. Cloud par terre et retour par mer*. For behold, we were overwhelmed by an absolute deluge, in which every rill became a brook, every brook a river, and every river a sea. As we were in the midst of the waste hills of Tweedsmuir, there was no possibility of stopping: indeed, of the wretched cottages which we passed, most were deserted by the terrified owners. Bridges had in many instances entirely disappeared, and in others stood very uselessly in the midst of the rivers which they ought regularly to have traversed. We fought our way through with much difficulty, fatigue, and danger, which fortunately has not affected Mrs. Scott's health; for, as for me, I am never in danger of taking cold.

"That knave Constable, who was employed to trepan Westmerland, was certainly the person you mention. His being knighted is mentioned, I think, by Stowe. What a pity it was that the father's fate had not descended on a son who so richly deserved it! I should like very much to see the book you mention. If sent by the mail-coach, to the charge of Messrs. Ballantyne, printers, Edinburgh, they will forward it to me with due care. I have never seen it.

"With best thanks for so many favours, and sincere wishes for a personal opportunity of thanking you for them,

"I am ever your much obliged,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"*Ashesteil, 10th Sept.* 1808."

"As you mention Hoddam, you probably know my friend Charles Sharpe."

The letter to which the following replies has not been recovered.

W. SCOTT, ESQ. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"My dear Sir,—Your very kind letter reached me a few days ago, and in ample time to make use of the curious letter which it inclosed, and which now makes a part of the Appendix to Sir Ralph Sadler. I hope the worthy Knight's Correspondence will be soon before the public, and I will take care that you have an early copy. In the meanwhile, will you have the goodness to accept a copy of the first volume of 'Somers's Tracts,' with which I have been bothering the public. I have directed it to be left at Rushyford; so your servant will probably find it at the inn.

"Your curious investigations will throw material light on the history of the English Borders. I envy your patience and your leisure; for my own time is occupied at present by a thousand little teasing occupations, which destroy both the habit and inclination to sober research. Pray, may not the romance of Sir Tristraym, so simply coupled with the Gospels in the will of Maude Lady Bowes,* be the French Book? The metrical legend by itself would, I think, have made rather a slender volume. * * * * The luminous notices of the foundation of the church of Chillingham serve to correct many errors vulgarly entertained concerning ancient history.† I wish it had been more particular in the murder of Mark Antony, which has been shockingly misrepresented by contemporary historians. I have considerable hopes of a personal opportunity of thanking you for all your kindness to me, and returning the books and manuscrips of yours which I have in my possession, in the course of the next month. I am going to London, and, if perfectly convenient for you and Mrs. Surtees, I am desirous to pass a day at Mainsforth upon our road. I say *our*, because I believe Mrs. Scott will be my fellow-traveller. This plan is not quite arranged, because my journey is in the capacity of Clerk to a commission appointed to reform some parts of our judicial proceedings, and consequently my motions depend upon the instructions I receive from the Commissioners.

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* For the will of Lady Bowes here referred to, see Wills and Inventories published by the Surtees Society in 1835. The clause bequeathing her books is as follows:—"Item do et lego Matildi filiæ Baronis de Helton filiolæ meæ j. romance boke is called y^e^ Gospelles. Item lego Matildi filiæ Roberti de Helton chevalier filiolæ meæ unum romance boke. Item lego dame Elinoræ de Wessyngton y^e^ boke with y^e^ knotts. Item lego Elizabethæ filiæ Whitchestre unum librum y^at^ is called Trystram. Item do et lego Elizabethæ filiæ meæ j. blak primer."—Ed.

† An allusion to a record preserved at Durham, of which Mr. Surtees seems to have sent Scott a copy, in which it is gravely stated that Julius Cæsar founded the church of Chillingham. See the Record in Hodgson's "Northumberland," part iii. vol. ii. p. 119.—Ed.

This founder of Chillingham church must have been the "Julius Cæsar" who was son of Queen Elizabeth by Oliver Cromwell.—Mr. Taylor's note.

"I have not time at this moment to add more than that I ever am, my dear Sir,

"Your obliged and faithful,

"W. SCOTT.

"*Edinburgh*, 4*th March*, 1809."

R. SURTEES, ESQ. TO W. SCOTT, ESQ.

"*March* 15, 1809, *Mainsforth*.

"Dear Sir,—We shall be most happy to see Mrs. Scott and yourself here for as long a time as you can give us. We have only one engagement from home; and if you can give me any idea of your own time, we will take care not to be absent. If, as I suppose, you come the high North road, you need not push on to Rushyford in quest of us, but may reach us in one nine-mile stage from Durham. I believe most of the drivers know the road: you keep the turnpike to Ferryhill, and then are only two miles from Mainsforth. If you will inquire at Sam. Beardsley's, Coach and Horses, at Ferryhill, on the bank by the road side, I will take care that there shall be a key lodged for your use of a private road, which is both shorter and better than the public one. If the driver does not know it, any one will direct you; or if I knew your time I would send a person to wait for you. So much for directions, which I sincerely hope you will use; and if I know your probable time, I will have especial care to be at home.

"I have a few extracts about Fern Seed, St. John's Eve, &c. and a strange Scotch apparition, which I keep till I see you. They may some time occupy a niche in the Border Minstrelsy. As to Trystram, a moment's reflection might have convinced me that Lady Bowes read French. * * * * Many thanks for your book, which has not yet arrived: parcels now and then loiter at Durham, or proceed to Darlington. Mrs. S. joins me in respectful compliments. I am, in much haste,

"Yours,

"R. SURTEES."

The correspondents now met for the first time—and for the last time—at Mainsforth. For Scott, living in a turmoil of engagements, was frequently obliged to disappoint their mutual wishes for having the visit repeated. Unfortunately, no record remains of this interesting interview, but what is observable in the increased cordiality of their future correspondence.

W. SCOTT, ESQ. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"*Ashesteil, by Selkirk*, 17*th September*, 1809.

"My dear Surtees,—Your obliging favour reached me I fear too late to be of use to Sadler, although it leaves me now no doubt that the abode of his father was that same Seltry Abbey, which your industry has detected in the neighbourhood of Hadham, in Essex.* But I fear this little spark of light must remain *entre nous*, and the world continue in darkness, for Sadler is at length out of the printer's hands. I have been meditating a letter to you this some time on the subject of two little tracts which I have my eye upon, and which I think may be interesting to you. One is Norton's Address to the misguided People of her Majesty's Dominions, especially the Northern Parts. This I take to be that Norton of Percy's ballad, who says,—

"Father, you are an aged man,
Your hair is white, your beard is grey;
It were a shame, at these your years,
For you to rise in such a fray;

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* The letter here alluded to has not been found. Hadham, however, is in Hertfordshire, and Sawtry Abbey in the county of Huntingdon.

"Yet, father, I will wend with you :
Unarmed and naked will I be;
For he that strikes against the Crown,
Ever an ill-death may he die."

The other is a Letter from Bishop Tunstall to Cardinal Pole, if I recollect right, upon the subject of the Supremacy. Let me know if you have, or would wish to have, either of these, or both.

"I rejoice in the progress of your demoniacal collection ;* we will have a meeting one day upon the Border, and compile a system of Dæmonology, with the choicest examples which out-of-the-way reading and hoary-headed tradition can supply.† I can give you the very freshest tidings of the Bar-Guest, having seen the man who saw him at York, a day or two after the execution of that horrid wretch Mary Bateman, the witch and poisoner. Her history (more that of a fiend incarnate than a woman) had set all the old superstitions afloat; and this fellow, the footman of Miss Morritt, sister of my friend Morritt, of Rokeby near Greta-bridge, was favoured with a vision of the Bar-Guest, in the shape of a black pig. By the way, what can be the derivation of this uncommon provincial epithet? *Bahr-geist*, in German, would signify 'the bier-spectre;' but this conveys no good sense in the present case.

"I should like very much to hear about the Brown Man of the North of England; for I am now reprinting the Minstrelsy, and should be glad to add a note to 'John Leyden's Court of Keeldar.' And, a-propos of this undertaking, I have either returned to you by mistake, or most irretrievably mislaid, poor Ritson's 'Raid of Rookhope.' If you will favour me with the loan of your copy, inclosed by post, I will copy it out, and return it instantly. I should be the more loth to omit the ballad, as I have carefully preserved the ample notices with which you favoured me on the subject, although I have in some inconceivable way put the ballad aside, where I cannot find it. There is no hurry about the matter, for the printing is but just begun.

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* Perhaps in this passing thought we see the first germ of Sir Walter Scott's curious little book on Demonology.

† Mr. Surtees delighted in books upon Magic and Demonology. His collection on these subjects was extensive. His Delrii Disquisitiones Magicæ, in three vols. quarto. London, 1599, in neat old binding, stamped with the crescent, garter, and coronet of an Earl of Northumberland, was purchased at his sale by the Ed.

"I have been spending some time on the banks of Lochlomond lately, where I have heard so many stories of raids, feuds, and creaghs, that they have almost unchained the devil of rhyme in my poor noddle. I saw an old man, who had assisted the chief of the Mac Gregors, called Them Dhu, or Black-knee, in one of the last forays. He came down to levy black-mail at the church of Kilmaronnock, on the verge of the Low-lands, where all the neighbouring farmers were summoned to pay tribute. One man dared to absent himself: his cattle were all driven off the next morning. * * * * I will let you know when I form any poetical plan. I have not got my copies of Somers yet, but I have one of the second volume for you when they arrive—I suppose to be left at Rushyford, as before.

"Mrs. Scott joins me in best compliments to Mrs. Surtees, and in a warm recollection of the hospitality of Mainsforth. Believe me ever, dear Sir,

"Your obliged and faithful,

"WALTER SCOTT."

ROBERT SURTEES, ESQ. TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

"*The Brown Man of the Muirs.*

"I have only one record to offer of the appearance of our Northumbrian Duergar. My narratrix is Elizabeth Cockburn, an old wife of Offerton in this county, whose credit in a case of this kind will not, I hope, be much impeached, when I add that she is, by her dull neighbours, supposed to be occasionally insane; but by herself to be, at those times, endowed with a faculty of seeing visions and spectral appearances, which shun the common ken.

"In the year before the great Rebellion, two young men from Newcastle were sporting on the High Moors above Elsdon, and, after pursuing their game several hours, sat down to dine in a green glen, near one of the mountain streams. After their repast, the younger lad ran to the brook for water; and, after stooping to drink, was surprised, on lifting his head again, by the appearance of a brown dwarf, who stood on a crag covered with brackens across the burn. This extraordinary personage did not appear to be above half the stature of a common man; but was uncommonly stout and broad-built, having the appearance of vast strength; his dress was entirely brown, the colour of the brackens, and his head covered with frizzled red hair; his countenance was expressive of the most savage ferocity, and his eyes glared like a bull.

"It seems he addressed the young man: first threatening him with his vengeance for having trespassed on his demesnes, and asking him if he knew in whose presence he stood? The youth replied that he supposed him to be Lord of the Moors; that he had offended through ignorance, and offered to bring him the game he had killed. The dwarf was a little mollified by this submission; but remarked, that nothing could be more offensive to him than such an offer; as he considered the wild animals as his subjects, and never failed to avenge their destruction. He condescended further to inform him, that he was, like himself, mortal, though of years far exceeding the lot of common humanity, and (what I should not have an idea of,) that he hoped for salvation. He never, he added, fed on any thing that had life, but lived in the summer on whortle-berries, and in winter on nuts and apples, of which he had great store in the woods. Finally, he invited his new acquaintance to accompany him home, and partake his hospitality: an offer which the youth was on the point of accepting, and was just going to spring across the brook (which if he had done, says Elizabeth, the dwarf would certainly have torn him in pieces,) when his foot was arrested by the voice of his companion, who thought he tarried long, and on looking around again, 'the wee Brown Man was fled.' The story adds, that he was imprudent enough to slight the admonition, and to sport over the Moors on his way homewards; but soon after his return, he fell into a lingering disorder, and died within the year.

"*The Worm of Lambton.*[*]

"This is one of the most eminent and best-known of our

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[*] See Mr. Surtees' Hist. vol. ii. p. 171, where his account of the Lambton Worm

Durham Legends, and may possibly, from similarity, illustrate some Scottish stories of like nature. I have lately had my recollection of it refreshed by Elizabeth Cockburn, and other authorities.

"The Lambtons, at the period the Legend refers to, 'were so brave, that they feared neither man nor God;' wherefore this judgment befell them. The heir of the family fishing, as was his profane custom, in the Wear on a Sunday, hooked a small worm, or eft, which he carelessly permitted to fall off his hook into a well which was near him, and thought no more of the adventure. The worm (which was at first forgot or neglected) continued to grow till it was too large for its first habitation, and issuing forth from the well, betook itself to the Wear, where it usually lay a part of the day coiled round a craig, in the middle of the stream. It also frequented a green mound near the well, since called Wormhill, where vermicular traces are still visible, proving the animal's immense magnitude. It now became the terror of the surrounding country; and, amongst other enormities, levied a daily contribution of nine cows' milk, which was placed for it on the stone in the river, or else at the green hill; and in default of which, it devoured man and beast. Young Lambton, who was the hero of the country (whether the original fisher or not, I am ignorant,) after several fierce combats with the worm, in which he was foiled by his enemy's power of self-union, found it expedient to add policy to force, and, not perhaps possessing much of the former quality, went to consult with a wise-woman, or witch, on the occasion. By her judicious advice, he armed himself with a coat of mail studded with razor-blades, and, thus prepared, placed himself on the craig in the river, and waited the monster's arrival. At the usual time the worm came to the rock, and wound himself with great fury round the armed hero, who had the satisfaction of seeing his enemy cut in pieces by his own efforts, whilst the stream, washing away the severed pieces, prevented the possibility of re-union.

"There is still a sequel to the story.—The wise-woman had

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is printed nearly in the same words as here communicated to Sir Walter Scott. Lord Durham was proud of the Worm, and somewhat displeased at the light manner in which the Legend was treated.—Ed.

promised Lambton success only on one condition: that he should slay the first living animal which met his sight after the victory. In order to avoid the possibility of human murder, Lambton had directed his father, that, as soon as he heard him sound three blasts on his bugle, in token of the achievement performed, he should release his favourite greyhound, which would fly to the sound of the horn, and was to be the sacrifice. On hearing his son's bugle sound, the old man was so overjoyed, that he forgot the injunction, and ran himself to greet him with open arms. Instead of committing a parricide, the conqueror again repaired to his oracular adviser, who pronounced, as the alternative of disobeying the injunction, that none of the Lambtons should die in their beds for seven (or, as some say, nine) generations; a condition willingly complied with, though it seems the elder Lambton thought it such a curse on his posterity, that he earnestly entreated his son to avoid it by complying with the oracular directions.

"As to the historical foundation which this strange story, full of plot and incident, may possess, I can make no discovery; but the tradition is certainly of some antiquity, and has been admirably strengthened by the death of several of the Lambtons in the mode pointed out by the oracle. The curse was supposed to be extinct in the last generation, the head of which, Henry Lambton, Esq. died suddenly in his chariot, in 1761. I have heard that his younger brother, General John Lambton, who lived to a great age, was so alarmed lest his attendants should fulfil the prophecy by force, under the idea that he could not die in his bed, that, in his last sickness, he kept a horsewhip by his bedside, and so contrived to expire betwixt the sheets.

"Besides the above, one of the Lambtons perished at Baugy with the Duke of Clarence, and another, Sir William Lambton, fell at Marston Moor. In the old garden-house at Lambton (Old Lambton, for the name is now usurped by the new house built across the river on the site of Harraton Hall,) are preserved two stone figures of a knight and a lady. These do not appear ancient. The lady is in the style of Sir Peter Lely or Kneller—bare breast—narrow waist, &c. but the gentleman is in better style, and possibly copied from some older representation. He is in a steel cap, a plain coat of mail (not set with razors); the worm, which is represented more like an eft or newt, with four short legs, twines betwixt the legs of the knight, who, whilst he holds the animal by the ear with the left hand, drives with the right his dagger down its throat to the hilt.* The form of the worm is undoubtedly antique; not unlike the dragon on some of our ancient gold coins: the lady has a wound on her breast, supposed to be inflicted by the worm.

"I mean to renew my acquaintance with the Wormhill, † and examine the present appearance. What is the general idea as to these vermicular traces when found round hills?

"The worm has crawled over so much paper, that I must omit some other *diablerie*, especially as I think it cannot be of use to your Minstrelsy, and find room for some fragments which I have collected since I saw you here.

"The following romantic fragment (which I have no further meddled with than to fill up a hemistich, and complete rhyme and metre,) I have from the imperfect recitation of Ann Douglas, a withered crone, who weeded in my garden.

"They shot him dead on the Ninestone Rigg,
  Beside the headless cross,
And they left him lying in his blood,
  Upon the moor and moss—
* * * * [*Hiatus forsan.*]

They made a bier of the broken bough,
  The sauf, and the espen gray,
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
  And watch'd him there all day.

A Lady came to that lonely bower,
  And threw her robes aside;
She tore her long [long] yellow hair,
  And knelt at Barthram's side.

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* This is unquestionably a representation in stone of Michael the Archangel, in conflict with the dragon. Effigies of the same description and character are of ordinary occurrence and generally of a late date.—Ed.

† The Worm Hill has been brought to view by the Great Northern Railroad, and may be seen in perfection from the Victoria Bridge, near Washington. It is on the north side of the Wear, a little above the bridge.—Ed.

She bathed him in the Lady Well,
His wounds so deep and sair;
And she plaited a garland for his breast,
And a garland for his hair.

They row'd him in a lily sheet,
And bare him to his earth,
[And the grey friars sung the dead man's mass,
As they past the Chapel garth.]

They buried him at [the mirk] midnight,*
[When the dew fell cold and still,
When the aspen gray forgot to play,
And the mist clung to the hill.]

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
By the edge of the Ninestone Burn,
And they covered him [o'er with the heather flower,]
The moss, and the [lady] fern.

A gray friar staid upon the grave,
And sang 'till the morning-tide;
And a friar shall sing for Bartram's soul
While the headless cross shall bide.

"I have no local reference as to the above. The name of Bartram bids fair for a Northumbrian hero, but the style is, I think, superior to our Northumbrian ditties, and more like the Scotch. There is a place called Headless Cross, I think, in old maps, near Elsdon, in Northumberland; but this is too vague to found any idea upon. If my old chantress be correct, the story belonging to the ballad is briefly as follows:—

"The hero of the ditty was shot to death by seven brothers, whose sister he had seduced; but they afterwards buried him, at the request of his mistress, near the spot of their first appointment. This may account for his burial not in holy ground, but by the burn.† I recollect, that, on the Return taken by the Com-

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* "As only a few words of this stanza are original, the whole might be omitted, and without injuring the context of the remainder."

† This beautiful dirge is printed among the "Historical Ballads" in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, vol. i. p. 273, 5th edit. but was in fact Mr. Surtees' own composition, as appears from the following note of Mr. Raine:—

"I one evening, in looking through Scott's Minstrelsy, wrote opposite to this dirge, '*Aut Rob. aut Diab.*' Surtees called shortly after, and pouncing upon the remark, missioners, on the dissolution of Newminster Abbey, there is an item of a chauntry founded for one priest to pray daily, *ad crucem lapideam.* Probably many of these crosses had the like expiatory solemnities for persons slain there, &c.

"Langley dale is a beautiful vale (and ancient chace) belonging to Raby Castle. An old tower close by the brook is said to have been the residence of a mistress of the last Earl of Westmerland; a nobleman who, from more than one authority, appears to have been of a very amorous disposition.

1.

As I down Raby Park did pass,
  I heard a fair maid weep and wail;
The chiefest of her song it was,
  Farewell the sweets of Langley Dale.

2.

The bonny mavis cheers her love,
  The thristlecock sings in the glen;
But I must never hope to rove
  Within sweet Langley Dale again!

3.

The wild rose blushes in the brae,
  The primrose shows its blossom pale;
But I must bid adieu for aye,
  To all the joys of Langley Dale!

4.

The days of mirth and peace are fled!
  [Youth's golden locks to silver turn,]
Each northern floweret droops its head,
  By Marwood Chase and Langley Burn.

5.

False Southrons crop each lovely flower,
  And throw their blossoms on the gale;
Our foes have spoilt the sweetest bower—
  Alas! for bonny Langley Dale.

justified me, by his conversation on the subject, in adding to my note '*Ita, teste seipso.*'"

[The question respecting the authorship of the above beautiful composition, and of five additional stanzas which have been found among Mr. Surtees's papers, will be resumed in the Appendix. The reader is also referred thither for some further particulars respecting the succeeding Lament, "As I down Raby Park did pass."—Ed.]

"I have only just heard, a few hours ago, the first stanza of this, 'evidently founded on Plumpton Park:' can recover no more of the original than the two lines, which I suppose were the burden. I have filled it up as a kind of cento from such ideas and passages as occur to me at this present writing. I would give ten pounds for the original Lament.

"I am promised some Northumbrian Ballads and Anecdotes, from a Mr. Smart,* of Trewhitt, near Rothbury. If anything curious occurs, you shall have them. I saw him for a few hours here lately, and he seems to have a fund of freebooting anecdote. He says, Black-mail, or protection money, was levied in Rothbury and Redesdale as late as 1720. At that time, Lowes of Lowes Forest, (whose ancestor, by the by, acquired Ridley by foreclosure of mortgage as late as 1745,) and Charleton of Leahall, in Simonburn parish, were the country-keepers, but shrewdly suspected to go snacks with the robbers. If any one lost a horse or a beast, and offered to take of them a fair price for him, they paid him; but if they asked the real value, or more, the poor animal was generally returned in a miserably emaciated state.

"One ——— Adamson, an apothecary at Belford, seems, notwithstanding his peaceful profession, to have inherited a portion of his ancestor's spirit; for he is said frequently to have made a visit to a patient and a night-raid at the same time. [His apprentices could either wield the mortar or drive off cattle with equal dexterity.] Adamson was one night supping with Mrs. Younghusband, of Buddle;† and whilst he sat at her table, three of his retainers were plundering the dovecote. One was in the cote, and threw the birds to the other; when a third kept watch. On returning home the booty seemed very inconsiderable, which the receiver accounted for, by saying, half the birds flew away, when thrown out, and called the watch to witness. 'The devil's in them, if they did,' said the other; 'for here's all their heads in my breeches.' This Adamson bore so fair an outside, that the late excellent Dr. Sharp[*] of Bambrough patronised him through life.

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* Mr. Smart was a sort of Northumbrian Cade. He found camps in old sheepfolds, and British villages where none had existed. He was an obliging, kind-hearted man, and now and then made a happy discovery.—Ed.

† So MS.; but Budle is the place, where the writer often visited his uncle Younghusband.

"There was an eminent freebooter in North Redesdale, called Geordie Black-doup,[†] which name he acquired thus:—Being with a party hotly pursued by those they had plundered, it was agreed to disperse; but Geordie was lame and could go no further; and, notwithstanding his friend's remonstrance that his face was so well known he would never escape if taken, declared his intention to stay where he was; adding, 'an they ken my face, they dinna ken my doup;' and, accordingly squatting down in a plot of rushes, with his bare doup alone visible, he escaped unnoticed, and returned safe home. I sent you a fulmination against the Tynedale robbers. I have an inhibition of Bishop Langley, 12th July, 1430. '*Monitio contra deferentes gladios et fustes intra cemeteria*;' and ordering that all persons shall leave their weapons, '*extra clausuras cemeteriorum*,' on pain of excommunication. He seems to have had no objection to their fighting it out anywhere else. The practice was, however, not discontinued; nor did a second monition, temp. Bishop Barnes, produce any better effect, for Bernard Gilpin, you may recollect, took down the gauntlet from one of the northern churches, temp. Elizabeth.

"In a rencounter of this kind in Ovingham churchyard, one of my ancestors, William Surtees of Broad Oak, lost the use of his hand by a spear-wound, and acquired the name of Willie with the War-hand.[‡]

"Mr. Frank lately wrote to me, reminding that I had promised to ask you for a translation of some poem which you did for

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[*] Archdeacon of Northumberland, Prebendary of Durham, Vicar of Hartburn, one of the Trustees of Lord Crewe's Charities, and therefore occasionally resident at Bamborough.—Ed.

[†] Melampyges, jun.

[‡] This appellation must not be understood to have any reference to the man's military prowess or proceedings. The hand he had lost was his right; but his left, his *waur* or worse hand remained, and from it he acquired the name by which he was distinguished from some other Willie Surtees. These distinctive names were common, and often very characteristic and amusing. We have above Geordie Black-doup. In fact, almost every man on the Borders had an addition of some kind or other to his name.—Ed.

Ritson. *Quære*, was it 'Les Souvenirs du Chastelain?' perhaps you can recollect. It was referred to in a letter of Ritson's to you. Frank did not name it, supposing I had the name by me. He is now in London. But should you recollect the thing, I would be obliged to you for them at leisure, on his account. I have now no room to inflict either Ballad or Legend on you: therefore rest

"Yours,
"*Mainsforth, Nov. 9th*, 1809. R. SURTEES."

In the course of this summer (1809) there occurred a public discussion, in which Mr. Surtees' conduct strongly marked his character.

On the issuing the commission appointing justices of the peace for the county of Durham, there was an unexplained omission of the names of two magistrates, who had for several years acted under the former commissions. It is not here intended to enter into any detail of particulars, but merely to render intelligible the principle on which Mr. Surtees acted in the case. The circumstance excited much attention, and particularly roused the jealousy of the magistrates with regard to the authority on which the omission of the two names had been made. It appeared that the Lord High Chancellors (in whom the discretionary power of the Crown to nominate magistrates is vested) had for a long series of years been accustomed to appoint, as magistrates for the county of Durham, the persons recommended to their notice in a list furnished by the Bishop of that diocese. The general practice had been to include in the recommendatory list for the current year all names of surviving magistrates comprised in preceding commissions: the inquiry therefore was, how and why, in the commission of 1809, the two names in question had been omitted by the Lord Chancellor? The attention of the magistracy was drawn to the subject by a public letter to them from the Rev. Robert Spencer, one of the displaced magistrates. He stated that he had, inadvertently, joined with a brother magistrate, Mr. Currie, in granting a publican's licence on their own authority, which could only legally be granted at the Brewster Sessions; but that, as soon as he had learned the illegality of the act, he prevailed on the publican, by paying him the expense of procuring the licence, to give it up into his hands. The Bishop of Durham had expressed doubts of the inadvertency of the act, and considered it as done from motives of disrespect towards himself. But this question the magistrates in general did not enter into; asserting that—whatever the private conviction and feelings of a Custos Rotulorum might be—his assuming to himself the power of acting on such—by silently omitting the name of individuals, without giving them an opportunity of self-defence, and without apprising the Lord Chancellor of what he had done—was in fact to make the King's Justices dependent, not on the discretionary power of a responsible Minister of the Crown, but on the caprice of an irresponsible Bishop; for, they observed, "however satisfied we may feel of the purity of your Lordship's views, we cannot acquiesce under a power which may hereafter be exercised by others with very different intentions."

The Bishop, however, declined taking any steps for replacing Mr. Spencer on the commission; though he had "consulted the Lord Chancellor on the subject of Mr. Currie's name being restored in the next commission;" for he did not accuse Mr. Currie of motives personally offensive to himself. Several magistrates, in consequence, declined to act, and wrote to the Bishop, requesting their names might be erased from the commission. Mr. Surtees concurred in opinion with them, but felt himself placed in an embarrassing situation. Bishop Barrington had acted towards him individually in the most liberal and even cordial manner; for "to the Lord Bishop of Durham" he acknowledges himself "indebted for the most free and unrestrained inspection of the whole Evidences of the See of Durham: a favour which, however considerable, forms only one link in a series of unsolicited kindness and attention, experienced during twenty years."* Still he felt that his private obligations were not to interfere with his performance of a public duty as a magistrate, or with his maintenance of a public principle. Instead, however, of writing, as others had done, he thought that, situated as he was, it would be at once more manly and more respectful personally to wait on the Bishop, to express his regret for the view his Lordship had taken of the subject, and to state his determination, under such circumstances, not any longer to act on the commission of the peace. His Lordship politely expressed *his* regret at Mr. Surtees' decision. It is much to the credit of both parties, that this untoward affair never produced the slightest abatement in the cordiality of their future intercourse;* and happily the same may be said of his subsequent relations with his neighbour, the Rector of Sedgefield, nephew of the Bishop, who had taken a very zealous part in defence of his uncle, and whom Surtees, several years afterwards, thus describes:† "George Barrington, A.M. Student of Christchurch, Vicar of Grantham, Prebendary of the eleventh Stall, and in 1814 Viscount Barrington of the Kingdom of Ireland; to whom any expression of thanks for attention to the present work would be but a small portion of the acknowledgments due to the steady and generous friendship of twenty years."

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* Hist. Durh. vol. I. Introduction, p. 9.

The result of this affair was the restoration of the displaced magistrates in the commission issued by the Lord Chancellor in 1811: his Lordship having stated, in a letter to Earl Grey (March 30, 1810), that "where a new commission of the peace is proposed, the correct course was, that those who, from their situation, recommend to the Chancellor, should state specially the names of such gentlemen as, being magistrates in the former commission, are proposed to be omitted in the new commission, and the reasons with reference to which it is thought fit that their names should be omitted:" That "the Chancellor ought also to afford to those gentlemen an opportunity of being fully heard against the proposition." And his Lordship further stated, "that he was afraid that this attention, so obviously due as a mere act of justice to those gentlemen who have acted under former commissions, from a practice too lax, had not been sufficiently attended to by many whose situations call upon them to recommend persons to be named in new commissions of the peace:" and that he "should not act as candidly and honourably as he ought, if he did not add, that those holding the Great Seal had not been sufficiently anxious to require that this special statement should always be made, or sufficiently careful in examining, when no such special statement is made, whether any names are omitted in the new commission."

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* This friendly intercourse was agreeable to both parties. When the Bishop was in the diocese, Mr. Surtees rode to Auckland whenever he felt inclined. The want of a frank for a letter, for which he knew he could not pay the postage without hurting the feelings of the person to whom it was addressed, and to whom he further knew that even the postage of a letter was a consideration, frequently afforded him an errand, and he was always welcome. The Bishop delighted in his playfulness. One morning he found a grave-looking personage in black closeted with his Lordship, and, notwithstanding he was earnestly pressed to enter, as the business of the person was not of a private nature, he retired till called for. "Why did you not come in, Mr. Surtees?" said the Bishop, "that was only my chimney-sweep with whom I wanted a minute's talk." "That a chimney-sweep! my Lord," said Surtees, "I really believed you were engaging a new chaplain. He seem'd to me to be the very man for the job."—Ed.

† Vol. iii. p. 32.

The firm, yet courteous conduct towards the Bishop on this occasion, exhibits what was a distinguishing trait in Mr. Surtees' mind: for, however great his respect for high birth and high station, he never allowed these in social intercourse to repress even the lively sallies of his humour, of which an example here may relieve the dryness of the preceding statement.

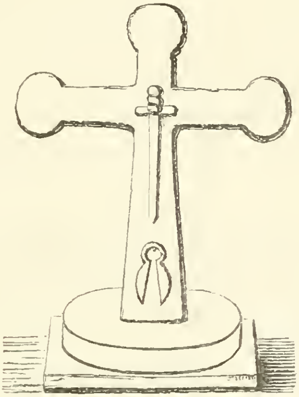
Solomon Grisdale, Curate of Merrington, who was very poor, and had a numerous family, lost his only cow. Mr. Surtees determined to raise a subscription for another cow; and waited on the Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry (the late Earl Cornwallis), then Dean of Durham, and owner of the Great Tithes of Merrington, to ask what he would give? "Give," said his Lordship, "why a cow, to be sure. Go, Mr. Surtees, to Woodifield, my steward, and tell him to give you as much money as will buy the best cow you can find." Mr. Surtees, who had not expected above a five-pound note, at most, exclaimed, "My Lord, I hope you'll ride to Heaven upon the back of that cow!" A while afterwards he was saluted in the College, by the late Lord Barrington, with—"Surtees, what is the absurd speech that I hear you have been making to the Dean?" "I see nothing absurd in it," was the reply: "when the Dean rides to Heaven on the back of that cow, many of you Prebendaries will be glad to lay hold of her tail."

The following letter is without date, but was probably written early in 1810, as it refers to subjects in that of Mr. Surtees dated Nov. 9th, 1809.

W. SCOTT, ESQ. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"My dear Surtees,—I am deep in arrear with you; but I hope you have heard from me, though not directly. I mean, I hope you have received a copy of Sir Ralph Sadler's State Papers, so much indebted to your labours, and a second volume of 'Somers' Tracts.' The first was forwarded, or at least the Bookseller promised to forward it, from London; the second went from Edinburgh, to be left at Rushyford. If any miscarriage has happened, pray let me know, that the matter may be remedied. I am now questioned by Mr. Clifford, who is questioned by a Sir somebody Lawson, who is desirous to know what was the nature of those misfortunes said in the Notes in the Letters relative to the great Northern Rebellion, to have befallen certain namesakes of the said knight; to wit, the Lawsons of Newcastle, who had shared deeply in the spoils of the Church. To this of course I could give as little information as Clifford; so we both come to you, on the strength of the old proverb, 'I whip the top, and my mother whips me.'

"Your 'Brown Man of the Muirs' is a noble fellow. He has been brooding in my brain this many a day, and is, I think, the genuine descendant of the ancient Duergar. I hope soon to shew you something of him in romantic poetry. Barthram, which is the most beautiful fragment I have seen this many a day, is to figure in the new edition of the Border Minstrelsy, of which I expected to have sent you a copy ere now; but cannot get it out of the hands of the printer. The story of Barthram put me in mind of a little incident I met with many years ago, riding out of Liddesdale into Tiviotdale. There were then no roads of any kind in that direction; so to avoid the bogs we kept upon the banks of a little brook which acted as a drain to the springy morasses, and now and then offered a little recess in which its waters wimpled under birches and alders, and its banks formed a narrow and retired glen. In one of these we found a small stone cross lying among the grass and heather. It was thrown down from its pedestal, but not broken, and bore a broad-sword and pair of wool-shears, the shape being nearly that of the ugly hieroglyphic below.



On the opposite side two initial letters, and two others lower down. The monument was obviously sepulchral. It was so small, that, with the united strength of a friend, and of my servant, I easily set it on end, where it may stand, for aught I know, to this moment. We could hear no tradition about the place; probably because we did not light upon those who could have answered our inquiries. As the spot is not two miles distant from the Chapel of Hermitage Castle, it seems probable that the place of sepulture was chosen for some reason similar to that which occurs in the ballad of Barthram. Barthram is not a name of our Border, though I know it is distinguished in Northumberland.

"The prints in the second volume of Somers belong to Volume I. 'Derrick's State of Ireland.'* They are taken from the original plates, in the only copy in which they are known to exist, and are extremely curious, approaching, I think, very nearly to the dress of our modern Highlanders. I think they will be interesting to you."

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* Image of Ireland, 4to. 1581.

R. SURTEES, ESQ. TO W. SCOTT, ESQ.

"*Mainsforth, March 5th,* 1810.

"Dear Sir,—I beg to inform you that I have received, not one, but two second volumes of 'Somers' Tracts.' The last copy arrived a few days ago from London—consequently I have one at your disposal, whenever I hear what its destination ought to have been.

"The papers relative to the Gowrie Plot, in the first volume, have interested me very much. Gowrie's being addicted to spells and sigills, certainly forms a strong feature in the business. It might give foundation to a very mysterious poem, I think, in the ballad style. Did you ever meet with a legend of *diablerie,* relative to a castle (in the Highlands, if anywhere,) called Torie Castle? I could procure you a kind of metrical composition on the subject (not very ancient, I think) from a gentleman in this neighbourhood,* a native of Bamffshire. He does not know whether there really is such a place, or whether the name is imaginary. I hope you received the 'Raid of Rookhope,' &c. safe. Before it is printed off I should much wish to revise the notes I formerly sent you, as I have since been in the neighbourhood; and should wish to avoid any such confusion as happened about Ridley Hall and Master Lowes.

"If you can get hold of the 'Gentleman's Magazine for December, 1809,' and the Supplement, you will see that I have been endeavouring to rouse the attention of our Northern gentry in favour of the last decayed representative of the Conyers's, with whose name and faulchion-legend you are well acquainted. I have received some assistance, and have effected what was in my own power; but there is still room for the exertions of any wealthy and generous knight who can feel a little for the depressed situation of his brother in rank.

"I have lately had an opportunity of hearing several wild Highland traditions. Did you ever hear of the ancestors of M'Donnell of Glengary's first coming into Scotland? They sailed from Ireland in a currach. The two brothers agreed whichever touched the land first should be the chief. When they reached the land, the youngest brother drew his sword, struck off his own left hand, threw it on the shore, and thus gained the chieftainship. Believe me, in much haste,

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* The Rev. Patrick George, at that time Curate of Bishop-Middleham.

"Yours very sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

"*Mainsforth.*

"I have derived much pleasure from Weber's Floddon, which seems one of the most completely edited books I ever saw. In his accounts of the Lords and Knights of the English army there are two or three trifling inaccuracies, which may be amended in another edition.

"*Weber's Floddon.**—

"Page 136.—'Bulmer of Branspeth' (generally written Brancepath). Sir William's seat was Wilton Castle, in Cleveland, Yorkshire. He had large property in Durham, but Brancepath was vested in the Nevills of Raby, by marriage with Emma, heiress of Bertram Bulmer, temp. Henry II. and never reverted to the male heirs. His son, Sir John B. married the natural daughter of Stafford, Duke of Buckingham, and was involved in his fall.

"Page 180.—'Scroop of Upsal.'—Scroop was only Lord Scroop of Upsal, as in the text, *not Earl* of Upsal. There were only two Earls of the Scroop family; one the favourite Earl of Wilts, under Richard II., the other Emanuel Earl of Sunderland, 1625.

"Page 186, line 5.—'Why O'Donnel de Ford?' Odonnel is no uncommon Christian name in the old Northumbrian families, and was perpetuated in that of Heron, Selby, Grey, &c.

"*Glossary.*—

"Earn, 1119. *Qu.?* 'Spun wool,' which we here call *garn*:—the meaning is, then, 'clothed in shepherd's wool.'

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* The Battle of Floddon Field, a poem of the sixteenth century, with various readings, Notes, a Glossary, &c. &c. by Henry Weber, 8vo. Edinb. 1808.—ED.

"Rank, 1956. 2178.—Rank is here perpetually used in the sense of 'thick,' or 'crowded.' Things standing 'too rank,' *i. e.* too thick.

"*Qu.?* Troilus and Cressida: 'How rank so ever rounded in with danger.' Mr. Frank thinks 'rank' here means—'how thick,' &c.

"I believe Frank has some Glossarial observations hereon."

The "Lady of the Lake" was published early in May, 1810. The following letter, acknowledging the receipt of it, by Mr. Surtees, is stamped May 13th of that year.

"Dear Sir,—I have been remiss in not acknowledging the arrival of the Minstrelsy, and of Ritson's Papers, and your Translation, which are all safe; and I have now, to add to my other obligations, to thank you for the 'Lady of the Lake,' which I found here a welcome guest, after a weary ride from the heathery hills of Weardale. It is still almost untasted treasure; and I am here alone in good green-wood to enjoy it. I have been lately often near the supposed haunts of the Lambton Worm, and I really feel much inclined to adopt your idea, that animals of this description may have been formerly nourished to a much larger size in our woods and waters. Of four of these prodigies which our Bishopric is said to have produced, it is observable that all of them had their haunts on large rivers. The country around Lambton seems particularly favourable for the production of such a creature. The banks of the river have been, time immemorial, a thick tangled forest; and part of the adjoining flats are low and marshy, and full of willows and brushwood. There is a small ruined chapel in Lambton Park, the east window still remaining, where the champion is said to have devoted himself to the Holy Ghost and the Virgin before he undertook the combat.

"The new edition of the Minstrelsy contains much I had not seen. The beautiful additions to Tamlane I should have regarded as modern, where it not impossible to say how far these ancient recitations gradually change their garb with the age. It is curious enough if Sir Bartram should have travelled from the Ninestoneburn, near Hermitage, as seems not improbable, to be picked up in the Bishopric. The old chantress is dead. She was an English woman, notwithstanding her name.

"Tamlane. Introduction, p. 144. The notion of the power of demons at midnight and mid-day is very ancient, and may I think be traced to classical sources. Virgil's Shepherd is afraid of meeting with Pan in his wayward mood, sleeping in the grove at mid-day; [*] and in Lucan's shudderingly sublime description of a Druidical grove, Pharsalia, Book iii. [l. 423] he says,

> '——— *Medio cum Phœbus* in axe est,
> Aut cœlum nox atra tenet, pavet ipse sacerdos
> Accessus, Dominumque *timet deprendere luci.*'

"Is there not also something in Scripture of the demon that walks by noonday, as contrasted to the arrow that flieth by night? [†]

"I am promised by a Scotch clergyman, [‡] a native of Bamff, now of this diocese, some accounts from the Highlands of fairy processions, which, he says, are all on foot, and not, as Burns's, on splendid coursers.

"You mention a journey to London. We shall be constantly at home, and I do most earnestly wish to renew the pleasure,

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[*] This allusion does not appear to be born out by any passage in Virgil's Eclogues. Mr. Surtees no doubt had in his mind the following beautiful lines in Theocritus, which are precisely to the point:

> "*Οὐ θέμις, ὦ ποιμὰν, τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν, οὐ θέμις ἄμμιν*
> *Συρὶσδεν· τὸν Πᾶνα δεδοίκαμες, ἦ γὰρ ἀπ' ἄγρας*
> *Τανίκα κεκμακῶς ἀμπαύεται· ἐντί γε πικρὸς,*
> *Καί οἱ ἀεὶ δριμεῖα χολά ποτὶ ρίνι κάθηται.*"
> Idyll. A. 15, &c.

I may mention that Mr. Surtees was not only intimately acquainted with the best Greek authors, but that he took especial delight in enucleating the mysteries and difficulties of the seldom-read writers in that language, such as Lycophron, Oppian, &c. The Greek Tragedians, however, were his favourites.—ED.

[†] The allusion probably is to Psalm xci. 5 and 6. "Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day. Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday." And as Mr. Surtees habitually read the Scriptures in Greek, the idea of the "Demon" was perhaps suggested to him by the Septuagint rendering the last clause—*ἀπὸ συμπτώματος καὶ Δαιμονίου μεσημβρινοῦ.*

[‡] The Rev. P. George above-mentioned.

deliciæ breves, which your company here gave me. Mrs. Surtees would, if here, join me in the wish.

"I much desire to know the name of your friend, who looks so happy on your knee, and whose introduction in the print, along with his master, pleases all my dog-sympathies more than I can express. Is he either Camp or Pandour?*

"Believe me, most sincerely,

"R. SURTEES.

"I have written to Sir John Lawson's brother, Mr. Maire,† at his request, a full account of the unfortunate Lawsons of Nesham, which has, I hope, propitiated his feelings for their manes.

"Whenever, as come it will, your Minstrelsy comes to a new edition once more, I have for you an Episcopal sentence from Cardinal Wolsey for the disinterment of an excommunicated Tynedale robber—Lawrence Robeson, alias Lawry Lawbraunce. It is not long: the title is 'Excommunicatus exhumandus, et in locum profanum projiciendus.' In consequence, probably, of Bishop Fox's anathemas, which you printed, and to which it may go as a supplement."

Mr. Surtees' veneration for old families (so conspicuous in this, and indeed in almost all his letters,) was not merely the barren taste of a genealogist and antiquary, but, associating itself with the feelings of his benevolent heart, it ripened into a cordial pleasure in witnessing their prosperity, and into a kindly sympathy in their fallen fortunes. This trait of character was strongly marked by the considerate and effectual exertions he made to shed comfort on the latter days of the "representative of one of the most honourable houses in the North." This is the language of Mr. Surtees, when he describes "the humiliating situation of an ancient Baronet," Sir Thomas Conyers, in behalf of whom he appealed to the titled and opulent, by a letter of characteristic simplicity and feeling addressed to the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.* After stating the antiquity, noble alliances, and large possessions of the family, it is added "that on the death of Sir George Conyers, who had squandered the little that was left, the barren title descended to his uncle Thomas Conyers, who after a life perhaps of some imprudence, certainly of much hardship, after an unsuccessful attempt in a humble business, and a subsequent service of several years at sea, is now, in his seventy-second year, solitary and friendless, a pauper in the parish workhouse of Chester-le-Street. When I add, that if any credit be due to physiognomy, Sir Thomas has received from nature, in his fine manly figure and open expressive countenance, the native marks of a gentleman; and that he bears his lot with a degree of fortitude equally removed from misplaced pride or querulous meanness; enough I hope will have been said to interest some benevolent minds in his favour. Accustomed to a life of hardship and labour, he wishes for neither affluence nor luxury; but his present humiliating situation he feels severely. A trifle would prove sufficient; and a trifle would surely not be ill disposed in enabling him to pass the few days which he has still to number in decent comfort and respectability.† The writer of this article is willing and desirous to contribute his mite; and will pledge himself both for the literal truth of the statement, and for the proper application of any sums contributed for the purpose mentioned. He therefore gives his real name and residence.

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* Mr. Surtees here alludes to a portrait of Scott (published, I believe, with the quarto edition of "The Lady of the Lake,") in which is the representation of a favourite dog. This dog was perhaps *Maida*, of which there is an effigy in stone at the door of Abbotsford. Its ears have been broken off by some unfeeling visitor.—ED.

† Henry Maire, of Lartington, Esq. here mentioned, upon the death of his brother, the Sir John Lawson above, succeeded to the Baronetcy and estate of Brough, near Catterick, and took the name of Lawson. He was an extremely liberal and kind hearted man, much devoted to historical and topographical pursuits, and in possession of many ancient family records, some valuable manuscripts, and an excellent library. His name will occur hereafter. Upon his death, without issue, the baronetcy became extinct, but it was revived soon afterwards, in favour of his nephew William Wright, Esq. the inheritor of his estates, now Sir William Lawson, another friend and promoter of archæological inquiries, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the Surtees Society.—ED.

"Yours, &c.

"ROBERT SURTEES.

Dated "Mainsforth, near Rushyford, Durham."

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* Dec. 1809, vol. lxxix. p. 1110.

† "I beg to add, Mr. Urban, that I will willingly contribute 20*l*. a-year to this purpose. I have a few promises of annual guineas, which will raise this to 36*l*. Of

In consequence of this letter, Mr. Surtees became engaged in voluminous correspondence* with persons making inquiries, and offering assistance; of which the result will be found in the statement of names and sums contributed, together with that of the application of the money, communicated by Mr. Surtees to the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine.†

On the 26th of Feb. 1810, before the subscriptions had been received, Mr. Surtees hastened to the relief of the old Baronet, accompanied by the late Rev. Patrick George, then Curate of Bishop-Middleham, who used to speak with admiration of the delicate and kind manner in which he executed his commission. His own grey head uncovered, he accosted Sir Thomas at once with cordiality and respect, simply stating the purpose of his visit. The old man was at first much affected. But soon, a dormant sense of pride seemed to be awakened, and he said, "I am no beggar, sir; I won't accept any such offers." Mr. Surtees gently soothed his temper, assuring him, that the gentlemen by whom he was deputed were actuated by no motive that could be offensive to him, but only by feelings proper to their rank, and his own; and that, by acceding to their wishes, he could only evince his own sense of that propriety, and prove that he, in their situation, would have felt and acted as they now did. Thus his scruples were gradually overcome, and he consented to the proposed arrangement, with many expressions of gratitude to those who had so kindly interested themselves in his situation.

It is pleasant to remark, that, instead of any feeling of mean triumph over the remains of fallen greatness, there is, in the middle, and even lower ranks of this country, a kindly sym-

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the present application, the object of it is ignorant; and it would be cruel to acquaint him with it, unless something be effected for his relief.—R. S."

* It must, in justice, be stated, that in managing this correspondence Mr. Surtees found a willing co-adjutor in the Rev. Samuel Gamlen, at that time curate of Sedgefield, now Vicar of Bossal near York, and a Vice-President of the Surtees Society. Mr. Gamlen's own kind-heartedness prompted him to take a very active part in this deed of charity; and papers remain which prove that Mr. Surtees placed great confidence in his advice and judgment. The most cordial friendship always existed between the two, and no one of his numerous friends lamented Mr. Surtees' death more than Mr. Gamlen.—Ed.

† For April and May, 1810, vol. lxxx. pp. 302 and 439.

pathy prompting them to respect and commiseration; and Mr. Surtees accordingly observes, "In justice to the officers of the workhouse, it is proper to mention, that Sir Thomas receives every degree of attention compatible with the rules of the place; that he has a separate apartment, and is provided with decent clothing." Immediate inquiries, nevertheless, were made for more comfortable and respectable accommodation than such an institution could afford. But Mr. Surtees was not easily to be satisfied for the old man. At length, however, "on the 1st of March, although the proposed amount of the subscription was not then filled, Sir Thomas was removed to a situation of ease and comfort,* which he was destined to enjoy but a short time. His strength had been for some time declining, and his constitution, naturally vigorous and robust, sunk under the increasing burthens of age and infirmity. For the last fortnight he had medical assistance: but the springs of life were exhausted; and on the morning of Sunday the 15th he arose evidently weaker, and, under the awful impression of approaching dissolution, passed the day in religious exercises, and in taking an affectionate farewell of his friends and relations. At six in the evening, his usual hour for retiring to rest, he expressed a wish to be removed to bed, and almost immediately expired, without pain, and without a sigh.† His mental faculties

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* "At the house of Mr. William Pybus, Chester-le-Street, whose respectful and affectionate treatment of the old Baronet deserves the highest praise."

† Mr. Surtees had carefully preserved the following papers relative to the death and burial of Sir Thomas Conyers. A melancholy interest attaches itself to these documents, and they deserve to see the light for the lesson which they can teach. There is a strange contrast between the inventory of the poor old Baronet's goods and chattels, as they are detailed below, and that of Sir George Conyers in 1567, printed by the Surtees Society, (Wills, &c. p. 266.) The one was rich in gold and silver, and stock and crop, and plenishing of every kind; the other had nothing save two poor suits of clothes, one of them new, the gift of charity, a wig, and a pair of spectacles. That Mr. Surtees has no where in his History, either at Horden or Chester-le-Street, even alluded to his humane exertions in behalf of this poor old man, "the last of the ancient and unfortunate house of Conyers," affords a striking illustration of his own character, far outweighing the panegyrics, however just, of his friends.—Ed.

WILLIAM PYBUS, PARISH CLERK OF CHESTER-LE-STREET, TO ROBERT SURTEES, ESQ.

Chester-le-Street April 16, 1810.

Sir—I take the earliest opportunity of sending my son to inform you that the good old Baronet (Sir Thos. Conyers), whom your unwearied exertions rendered comfortable remained unaltered; and the closing scene of a life, chequered by more than ordinary vicissitude, was serene and unclouded. In

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and happy on the eve of his life, is now no more; he has been permitted to enjoy your benevolence but a short time. He was very ill when you last saw him, and continued to grow worse—was attended all the time by Dr. Nelson of this place, who was for some time in hopes, when the weather was more favourable, that he might get out to take the benefit of the air, he would be better. His medicine was regularly taken to the last without effect. He rose yesterday morning apparently almost exhausted, and continued until six o'clock in the evening, and then expired in my arms, without pain, or the least struggle. Mr. Cumming and myself have fix'd on Wednesday, at six in the evening, for his interment, and intend it in the following manner, unless you propose any alteration in the procession, viz.: The minister and doctor, silk hatbands and gloves; six pall-bearers, silk hatbands and gloves; his sons-in-law and grandsons (mourners), crape hatbands and gloves. A wainscott coffin with a breast-plate with

Sir Thomas Conyers, Bart.
Died, April 15th, 1810,
Aged 79 years.

Any alteration you may propose to my son will be strictly attended to.

I am, Sir, your most obedient, humble Servant,

Wm. Pybus.

N.B. If you can make it convenient to send to his daughter Barker, at Sedgefield, it will save trouble and expense. If not, my son will go to acquaint them with the change.

GEORGE CUMMING TO ROBERT SURTEES, ESQ.

Chester-le-Street, *May* 4, 1810.

Sir—On the other side I hand you an account of Sir Thos. Conyers' close, and how they were distributed, which I have no doubt will meet your approbation. Also the names of those who attended his funerall.

With compliments, I remain, your obedient, humble Servant,

Geo. Cumming.

Sir Thos. Conyers, Bart. Funerall.

Doctor Nelson, and Rev. John Dodd.
Bidder, with crape hatband, and gloves.
Sexton, with pole dressed, and gloves.

Geo. Cumming.	BODY.	Mr. Wm. Pybus, junr.
Mr. Ra. Allison.		Mr. Tho. Cumming.
Mr. Luke Colling.		Mr. Wm. Pybus, senr.

Mourners.

Mr. Jos. Hutchinson.	Mr. Wm. Hardy, senr.
Mr. Wm. Hardy, junr.	Mr. Barker.
Mr. Ra. Hardy.	Mr. Ra. Deighton.
Mr. Jos. Hutchinson, junr.	Mr. Thos. Hardy.

N.B. The clergyman, doctor, and six paul-bearers, with silk hatbands and gloves, him, the last male heir of a long line of ancestry, whose origin may be traced to a period of high and romantic antiquity, the name and title expire, and the blood of Conyers must hereafter flow undistinguished in the channels of humble and laborious life. Sir Thomas has left three daughters, married in very inferior situations; and it is trusted his benefactors will not think the residue of their contributions ill applied in placing some of his numerous grandchildren in the decent occupations of humble life."

The result was, that of one hundred pounds five shillings subscribed, forty-seven pounds would remain for the service of the family when the whole of the subscriptions should have been received.*

The tone of feeling in which Mr. Surtees here speaks of the extinction of the noble and ancient race of Conyers, is in such complete accordance with that in his beautiful description of the ruined residence of the family, or rather of the site, where "*etiam periêre ruinæ*," that the passages must not be left separate.

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the Bidder and mourners with crape hatbands and gloves, and the four under-bearers with gloves.

Mr. Jos. Hutchinson, Best coat, wig, specticles, and one shirt. Mr. Wm. Hardy, best waistcoat and small close, four cravatts, two shirts, pair of shoes, hat, and a pair of flanel drawers. Mr. Barker, old coat, waistcoat, and small close, four shirts, three pair stockings, four handkerchiefs, pair shoes, and one pair flanel drawers.

Rob. Surtees, Esq. for the use of Sir Thos. Conyers' funeral to Geo. Cumming, Dr.

1810 April, 18th. A shroud, 1*l.* 1*s.* 8 silk hatbands at 13*s.* 6*d.*, 5*l.* 8*s.* 9 crape do. at 5*s.* 6*d.*, 2*l.* 9*s.* 6*d.* 17 pair gloves at 2*s.* 3*d.*, 1*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.* 4 pair do. at 1*s.* 8*d.*, 6*s.* 8*d.* Best paul, 10*s.* 6*d.* 8 cloaks at 5*d.*, 3*s.* 4*d.* Sexton's pole dressed, and gloves, 10*s.* 6*d.* 4 pair women's gloves at 2*s.* 6*d.*, 10*s.* 6 yards ribbon at 9*d.*, 4*s.* 6*d.* 5 bottles port wine at 4*s.* 3*d.*, 1*l* 1*s.* 3*d.* 3 bottles sherry at 4*s.* 6*d.*, 13*s.* 6*d.* $13\frac{1}{4}$ chease at 11*d.*, 12*s.* 2*d.* 6oz. tobacco at 4*d.*, 2*s.* $1\frac{1}{2}$ doz. pipes at 4*d.*, 6*d.* 1lb. of lump sugar, 1*s.* 3*d.* 2oz. tea at 12*s.*, 1*s.* 6*d.* Gave the poor 5*s.*—15*l.* 19*s.* 5*d.*

John Jopling's bill. To a coffin for Sir Thos. Conyers, covered with black cloth, a set of furniture, and lacing, 3*l.* 10*s.* Church dues, 5*s.* 6*d.*

Robert Wardropper's bill. Bread, 7*s.* a frute cake, 10*s.* 6*d.*—17*s.* 6*d.*

John Hudson—Ale, 17*s.* 6*d.* Funeral expenses in all, 29*l.* 4*s.* 1*d.*

Mar. 23, 1810. Sir Thos. Conyers, Bart. to John Bland. A new crop wig, 1*l.*, shaving from March 3 to April 15, 3*s.*

It may be stated that before Sir Thomas Conyers had been compelled to take refuge in the workhouse, and as long as he was able to do something for himself, he had been living in lodgings at the rate of *sixteen-pence* per week.—Ed.

* These particulars are taken from Mr. Surtees' letters published in the Gentleman's Magazine for April and May, 1810, where the details of receipt and expenditure will be found.

"From John, the son of Galfrid, descended, in a long lineal procession, gallant knights and esquires, who held Sockburn till the reign of Charles I. whilst the younger branches of this ancient stately cedar shadowed both Durham and Yorkshire. All are now fallen; and not a foot of land is held by Conyers in either county. Of the house of Conyers not one stone is now left on another. The little church, standing lonely on its level green, has survived the halls of its ancient patrons. Deep traces of foundations of gardens and orchards, a little to the south, point out the site of the mansion, and one old decaying Spanish chestnut,*

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* A drawing of this venerable tree, which has weathered the winds and storms of probably seven or eight centuries, is in my possession. It was made in the year 1816 by the Rev. Percival Frye, at that time Rector of Dinsdale. Amid its numerous stags-horns the tree still evinces a tenacity of life, and here and there puts forth leaves, "frosty but kindly." Mr. Frye has placed beneath his sketch the quotation, Georg. ii. 293, &c.

——— non hiemes illam, non flabra, neque imbres
Convellunt, immota manet, multosque nepotes,
Multa virûm volvens durando sæcula, vincit;

but winters, and winds, and rains, are not the only agents of destruction. "The little church, standing lonely on its level green," of which Mr. Surtees speaks so feelingly above, "which had survived the halls of its ancient patrons," has been removed because, by no fault of its own, it stood in the front of a newly-erected mansion-house, and the various old monuments in brass or stone in commemoration of its lords, which it contained within its walls, have disappeared. Thus has been desecrated and converted to common and profane uses that holy place, in which had been offered up to the Throne of Grace from generation to generation the prayers and praises of a pious people, in which had been administered for centuries the blessed sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ, in which the children of this little district had been suffered to come to their Saviour by the regenerating laver of baptism, in which had been plighted the marriage vow, and which had received into its protecting bosom the remains of the dead, the seeds of immortality. What a strange fatality attaches itself to the house of Conyers! The name is gone, and so are its memorials. The effigy of "the Knight that killed the Worm," of which a beautiful engraving may be seen in Surtees, vol. iii. pl. vi., reposes, it is said, as an ornament in the new mansion-house; fragments of two Saxon, or early Norman, grave-stones, rich with interlacements, decorate its doorway. Portions of the sacred fabric, the very fragments of a shell, have been permitted to remain, probably to perform the part of a ruin; but, as Dr. Johnson has well said of certain architectural remains at St. Andrew's in Scotland, "the ruins cannot long be visible unless some care be taken to preserve them, and where is the pleasure of preserving such mournful memorials?" It may be true that a new church has been built, with this alleged plea in its favour, that, it stands in a more populous part of the little parish; but, to say nothing of the act of demolition as far as decency or a right feeling are concerned, centuries may elapse before a fabric erected in exchange, at spared by the axe, and whose bulk and indurated bark have protected it from other injury, seems alone to connect the deserted spot with some recollection of its ancient owners."*

* History, vol. iii. p. 245-6.

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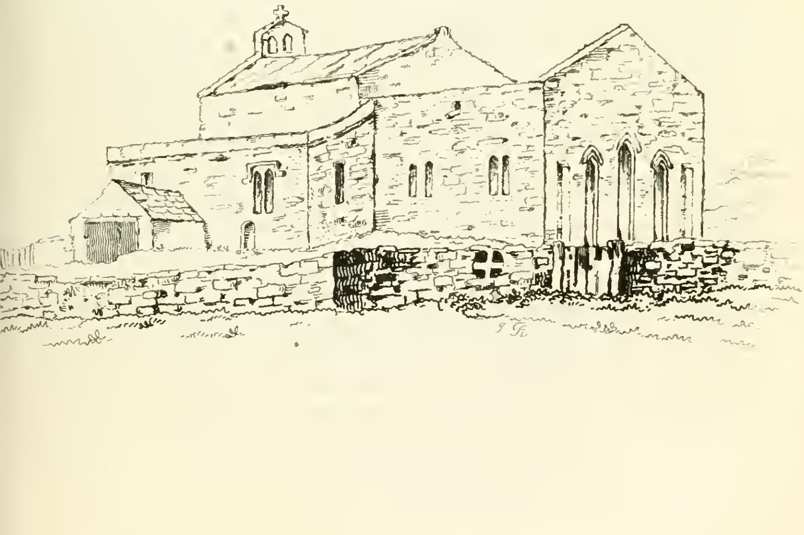
whatever cost, or however ecclesiastical in its character, can acquire that affectionate regard, or inspire that holy veneration which are inseparable, in rightly constituted minds, from a sacred and time-worn edifice, the date of which may be coæval with the earliest planting of Christianity in its district, and which has become the more amiable and venerable in proportion as its history is involved in darkness, and no record is preserved, no name, of the good and pious man by whose devout hands its first stone was placed in the ground. In the new church a suitable display of taste and munificence might naturally have been expected, under all the circumstances of the case, but unfortunately there is no manifestation of either. It is nothing more than a plain oblong building, with round-headed windows, and a sort of dinner-bell niche on its western gable. Already certain shrinks are beginning to manifest themselves in its walls, affording no indistinct intimation that it was not built for posterity. The Tees can tell of three other churches which once hallowed its southern bank in its course to the sea, and which are now in a state of desecration. In each single instance the name of the former owner of the soil is utterly gone.

The annexed etching of the church of Sockburn, by the Editor, in the year 1816



The correspondence with Scott was renewed at the close of 1810.

R. SURTEES, ESQ. TO W. SCOTT, ESQ.

"*Mainsforth, Dec.* 31, 1810.

"Dear Sir,—The new year is a very usual season for troubling one's friends. Besides a great authority, and which ought to carry weight, has said, it was always a trick of the English, if they had a good thing, to use it out. Do, good Sun, shine once more, and make all your contemporaries look like gilt two-pences. You have never attended to my request in prose, and therefore, on the other side, you will find an incantation to induce you to write *La très piteuse et delectable histoire du preux et errant Chevalier, Charles Stuart.*

"Though the above is a subject which I can never get of my head, I should not, however, have troubled you just now when I had nothing else to communicate, but that I accidentally heard your friend Weber was about publishing some old Romances,* (a subject to which you once alluded before,) and, not knowing whether he publishes by subscription or otherwise, to offer myself as one of his number in any way he chooses.

"I also wish you could tell me whether I can get editions of Godscroft and of Pitscottie, or either, short of a black-letter amateur's price; for, if they are of that sort of rarity, I must wait republication. Thirdly, if you can point out (without much trouble) any considerable authorities for St. Cuthbert's standard being at the battle of Cowton with Archbishop Thurstan, I shall

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(his first attempt with the needle), from a drawing by Mr. Frye, may not be without its value, *in memoriam.* It is, perhaps, the only representation of the fabric which has been preserved, and, if it has no other pretensions, its accuracy may be relied upon. When the sketch was made there was built up in the churchyard wall a Cross, which may be seen in the etching. The wall is now entirely removed, and the cross, of the early wheel character, has been thrown into the chancel. A slight paling constitutes the only line of demarcation between the churchyard and the pasture by which it is surrounded. Mr. Surtees speaks of "the church standing lonely on its level green." At the time his description was written this was literally the case. There was no building near it save a cottage at a short distance, and there was no tree save the old chestnut.

There is a beautiful View of the Vale of Sockburn, with its old church in the background, in Mr. Surtees's history.—Ed.

* Tales and Popular Romances, 1812, 4 vols. 8vo.—Ed.

feel much obliged, at your leisure, for the information. Our monkish writers say the battle was fought in the territory of St. Cuthbert. But, though they expressly enumerate St. Wilfred, St. John, St. Peter, they omit St. Cuthbert; and they were not usually backward in hymning his victories over the Scots.

> ——— For be it known
> That their Saint's honour is their own.

I wish finally to settle this part of Palatine History, at which I am now working at intervals—for my case is different from yours; and if I am consumed by rust, instead of being worn out by perpetual motion, the loss will be trifling. I fancy, should you ever think seriously of Prince Charles, your most awkward personage will be that lumbering log of the House of Brunswick, the D—— of Cumberland. I should cut him very short, and take up the thread after the battle of Culloden, when horror covered all the heath.

"You will have seen in Evans's re-publication, Ritson's 'The Oak, the Ash, and the Ivy Tree.'"

The verses mentioned in this letter were that beautiful invocation to Scott on his having, at the conclusion of the "Lady of the Lake," bid farewell to the "Harp of the North." They were at Scott's request (as will be seen in his next letter,) published in the "Edinburgh Annual Register for 1810;" and as they then underwent the final revision of the author, they are here printed from that copy.

"And shall the minstrel harp in silence rest
  By silver Tweed, or Yarrow hung with flowers;
Or where, reflected on Loch Katrine's breast,
  High o'er the pine-clad hills Benledi towers;
Save when the blast that sweeps the mountain crest
  Wakes the wild chorus of Æolian song,
Save when at twilight grey the dewy west
  Strays with soft touch the trembling chords among;
Whilst, as the notes with wayward cadence rise,
Some love-lorn maniac's plaint seems swelling to the skies?

Thrice has she flung her witch-notes on the gale,
  Swept by the master of the mighty mood,
And thrice has raptured Echo caught the tale
  From hill, from dell, from tower, and haunted wood;
And if for aye the magic numbers fail,
  With them shall Fancy quit the Woodlands sear?

And every Genius, wreathed with primrose pale,
From his wan brow the wither'd chaplet tear?
Hark! fairy shrieks are heard in every glade;
And Scotland's wild-rose bowers and glens of hawthorn fade!

Yet once again the magic lyre shall ring;
An exiled prince demands the lofty strain,
And Scotland's falchion drawn to fence her king,
And clans embattled on their native plain;
The Stuart's heir demands his father's reign,
And Highland loyalty, with dauntless truth,
Welcomes the wanderer from the lonely main,
And to her bleeding bosom clasps the youth.
The warning sprite was heard on lake and hill,
And thrice the bittern shriek'd, and Echo clamour'd shrill.

Lives there the man, to party rage a prey,
Can blame the noble,—blame the generous part?
Can bid cold Interest o'er the passions sway,
And freeze the life-blood streaming from the heart?
Far be from such my hand, my heart, away.
Though all mistaken be the clansman's creed,
Yet sure, where kindred fealty led the way,
Bright was the path, and gallant was the deed!
The Chieftain calls! with shouts the Clan reply,
Nor heed the low'ring storm that veils the southern sky.

Wild music peals! the clansman grasps his glaive,
And Gladesmuir owns that falchion's deadly sway.
Hide, hapless Albyn, hide fair Honour's grave;
And deepest horrors shroud Drummossie's day!
And bid thy broadest darkest forest's wave
Conceal his mountain path, his lowly bed;
And bid each mist-clad hill, each dropping eave,
Shed "dews and wild flowers" on the wanderer's head!
Ah! bathe in drops of balm his fever'd brain;
Ah! hide the murder'd friend,—the ghastly spectre train!

W. SCOTT, ESQ. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"My dear Surtees,—If I were not the most ungrateful creature on earth, I should have jogged your memory long ago, only I really had some salve for my conscience by supposing you were in my debt; but, not to waste further time in trifling apologies, I proceed to business methodically.

"Ten thousand thanks for the beautiful invocation. Will you permit it, for my honour and glory, as well as your own, to see the light in the 'Edinburgh Annual Register,' which we are trying, with good success, to make a crack thing of? The verses will be very much admired here; and they speak flattery to too many of my prejudices for me (if it rested with me) to suffer them to remain entombed in manuscript. You must grant me this; and you would grant it, if you knew it is a request which I should not make to many people, where my own useless name was concerned. But I should like to be pricked on to say something about poor Charley.

"My friend Weber does not publish by subscription; but perhaps he may have a copy of the Romances to dispose of: I will learn before this letter goes off.

"I can fortunately send you a neat edition of Godscroft *ex dono*. It now rarely occurs; and, as I have the original folio edition, it does not in any way rob my shelves. There is, as far as I can judge, no difference, except in rarity, between the editions 1644 and 1743. I think I can pick up a Pitscottie for about ten, or at most fifteen shillings: it used to sell (the last edition) for four or five. It was miserably edited from a manuscript in our library, and cruelly modernised. When you want any nice quotation, you shall have it *ex fonte*, if you will let me know.

"As to Saint Cuthbert, I must have a little time to look after my authorities. Ritson always insisted that Bishop Thurstan was *not* at the battle, but lying sick at York, while it was fought. I will endeavour to detect his authority. The great historian of the war, as you doubtless well know, is Ailred *de Bello Standardi*. I always thought it an unkind trick of St. Cuthbert to bestir himself so lustily against his countrymen; and I shall be rejoiced to find he was incapable of it. There is a rude draught of the Standard in Ailred (apud Twisden), but that you have of course consulted. After all, I shall not be at all surprised to find, that the passage in 'Marmion' has been hastily expressed, from some general recollection of the story connected with the place where the battle was fought. I am delighted to hear that you are advancing with the County History, from which I expect great pleasure.

"I have been giving the Register aforesaid a few words descriptive of a small MS. book of poems in my possession, written out very neatly, in obedience to Mrs. Tomkin's commands, by the author, Pat. Carey, in 1651. The poems are amatory, religious, and political, and really far from wanting merit. Have you ever heard of such a person? There is a shield in the title-page, with a *cross anchorée*, or, as I think the English heralds call it, a cross moline. Beneath the motto *(tant que je puis,)* is a red rose, and a date of time and place, Warnefurd, 1651.*

"To interest you in my friend Patrick Carey, you are to understand that [he] was a suffering loyalist, a gallant cavalier; in short, a second Colonel Lovelace. So perhaps your knowledge of heraldry can help me to a probable guess at his family. There is no colouring on the shield.

"I wish we could get up a few anecdotes of poor Ritson, for I saw some that were intended for publication, neither very ample nor correct; and a fellow called . . . . *uck* has † published an unfeeling account of the last melancholy scenes of the poor antiquary's life.

"I send Godscroft, by this day's mail, to be left at Rushyford. I hope you duly receive Somers. The fourth volume my friend Jo. Ballantyne says was duly forwarded by the mail, but they are sometimes incorrect in delivering parcels on the road. Mrs. Scott joins in kind remembrances, and all good new-year wishes to Mrs. Surtees. Do you never think of making our Northern Athens a visit during this bleak season? we should be rejoiced to see you.

"Your truly obliged,

"W. SCOTT.

"*Edinburgh, 7th January,* 1811.

"I find Mr. Weber has no copies of the Romances for himself. Pray what has become of your pensioner,‡ for whom I subscribed; and how shall I pay the money?"

The following letter is peculiarly interesting, from exhibiting the modest form in which the magnificent pile of Abbotsford first presented itself to the imagination of the poet; and which he afterwards (12th November, 1816,) calls "the least of all possible houses,

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* These Poems were printed by Sir Walter Scott, in 1819.

† Torn off with the seal.

‡ Sir Thomas Conyers, the decayed baronet above mentioned.—ED.

> 'Parva motu primo; mox sese attollit in auras,
> Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.' "

W. SCOTT, ESQ. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"My dear Surtees,—Your query about the old ballad reminds me what an idle correspondent I have been with a friend to whom I owe so much. I have not either right or inclination to object to what Mr. Bell,* of Newcastle, proposes. An old ballad is, I apprehend, common property, and cannot be appropriated exclusively even by the person who first brings it before the public; and at any rate, if I had any right in the matter, it could be only through you to whom I owe the song, with many other favours. In about a fortnight I shall send the seventh volume of Somers, which I hope will reach you safe. I shall add a flimsy sort of pamphlet, published (or printed, I should say, for it is not *published)* by a lady of your country, now residing here.† It is a genealogical memoir of the family of Ogle; but far too general, and too little supported by dates and references, to be interesting. It might be called from the name of the fair—'Prideaux's Connections.' I hope, likewise, to add a poem called 'Catalonia,' written by a gentleman who is now on Sir Edward Pellew's station, and a man of talent and information; it is chiefly valuable for the notes, which contain some curious notices on the present state and temper of the Spanish nation, formed upon the best opportunities of information.

"You will naturally expect that I should send you some news of my present avocations; since to plead I have been doing nothing, would make my debt to you a very deep and black one. You will, therefore, please to be informed, that I have been very busy improving a small farm of about 110 acres, upon the Tweed, near Melrose, where I intend to build a cottage. Meanwhile I am setting trees with all my might; for, to say truth, the beauties of my residence (excepting that it lies along a fine reach of Tweed) are rather in *posse* than in *esse*. Moreover, I have been building flood-dykes with all my might and main; and Tweed has been assailing them with all his, and has very nearly proved the better champion, the water having come within nine inches of the top of my barrier, during a flood which is almost unexampled. These circumstances, which have hitherto interfered with my literary labours or amusements, are now like to impel me toward them: for if I build I must have money, and I know none will give me any but the booksellers; so I must get up into my wheel, like a turnspit, or lose the pleasant prospect of placing roast mutton before you at Abbotsford. I think of laying my scene near Barnard Castle,* where there is some beautiful scenery, with which I am pretty well acquainted. If you can point out to me any romantic or picturesque incident of the period not generally known, you will greatly oblige me. You know that my stories are like a pleasure-walk, and can easily be turned aside, so as to embrace a fine point of view, or lead to a wild dell.

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* Mr. John Bell, a bookseller on the Quay-side in Newcastle, the publisher of a curious and valuable little volume, entitled "Rhymes of Northern Bards," 12mo. 1812. The song above alluded to is probably one of the many which he reprinted from Scott's "Minstrelsy of the Scotish Border."—Ed.

† This genealogical lady is believed to have been the late Mrs. Prideaux, who was related by marriage to Sir Chaloner Ogle.—Ed.

"I should like very well your proposal of a fourth volume of the Minstrelsy; but the Jacobite tunes have been published and re-published so often, that I doubt being able to produce articles of much novelty.

"Mrs. Scott begs kind compliments to Mrs. Surtees. Why will you not take a few weeks of our metropolis, during the severity of the winter? I think you would be amused, as well as Mrs. S. I don't deserve to hear from you soon; but when you can tell me of your literary employments, the history of the county, &c. it will greatly refresh,

"Dear Sir, yours most truly,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"*Edinburgh, Dec.* 10."

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* Rokeby, the name given to the Poem.—ED.

R. SURTEES, ESQ. TO W. SCOTT, ESQ.

"*Mainsforth, Dec.* 14, 1811.

"Dear Sir,—To hear from you, or of you, gives my constitution the most agreeable fillip possible; but when I have nothing worth your attention to say I am afraid of intruding on your time, which, to say nothing of fighting with river-gods, is, from visible effects, so fully occupied, *in publica commoda peccem, si longo sermone morer tua tempora, Scotte!* The Tweed is a vile scoundrel to think of opposing you; and you are perfectly justified in bestowing some share of your favours on the Tees. I am probably less acquainted than yourself with that beautiful district: I have twice in a cursory way seen Rokeby, which always strikes me (with its appendages, the Abbey and Abbey-bridge,) as the finest *natural* place of the North; and I know the river no higher than Lartington, three miles above Barnard Castle. You are aware Richard III. who (on Edward the Fourth's death) was attended to London by a troop of northern men, 'marvellously ill-favor'd,' lay much at Barnard Castle, where his cognizance, the boar, is still visible on a house in Thorngate-street.* I have somewhere seen an account, and can probably find it again, of one of the Baliols trepanning a Bishop of Durham in an ambush, and procuring from him some immunities, which were afterwards rescinded, as being obtained *vi et armis.*†

"I am toiling literally through thick clay, on the opposite and far less interesting side of the county, on the eastern coast, where, except the beautiful deans, which descend by the course of every little stream to the sea, the traveller may go from Dan to Beersheba, and cry—the land is barren. I am sometimes ready to exclaim:—

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* And in the castle itself, upon the soffit of a flat-headed bow window overlooking the Tees. For an engraving of the latter see Surtees' Hist. iv. p. 91.—Ed.

† See my Account of Auckland Castle, p. 13. The sum of the story is this.—Some of Baliol's men had broken into the church of Longnewton, and had been, in consequence, excommunicated and imprisoned by the Bishop. Baliol retaliated, came upon the Bishop in a wood, took from him four of his attendants, and put them in durance in his castle of Barnard. The excommunication of Baliol himself soon followed, and, before he could be reconciled, he submitted to a personal castigation from the Bishop himself in the way of penance, and bound himself to make provision for a certain number of scholars in the University of Oxford. Hence Baliol College.—Ed.

> Hence, loathed, dull Topography,
> To Tom à Hearne, whom Matron Alma bore,
> By Cherwell's sedgy shore;
> Hence! and seek out some Abbey's mouldering pile,
> And, 'midst each cloister dim and long-drawn aisle,
> With tatter'd 'scutcheons hung and banners dreary,
> Some mis-spelt name or uncouth form explore,
> With plodding pains, and dulness—never weary.
>
> But hail! thou goddess, fair and free,
> Romance, if right I title thee.
> Thee to Chivalry of yore
> The bright-ey'd goddess Fancy bore,
> What time o'er Spain's devoted land
> The Moslem led his iron band,
> And, to avenge Florinda's shame,
> The Gothic empire sunk in flame;
> Or if—but half the child of earth—
> Within some palmy Syrian bower,
> A blooming Peri gave thee birth
> To some enamour'd Troubadour—

But be the Lady of whatever origin,—and the point seems open to dispute,—I always adore her. But she pleases me most in her Caledonian hunting-dress,—

> 'Trick'd and frounc'd, God wot!
> As she would hunt with Walter Scott.'

I shall be glad to see you and said Lady take the field again in any part of Christendom.

"That very Vision of Don Roderic was one of the first stories that ever captivated my imagination,—and glad I was to see my old acquaintance turn to such good account. I suppose by this time the painters have got the King and Priest in the Confessional, embodied both in oil and water-colour,—but they cannot touch your landscape, nor follow the war-sounds to Asturian hills. This Don Roderic has set me upon reading the 'Guerras Civiles de Granada,' of which I have got a mighty neat edition; and have lately, at by-times, put a few of the ballads into slipshod verse; one of which, having nothing better to add, I send you:—

Wounded by the valiant Master,
  Noble Albayaldos lies;
From three mortal gashes streaming,
  Fast the vital current flies!

Faint, beneath yon pine reclining,
  Whilst rude pangs his bosom tear,
Scarce his languid eyes upraising,
  Thus to heaven he pours his prayer:
'Blessed Jesus,—sweet Redeemer,—
  King of majesty and power!
Sainted Mary, queen of glory,
  Help me in this dreadful hour!

'Valiant Muza, the last office
  Friendship can perform be thine;
Lay my reliques, cold and breathless,
  Underneath this verdant pine.

'When thou seest the King Boabdil,
  Tell him how my fate I bore;
That I hop'd in Heaven's high mercy,
  And the Alcoran forswore.'

'Rest thee, noble Albayaldos,
  Here shall be thy peaceful grave;
The green turf shall press thy bosom,
  O'er thy head the green-wood wave.

'Oft beneath the murm'ring pine-tree,
  Where thy cold remains are laid,
Shall wild Muza's plaintive music
  Soothe to rest thy parted shade.'

"But for this answer of Muza there is no authority in the original, and *è contra* the dying man's prayers to the Virgin and all the company of Heaven are much longer.

"I wish to know what sort of a book 'Northern Antiquities,' in 4to. Ballantyne's Catalogue, is to prove, as I am much attached to these Scandinavian matters. I know not what envious magician betwixt Edinburgh and Rushyford robs me of half your bounty. You speak of the seventh volume, and I never yet saw the sixth volume of Somers, nor the fourth;—but have two volumes, one of which is lodged at G. Andrews', Ballantyne's Durham correspondent, to be exchanged, as I have twice written to John Ballantyne, who cares for none of these things. Sadler, Pandamon, &c. went the same way: it is really *maximè deflend.*

I believe the best way is for Ballantyne to send anything to G. Andrews with his own books, which he will then inquire for, if they wander.

"If I can find anything romantic, superstitious, or diabolical, relative to Barnard Castle, you shall hear again; but I am loth to trouble you with nothing but my own nonsense, generated amidst the muddy chaos of a County History. And note, that I beforehand—and I tell it you once for all—claim the privilege of an author in folio—to be dull by prescription. Would that you would set forth a collection of ghosts and apparitions, with a laudable preface for the putting down of atheism and irreligion.

"Yours, most sincerely,

"R. SURTEES."

W. SCOTT, ESQ. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"Many thanks, my dear Sir, for your friendly communications, which are always both useful and entertaining. Ballantyne sends you by my order a copy of Gawain Douglas, which is clean and fair, but very indifferently half-bound, price 1*l.* 15*s.* which is not now much out of the way: a very good copy fetches 2*l.* 5*s.* and upwards; and this, if carefully re-bound, will look just as well. If you don't like it, however, you are to return it through your Durham bookseller, Andrews, who is here just now, and is to take charge of it. So much for the Prelate of Dunkeld.

"I will be much flattered by the appearance of your beautiful verses in the Register, and shall take measures accordingly. I understand by a letter from Park, that he is about to re-publish some of Ritson's Works (the Popular Songs, I believe,) on an extended plan. Do you know anything of such an undertaking?

"With respect to the ship belonging to the Armada, sunk in the Sound of Mull, which James Duke of York seems to dispute with the Earl of Argyle, I observe that divers were actually set to work upon her, as we learn from Sacheverel's voyage to Icolmkill,* in 1688, as well as from tradition. The fishers shewed me the place where she lay, in the Bay of Tobermory, and said that there had been a good deal of treasures and some brass cannon got out of the wreck. Sacheverel mentions having seen the divers sinking threescore feet under water, continuing there an hour, and returning loaded, whether with plate or money, the spoils of the ocean. I conceive the *colourable* pretext set up by the Earl of Argyle was, that, the wreck having taken place before the Union of the Crowns, he, as hereditary Admiral of Scotland, had acquired in the vessel a *jus quæsitum,* as the civilians say, not defeasible by the paramount right of the Duke of York, as Admiral of England and Scotland, which did not exist till afterwards. And truly I think his claim was the stronger of the two, though, for the time, his means of supporting it were weaker. It always entertains me very much when I can observe how these scantlings of information, which such old-fashioned puddling antiquaries as you and I dig up, come by degrees to bear on each other.*

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* The author's name was Sackeverille. An Account of the Isle of Man, &c. 1702, including a Voyage to I-Columb-Kill in the year 1688.—ED.

"As for Anthony Beck, your warlike Archbishop, who, the devil take him, was a main agent at the unfortunate battle of Falkirk, he rather lies out of my immediate field. I should be interested in anything that occurs about him, however.

"A Northumberland gentleman called Ellis,† proprietor of the lands and castle of Otterbourne, has sent me some curious notices, chiefly local, on the subject of that celebrated engagement. He says, that his house is partly composed of the walls of the old tower which Douglas was beleaguing when Percy came upon him. Pray do you know anything of this gentleman? He writes like a person that takes some interest in past times. We shall, I hope, meet this autumn, as I have thoughts of being in the north of England, and certainly not without visiting Mainsforth. The cottage upon my own little farm is so very small, that I believe I shall be driven to be a rambler from mere want of room at home.

"This whole country is still under deep snow. If the thaw be followed by wet weather, the Lord have mercy on the crops! Of thaw, however, there seems to be no sudden prospect, for it snows at this moment as hard as ever.

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* What an appropriate motto would this last sentence form for the publications of the Surtees Society!

† See Hodgson's Northumberland, vol. i. part ii. p. 115.—Ed.

"I have not yet got the seventh volume of Somers, either for you or myself. By a very absurd arrangement they were first sent to London.

"Believe me, with respects to Mrs. Surtees,

"Ever yours most truly,

"W. Scott.

"*Edinburgh*, 1*st March*." [1812—*by Postmark*,
which also is 1*st of April*.]

"*Mainsforth*, *April* 20*th*, 1812.

"Dear Sir,—You may possibly some time find a place to preserve the following Catalogue of English Border Towers and Peels, which I have found appended to a copy of St. George's Visitation of Northumberland, 1615. It certainly more than proves Peter Heylin's assertion: that, on account of the bad neighbourhood, Northumberland had almost as many castles for defence, as parish churches for the service of God; there being, he adds, but twenty-six of the one, and forty-six of the other. I have had it some time, but wanted a little resolution to transcribe it. I have a paper or two of the same sort, a Catalogue rather more *raisonnée* of North Border clans, *tempore* Elizabeth, which I shall send when I can lay hands on them.

"Yours sincerely,

"R. S.

* "Nomina Castrorum et Fortaliciorum infra Comitatum Northumbriæ.

(*MS. penes R. S. in Coll. Armor. duplex.*)

Castrum de Novo Castro super Tynam .	Domini Regis.
—— de Tynmouth .	Prioris de Tynmouth.

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* The whole of this list is printed in Hodgson's Northumberland, vol. v. part i. p. 26, from Mr. Surtees's manuscript.

Castrum de Ogyll	Roberti Ogill, Chivaler.
—— de Morpeth	Baronis de Greystocke.
—— de Mitforth	Henrici Percy de Atholl.
—— de Warkworth	Comitis Northumbriæ.
—— *f* de Alnewyke	
—— de Horton juxta Mare	Heredes W. Wychester.
—— de Eshete	Domini Johannis Heroun, Chivaler.
—— de Dunstanburghe	Domini Ducis Lancastriæ.
—— de Bamburghe	Domini Regis.
—— Villæ Berwici	
—— de Twysill	Johannis Heroun, Chivaler.
—— de Heton	Thomæ Grey de eodem.
—— de Norham	Episcopi Dunelm.
—— *f* de Werke super Twedam	Thomæ Grey, Chivaler.
—— de Furde	Willielmi Heroun, Chivaler.
—— de Ethale	Roberti Maners.
—— de Chevelingham	Heredes Alani Heton, Chivaler.
—— de Edlyngham	Edmundi Hastynges, Chivaler.
—— *f* de Kaloule veteri	Johannis Claveringe, Chivaler.
—— de Harbotell	Roberti Umfravile, Chivaler.
—— de Aydon	Roberti Raymese * et Radulphi Gray.
—— de Langle	Comitis Northumbriæ.
—— de Thirlwall	Raulandi de Thirwall.
—— de Blenkinsope	Johannis de Blenkinsope.
—— de Prudhow	Domini Johannis Ducis Bedfordiæ.
—— de Horton in Glendale.	Thomæ Grey, Chivaler.

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* In Mr. Hudson Turner's Account of the Domestic Architecture of England, Aydon Castle occupies, as it deserves, a prominent place; but with respect to the name of Raymese above, Mr. Turner, p. 147 and 149, has made a mistake in supposing it synonymous with Ramsay. The two names have no connection with each other. The great merit of Mr. Turner's book is not diminished by such trifling mistakes as this; but they should be pointed out, in order that they may be corrected in future editions, many of which will most certainly be called for.—Ed.

Castrum de Swynburne	Johannis Woderington, Chivaler.
—— de Hauhgton in Tyndale	
—— de Swewyngheles	Roberti Ogyll, Chivaler.
—— de Rokesburgh	Domini Regis.
—— de Bothale	Johannis Berterham, Chivaler.
—— de Belfurth	Domini de Darcy.
—— de Dichante	Ricardi de Lilburn.
—— de Shawden	Thomæ Lilburn.
—— *f* de Kappehetun	Willelmi Swynburne, Chivaler.

Numerus 37.

NOMINA FORTALICIORUM INFRA COMITATUM NORTHUMBRIÆ.

Turris de Whitle juxta Tynmouth	Prioris de Tynmouth.
—— de Sighale *	Willelmi de la Vaile.
—— de Seton de la Vale *	Willelmi Wychester, Chivaler.
—— de Kirklawe	Willelmi Eure, Chivaler.
Fortalicium de Harnhamhall	Roberti Swynburne.
—— de Shortflatte	Roberti Ramese.
Turris de Meldon	Nicholai Heroun.
—— de Walyngton	Willelmi Strothir.
—— de Northmydilton	Roberti Ogyll, Chivaler.
—— de Witton juxta Aquam	Rogeri Thornton.
—— de West Herle	Johannis Herle.
—— de Babyngton	Roberti Langwathe.
—— de Stranton	Johannis Corbett.
—— de Howyke	Emerici Herringe.
—— de Preston	Roberti Herbotille.
—— de Hoppyn	Roberti Hoppyn.
—— de Edyrston	Thomæ Forester (Forster).
—— de Thomæ Bradfurth in Elwyke	Thomæ Bradforth.
—— de Thomæ de Elwyke in eadem	Thomæ de Elwyke.

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* *Quære*, If these two owners are not transposed?

Turris de Lowyke	Domini de Darcy.
—— de Barmore	Johannis Preston.
—— de Holburn	
f —— de Hagarston	Thomæ Hagerston.
—— de Roberti Maners in Beryngton	Roberti Maners.
—— de Skremerston	Johannis Swinhowe.
—— de Cornhill	Willelmi Swinhowe.
—— de Langton in Glendale	Henrici Strothir.
—— de Hethepulle	Roberti Maners.
f —— de Ildirton	Thomæ de Ildirton.
—— de Krawlawe	Johannis Heroun, Chivaler.
—— de Whytyngham	Willelmi Heroun.
—— de Newton juxta Edlyngham	Johannis Barker.
—— de Esslyngton	Thomæ de Hesilrige.
—— de Alneham	Comitis Northumbriæ.
—— de Tirwhite inferiori	Hugonis Galon.
—— de Cartynton	Johannis Cartyngton.
—— de Thropton	Willelmi Greene.
—— de Whitton juxta Rothebury	Rectoris ejusdem (*i. e.* of Rothbury).
Fortalicium de Flotwayton	Roberti Ogill, Chivaler.
Turris de Hoppale	
—— de Thernham	Roberti Horsley.
—— de Ottirburne	Roberti Umfravile, Chivaler.
—— de Trowhen	Willelmi Butecom.
—— de Chipchesse	Alexandri Heroun.
—— de Werke in Tyndale	Thomæ Grey, Chivaler.
—— de Symondburn	Willelmi Heroun, Chivaler.
—— de Hawtwysil	
—— de Denton juxta Hawtwysill	
—— de Hexham	Archiepiscopi Eborac.
f —— de Bewfront	Johannis Heryngton (Errington).
—— de Halton	Willelmi Carnaby.

	Turris de Corbrigge	Vicarii ejusdem.
	—— de Fenwyke	Henrici Fenwyke.
	—— de Stamwordham	Vicarii ejusdem.
f	—— de Belsowe	Johannis Mydilton, Chivaler.
	—— de Nesbette in Glendale	Thomæ Gray, Chivaler.
	—— de Newsted	Roberti de Ogill, Chivaler.

Quæ sequuntur aliquanto postea scriptæ fuerunt.

	Turris de Bukton	Willelmi Atkynson.
	—— de Schilbotill	Ducis Bedford.
	—— de Chatton	Vicarii ejusdem.
	—— in eadem	Roberti Forster.
	—— de Lematon	Willelmi Bednell.
f	—— de Bydilsdan	Johannis Selby.
	—— de Ellysden	Rectoris ejusdem.
	—— de Wodrynton	Johannis Wodryngton, Chivaler.
	—— de Whytfeld	Mathei Whytfeld, Chivaler.
	—— de Bamburgh	Magistri ejusdem.
	—— de Myddilton juxta Mare	Willelmi Muschamp.
	—— de Newland juxta Belforth	
	—— de Witteslade juxta Mare	
	—— de Ponteland	Vicarii ejusdem.
	—— de Coketeland	Prioris de Tynemouth.
	—— de Newton in Glendale	Thomæ Strother.
	—— de Lilborn	Johannis Carr.
f	—— de Kilay	David Gray.
	—— de Fenton	Radulfi Gray, Chivaler.
	—— de Emyldon	Vicarii ejusdem.
f	—— de Craister	Edmundi Cracester.

"N.B. This list omits several towers and peels:—Fetherstonhaugh, Bellister in the Brooms, Willimoteswick, Fowbery, Staward Peel, Cockle-park Tower, &c.

"The date may be easily fixed to the reign of Henry VI. by several circumstances; particularly by the introduction of John Duke of Bedford, as proprietor of several castles; and the account was certainly also taken before Robert Ogle, Chivaler, was created a Peer. I have noted with an *f* the few families whose paternal seats still remain unchanged; but the families of Whitfield of Whitfield, Thirlwall of Thirlwall, Blenkinsop, and Thornton, have all become extinct, or fallen to heirs general within the memory of living men. The fate of Forster of Ederston, and Widdrington, in 1715, is well known; and Fenwick of Wallington fell a little before. Amongst all these changes, it happens, and a very singular instance it is, that Mitford has regained his old inheritance, and is again of that ilk,—a privilege now, I think, confined within Northumberland to himself. Ilderton, Craster, and Roddam, *f* Clavering of Kaloule (Callaley), the direct male heir of the old Barons Clavering, Middleton of Belsay, Haggerston of Haggerston, Ilderton of Ilderton, Craster of Craster, Selby of Bittlesden, Grey of Kyloe, Delaval of Seaton Delavale, and add, the noble families of Percy and Grey, are represented through heirs general (possessed of the family estates); the two latter by Smithson, now Percy, and Bennet.—['Border Minstrelsy.']—*The Great Earl of Whitfield*, with whom Hobbie-Noble was no favourite, is certainly the personage I before supposed him, viz. Whitfield of Whitfield; a powerful Northumbrian family seated in the Border, who probably lived in sufficient splendour and rude majesty to impress the Borderer's imagination with an idea that they were English nobles: but, *ex inform. Rad. Spearman Armigeri de Eachwick, rei Antiquariæ peritissimi*, the ancient owners of Whitfield were generally styled Yearls, *i. e.* Earls; and, after the extinction of the elder line, Whitfield of Clargill was also styled so. His daughter and heiress, who married Dr. Graham, was called, within Mr. S.'s memory, *Countess of Clargill.*

"One of the last Whitfields ——— *, an Earl ——— *, viz. Math. Whitfield, Esq. who killed the last of the old breed of wild deer, after a day's chace. It was killed just before the old Hall, at South Dissington, where Mr. Spearman saw an old painting over the parlour-chimney, representing this exploit, and the family of Delaval coming out of the house in great form to salute the hunter.

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* MS. illegible.

"The above from Mr. Spearman's interleaved Hutchinson's Northumberland, which is a fund of genuine Border anecdotes.* Whitfield now belongs to William Ord, of Fenham, Esq. M.P.

"Mr. S. has much on Lord Derwentwater, &c. Mr. Charles Ratcliffe was frequently in England betwixt 1715 and 1745; when he was taken, there was great difficulty in identifying his person. Old Sir William Middleton of Belsay, though a staunch Presbyterian Whig, would not swear against him; but at last one Reed of Aydenbridge, who had been Charles R.'s schoolfellow, swore positively to his person from a scar on his forehead, which he saw him receive when they were boys going to school together, by a fall from his galloway. About the year 1774, *this old rascal* was thrown from his horse, near the very place where the former accident occurred. Mr. Errington, of Sandoe, (a papist,) and his Lady, took him into their carriage, and carried him home. He survived a short time, and died, it is said, under some other strange circumstances.

"When the Earl of D. found all was lost in Lancashire, he sent a trusty servant to Bywell, to bid 'Fenwick stay at home, and warn his remaining friends to be quiet.' The messenger found the house beset, unsaddled his horse, turned him loose into the fields, threw away the saddle, &c. and crept into the house, up the hedge-backs, &c. Sir William Blacket was in the rebellion, and saved his life by swimming the Tyne twice; a local knowledge his——[The remainder illegible.]

"P.S. I have sent the printers the best revise I could. Two stanzas had got transposed,I think.

"P.S. I think, at some time or other—if you really abandon all idea of an additional volume of Minstrelsy, it would be well to preserve 'Lord Derwentwater's Good-night,' which I think you have, as I believe no part of it has ever been printed. Exercise your discretion herein at a fit time; as I can scarcely cram it into my Durham Collections.

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* Mr. Spearman's name has been often mentioned. See the poem addressed to Mr. Bell by Mr. Surtees in the Appendix of Poetry.—Ed.

"I shall expect you here in summer or autumn. Remember we have house-room enough for all your family. I shall be at home the whole year, and shall scarce wander further than York or Carlisle, which seem to be my two boundaries."

In 1812 Mr. Surtees first became acquainted with the Rev. James Raine, and their congenial tastes and pursuits soon ripened the acquaintance into intimacy and friendship, which, continuing uninterrupted to the last, shed light and refreshment over their mutual labours.* This is pleasantly apparent in a familiar correspondence of two-and-twenty years, where the most playful humour is blended with profound research. Some letters beginning "Good Maistre Raine," or "Myster James Rayne," or "Mag^{r} Rayne," are excellent imitations of the style of different centuries;† whilst others perhaps reply to an epistle in the Drunken Barnaby style.

"Pluvialis Iācobe,
Docte, generose, probe!

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* I hope to be forgiven for placing upon record a few particulars of a personal nature relative to the commencement of my acquaintance with Mr. Surtees. My duties as second master of Durham School commenced with the year 1812. For two or three years previously, especially whilst at Richmond school, I had turned my attention to the history, monastic and parochial, of the North Riding of Yorkshire. This circumstance, and my settlement in Durham, having become known to Mr. Surtees, he requested Mr. George, formerly curate of Bishop Middleham, but then resident in Durham as a Minor Canon in the Cathedral, to make us acquainted with each other, and I well remember our introduction,—the commencement of an intimacy, to me, of the most cheering and consolatory kind in my laborious duties, to say nothing of advantages and facilities in my favourite pursuits, and I am vain enough to think not altogether unprofitable to Mr. Surtees. I was walking with Mr. George one wet and stormy day along the North Bailey when, upon turning a corner, my companion said in a whisper, "Here's Surtees," and the deed was done. "Pray, sir," said my new acquaintance, "don't leave the flags, I am shod for the weather;" and walk he would in the gutter, in spite of entreaty, in half melted sleet and water. After some little conversation on general subjects, I ventured to ask whether he had any information on a matter then engaging my attention. "I think I have," said he; "wait till Saturday, and you shall see." Saturday was his day of parcel-communication with Durham, by means of a butcher from Bishop Middleham. The day came, and along with it a closely written folio sheet, giving me the information I was anxious to obtain, and ten times more. I was then a beginner, and the minute and varied particulars which the sheet contained, all bearing upon my subject, were marvellous in my eyes. My first visit was paid to Mainsforth in the following December.—Ed.

† Many of these letters may be found in the Appendix.—Ed.

In quem, facio Affidavit,
Totus Barnabas migravit,
Inconcinnas grates fundo
Pro tuo carmine jucundo,
Quantitates nihil curo,
Versus aliunde furor,
Tum compono metro meo,
(Sine Dactylo vel Spondæo)
Titubanti—Barnabæo, &c."

Mr. Raine's first visit to Mainsforth was at Christmas 1812; and, having no clerical duties, he was afterwards in the habit of frequently spending Saturday and Sunday there, invigorating both mind and constitution, after his week's laborious tuition in Durham Grammar School.

This intimacy shortly afterwards produced another pleasant addition to Mr. Surtees' acquaintance. In the course of his researches, he had occasion to visit Richmond, where the master of the Grammar School was the Rev. James Tate,* who had long

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* Dear Raine,—I just write a line to beg that, if you can, you will take Mainsforth in your way back. My best respects to Mr. or Dr. Tate, for I know not if he be actually *Doctor*, or only *Doctus*, but I think he has a great deal of *Doctorability* about him. I direct to Richmond, as most likely to find you.

——— 17*th*, 1814. Yours, sincerely, R. Surtees.

MR. TATE TO THE EDITOR.

30*th Jan.* 1816.—"Both your letters were very welcome; the promise, and eke the performance, of amusement. Those light playful things from Mr. Surtees's pen, when partially recited by Mr. Sherwood and yourself, gave me a new idea of his powers; and his compliment, "Rubei montis præsens honos," quite gratifies my vanity. Mr. John and Mr. Timothy Hutton wish to *bespeak* copies of the *Durham*, as *subscribing* is out of the question."

"Commend me to Mr. Tate, whom I have ever honoured and admired, both for his own gallant character, and for his steady attachment to such an idle fellow as you are." R.S. to J.R., 22 Feb. 1822.

"We shall be most happy to receive the 'Honor of Richmond.' Let nothing prevent it, and do you attend. The Ferryhill gates shall be open and the road inspected, *ob nivem*."—R.S. to J.R. The visit here alluded to, took place in the first week of January 1824.

Mr. Taylor has upon more than one occasion in his Memoir availed himself of the casual mention of a name to give expression to his private and personal feelings. I hope to be forgiven for taking the same leave, and am thankful for the opportunity. For the memory of Mr. Tate I entertain the most profound and sincere respect. For nearly two years I enjoyed in his school, under the most favourable circumstances, facilities of education, for which I can never be sufficiently grateful, and for many a vindicated his title to high scholarship, by the distinction which his pupils had obtained in both Universities; and who, by his delightfully *con amore* edition of Horace, has recently proved, that the *otium cum dignitate,* which he now enjoys as Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, has not relaxed the energy of his Classical pursuits—"Jucundum utrumque per jocum ludumque fluitanti, ut flexerit cursum, laborem otio, otium labore variare."

Mr. Tate thus described, at their next subsequent meeting, to his friend Raine, his first interview with Surtees:—"One evening I was sitting alone (it was about nine o'clock in the middle of summer); there came a gentle tap at my door. I opened the door myself, and a gentleman said, with great modesty, 'Mr. Tate, I am Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth. James Raine begged I would call upon you.' 'The Master of Richmond School is delighted to see you,' said I; 'pray, walk in.' 'No, thank you, sir: I have ordered a bit of supper; perhaps you will walk up with me?' 'To be sure I will.' And away we went. As we went along, I quoted a line from the Odyssey.* What was my astonishment to hear from Mr. Surtees,—not the next, but line after line of the passage which I had touched upon. Said I to myself, 'Good Master Tate, take heed; it is not often you catch such a fellow as this at Richmond:'—I never spent such an evening in my life."

The gratification and the appreciation of character were mutual.

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long year afterwards, in fact during the whole of his subsequent most valuable life, it was my great happiness to be uniformly treated by him with the most affectionate kindness. Let it not, however, be imagined that in this happiness I was alone. *Testentur Richmondienses.*

After many a year of hard work in Richmond school, the most eminent success in the universities and elsewhere attending his scholars, Mr. Tate, when nearly worn out, was appointed, by the considerate kindness of Lord Grey, to the stall of a Residentiary in the cathedral of St. Paul's, where he spent the latter part of his painful, but most useful life, in comfort and ease. Mr. Tate received from his scholars, in his life-time, two testimonials of their gratitude and veneration, a valuable present of plate, and an elaborately painted portrait, which was afterwards engraved. Since his death they have built a new school-house in honour of his name. Why has no one of his pupils favoured the world with a Memoir of his Life, touching upon his profound learning, the playful simplicity of his manners, and the kindness of his heart?—Ed.

* Mr. Tate and the facetious Sidney Smith once travelled together for a short distance in a stage-coach. "I have fallen in," said the latter to a friend, "with a man 'dripping with Greek.'"

In a letter from Harrogate, 1st August, 1815, Surtees thus describes to his friend Raine their now common friend Tate:—

Doctus Tatius hic residet,
Ad Coronam,* prandet, ridet.
Spargit sales cum cachinno,
Lepido ore et concinno,
Ubique carus inter bonos,
Rubei Montis præsens honos.

And in the third volume of his History, (p. 119,) published in 1823, having occasion to mention Mr. Tate, he adds in a note,—"To whom I hereby tender my respects—to one of the best scholars,—and my affectionate regards to one of the best fellows I ever met with."

In 1815 Mr. Surtees suffered one of the greatest privations of his life, from the death of Miss Emma Robinson, the sister of Mrs. Surtees. Many tender memorials remain, not merely of recent grief, but of prolonged sorrow. She died in her 21st year, on the 16th of June; and it was probably on some return of that month that he says:—

But June is, for a reason dear,
The heaviest month in all the year!
And better suits with me
November's wild and howling blast,
That only raves of pleasures past,
And shakes the leafless tree.†

And again,‡ addressing Mr. Raine, he writes—

Amœnis spatior in hortis
Sæpe lacrymis obortis,
Nam præ oculis, quicquid ago,
Tristis vertitur imago.
Emma! nomen jam amarum,
Mœstum semper, semper charum!
Heu quàm subitâ procellâ
Mea periit puella!

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* "Hospitium Coronæ ymagine insignitum."

† For the remainder of this beautiful elegy upon Miss Emma Robinson, see the Appendix.—Ed.

‡ Mr. Taylor is here under a mistake. The lines "Amœnis spatior in hortis," &c. are part of the Barnabæan epistle from which he had previously made two extracts. The whole letter is printed in a perfect and consecutive state in the Appendix.—Ed.

Rosa velut matutina
Carpta vesperi pruinâ.
Heu decus fugax et inane
Vitæ umbratilis et vanæ!
Ergo cespes tegit illam,
Tenuem versam in favillam!
Et violas et rosam vernam
Dilectam sparsi super urnam.
Dis florem meum spoliavit,
Et genas pulvere fœdavit.
Vale, vale Iäcobe,
Docte sacerdos et probe!
Amicis felix et amore,
Sorte vivas lætiore!

In 1816 appeared the first volume of the History of the County Palatine of Durham; the second and third were published respectively in 1820 and 1823; in a style of paper and typography befitting such a work, and the liberal character of its author; for no one, who has been conversant with the detail of such publications, will doubt Mr. Surtees having anticipated considerable pecuniary loss; and though those anticipations were fully realized, if not exceeded, the natural generosity of the author was unrepressed; as we find, even from the correspondence which has happened to be preserved, that of those costly volumes, there were thirteen of the large paper copies, and seven of the smaller, distributed as presents. One of these instances was truly characteristic of Mr. Surtees' kindly and delicate feelings. It was the case of a gentleman (now no more), whose fortune had been deeply injured by the failure of a bank in which he was the leading partner; and the insertion here of his letter of acknowledgment will do equal honour to the donor and to the receiver of the present.

"*Green-street, Bishop-Wearmouth, 2d April*, 1818.

"My dear Sir,

"I hardly know how to express my feelings, on seeing the very handsome present made me of your History of Durham.

"Since my misfortunes, I had given up every idea of being in possession of so valuable a work; think then, what my feelings must have been on finding it presented to me by you.

"I shall ever hold it in high estimation; not only as to its real value, but as a proof of your feeling towards me. I was in hopes I might have seen you at Durham this last week, and could I have spared time, I would have walked to Mainsforth, and paid my compliments.

"I beg my best wishes and respects to Mrs. Surtees; and, wishing you every happiness,

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Your much obliged, and very faithful servant,

"JOHN GOODCHILD

"*Robert Surtees, Esq. Mainsforth.*"

The fourth volume,* though much advanced, was unhappily not completed, even in manuscript, at the time of the lamented Author's death. A mass of materials, however, though unarranged, remains for the completion of the work; and it is ardently to be hoped that the gentlemen of the district will not suffer that which their liberality had so much embellished, to remain as an unfinished monument to the honour of their county.

Besides the arrangement of the materials amassed, there will be required a visitation of those parts of Darlington Ward which remained personally unexplored by Mr. Surtees, where much time and labour must be bestowed on actual observation, in the transcription of documents, and in the collection of written and oral information.

Happily there is yet left to the county an individual to whom, and to whom alone, we can look for the satisfactory performance of such a task: the reader will already have anticipated the name of the Rev James Raine, who for many years was the intimate friend and valued coadjutor of Surtees; † and to whose erudite labours the public is indebted for the "History of North Durham," so interesting, and so necessary for the completion of the whole design. The perfecting of Mr. Surtees' plan is now all that is required: but Mr. Raine has family and professional claims upon him, which preclude the propriety of his time and talents being further employed, not only without remuneration, but with a certainty of loss. It remains, therefore, to be seen whether now will be neglected such an opportunity, as may never again recur to our Gentry, of consolidating and perpetuating to their posterity a record so honourable to their ancestors and themselves.

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* The fourth volume was published in 1840, in its imperfect state. With the exception of a few pages, for which copy was in the hand of the printers, the whole of it had been printed off under the superintendence of its Author. The Introductory Notice, and the descriptive enumeration of the Seals in each volume, were furnished by the ED.

† "The present work could never have been completed in its present form, had not the author been able, at all times, to rely with perfect confidence in the unwearied zeal and indefatigable industry of the Rev. James Raine."—*Introduction to History of Durham, vol. i. p.* 10.

The merits of Mr. Surtees' History it is not here intended to detail, except so far as they tend to elucidate the character of the man; and few authors have stamped their writings with more obvious traces of individual mind—"Proposita vita ejus velut summas partes sigillatim, neque per tempora, sed per species, exsequor: quo distinctius demonstrari cognoscique possint."

The style is perspicuous, accurate, and vigorous; and the general nature and execution of the work has been thus happily characterised by one who, of all his contemporaries, was perhaps the most competent to appreciate its various excellencies: "No magazine is more miscellaneous in its contents than a book like this before us; which, though strictly methodical in its structure, is nevertheless, and of necessity, a farrago in folio: it is to be liked 'the better therefore,' as King Henry's son in the ballad was, for the heterogeneous legitimacy of his features; especially when, as in the present case, the farrago is brought together by one who is endowed, not only with the erudition and the perseverance required for such an undertaking, but also with such talents and genius as seldom condescend so to be employed; and with a playfulness of characteristic humour, which every now and then breaks out like a gleam of sunshine, to cheer his own patient labour, and excite the reader to a smile, when least expecting to be so surprised."*

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* See Quarterly Review, vol. xxxix. p. 361.—The writer of this Memoir, depending on the kindness so often experienced from Mr. Southey, ventures to refer to him as the author of this article, so justly characterising Mr. Surtees and his works; and to express a hope, that the public and the friends of Mr. Surtees may now be gratified

Mr. Surtees's own estimate of his performance affords some valuable indications of his character. Mentioning his "obligations in every page to the labours of his predecessor,"* he accounts for Hutchinson's deficiencies from the difficulties with which he had been surrounded; and, whilst acknowledging his own exemption from such, and the unsolicited support and attention which he had met with from every quarter, "he feels fully," he says, "the responsibility which these obligations imply: and as he feels that the work falls certainly short of his own conceptions, he cannot but fear that it may disappoint the anxiety of his friends, and the just expectations of the public. There are authors," he adds, "at whose touch the barren withered tree of antiquity shoots into magic blossom and golden fruit—*aurea non sua poma:*"—and in this distinguished class he has ever been included by the public, notwithstanding his own disclaimer, as "esteeming himself sufficiently fortunate if he obtain the humbler praise of fidelity and industry." And at the same time the public fully concurred in the conscious rectitude with which he claimed credence for "such a portion of right feeling as might prevent him, whilst he strictly adhered to the truth, from ever intentionally wounding the feelings of an individual, or betraying the confidence reposed in him by the unconstrained inspection of private papers and evidences." And assuredly there never was a person in whose character for delicate and gentlemanly feeling more implicit confidence was reposed, or in whose use of that confidence greater satisfaction was experienced. The ample acknowledgments in his Introduction prove the first, and not a whisper of discontent has ever been heard on the second.

The only faults ever imputed were some occasional deficiencies, or inaccuracies, which it might afford petty vanity a self-consoling pleasure to detect, but of which minds capable of compre-

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by the fulfilment of the intention indicated at the close of the critique: "We have confined ourselves chiefly to the general history here. The more miscellaneous divisions will afford curious materials for another paper, when Mr. Surtees shall conclude his elaborate and very valuable work." And if Mr. Southey will include in his further notice of that work Mr. Raine's excellent History of North Durham, he will find there rich materials, which, in his hands, will add much for elucidating the progress of manners, literature, and civilization in the North of England.

* Introduction, vol. i. p. 8, 9.

hending the difficulties in such a work, would only wonder that so few could be found; for they would be conscious that "many seeming faults are to be imputed rather to the nature of the undertaking than to the negligence of the performer; that every writer of a long work commits errors, where there appears neither ambiguity to mislead nor obscurity to confound him; and that, in a work like this, many particulars will admit of improvement from a mind utterly unequal to the whole performance."*

The general mass of materials from many centuries collected and arranged, exhibits something of lunar power, reflecting and prolonging the light of suns that are set; whilst the original observations and notes of Mr. Surtees are scattered round, with a star-like brightness that is all their own. And thus even a stranger, and occasional consulter only of the volumes, will soon discover that the Author is not a mere laborious antiquary and topographer, but one possessed of widely diversified knowledge, of elegant and playful imagination, of refined taste and of pure morality; and these not exhibited only in details, but accompanied with no ordinary power of generalization, and of appeal to principles at once enlightening the intellect and mending the heart. He will be found, in particular, uniformly to treat with wise moderation the two great objects on which men in general are most prone to arrogance and intolerance: for, in religion and politics, confessedly involving questions of most tremendous import, and most difficult solution, every one is conscious that his opinions ought to be founded on the fullest investigation which his abilities and opportunities of information will permit; to have his opinions controverted, therefore, he feels to be an imputation, either that he has not applied his talents and acquirements as he ought, or that, having so applied them, they have been insufficient to conduct him to the truth.

With regard to religion, it has been seen what assiduity Mr. Surtees employed in the study, and what firm conviction was the result; and it will hereafter be found, that the same conviction attended him through life, and was the consolation of his last hours. He could not but be aware, too, that his faculties and acquirements entitled him to place more than ordinary confidence in the conclusions at which he arrived; yet he will never be found to speak contemptuously or uncharitably of the sentiments of others, or presumptuously of his own.

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* Johnson's Preface to his Dictionary.

In politics he, for all his early life, classed himself with the persons then distinguished by the name of Whigs; that is, persons who considered the constitution as having established, for its own preservation, a system of checks, under which the powers of each branch of the Legislature should so control the powers of the other two, as to produce a just action for the interest of all; and, thus thinking, the Whigs of that day deemed that, in the actual state of affairs, the power of the Crown and Aristocracy was so great, that the abuse of that power could not be controlled by the Commons, and that thereby the principles of the constitution were violated, and its existence endangered. Such were the opinions of "the friends of the people," and in which Mr. Surtees cordially concurred; but, when persons, assuming the name of Whigs, advocated measures as surely destructive of the constitution as an arbitrary government and corrupt aristocracy could be, he became their decided opponent. Perhaps his wise and patriotic sentiments cannot be better expressed, than in the language which he has himself employed, in speaking of the late Mr. Lambton:—

"Had Mr. Lambton lived to this day, no one I believe would have more earnestly deprecated the violent measures by which all the best efforts of the real friends of constitutional liberty are paralysed, and new powers of coercion, even of dire necessity, placed in the hands of Government. He would have seen, with deep regret, two parties, who deem themselves diametrically opposite, pressing to the same desperate goal, on rapidly converging lines. The one vainly endeavouring to fetter Prometheus—to avert by force the progress of intellect, and dreading the words 'reform and retrenchment' as revolutionary talismans: the other pushing their schemes of Reform to the verge of rebellion and universal ruin (*suffrage* I had almost said),—

‘ 'Till, with reflection sad,
We deem them irrecoverably mad.’ ”*

In a like temper of philosophical impartiality, he considers the grand conflicting partizans of Protestantism and Papistry. Though himself a firm Protestant of the Church of England, and therefore looking on the Reformation as the greatest blessing ever bestowed upon the country, he thus beautifully describes the effects, in the remote rural districts, of the rapacious and unchristian spirit in which it was conducted by the government of those times:—

“The Reformation swept away, almost indiscriminately, chapel and chantry. The endowments chiefly returned to lay hands; and during the struggling birth of the Reformation, the people, deprived of their old pastors, and neglected by their new ones, were left in a state of almost utter darkness. The old tree, with all its cankered boughs and caterpillars, was stubbed and burned; and it was long before the new set afforded to the remote districts of the North either fruit or shelter.” And he adds in a note, “The scarcity of Protestant divines, exhausted as the seed-plot of the Church was by the Marian Persecution, has been already noticed. Some golden grain indeed remained, sifted and winnowed by the chaff; but every district could not possess a Gilpin; and many of the remote chapelries were probably entirely destitute of ministers, or left to the wandering priests of the ancient Church, who, deprived of a seat of rest, roved through the country, carrying along with them their sacrificial vases and tattered missals, and administering, in private, the consolations of religion, or superstition, to their scattered flock.”—Vol. iii. p. 53.

With a like perspicacity, we find pointed out the good finally educed even from the very vices of the Rulers at the time of the Reformation; for, “after all that has been said of Henry's profligate profusion of the Abbey lands, had their vast revenues remained vested in the Crown, the Sovereign would, at this day, have been independent of Parliament, whose control over the monied revenue of the Crown forms, if properly exercised, one of the surest bulwarks of British liberty," *

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* Note [f] at p. 173, History, vol. ii. published 1820.

Such are the general views and deductions which distinguish the philosophic contemplator of history from the mere topographers of counties or chronologists of empires—

Ἦν δὲ τις ἐν κείνοισιν ἀνήρ περιώσια εἰδὼς,
Ὃς δη μήκιστον πραπίδων ἐκτήσατο πλοῦτον.

It is with this wide scope in the contemplation of events, and their consequences, that we find depicted the results of the political connection between France and Scotland. "From the distant period when Achaius wreathed his shield with lilies, Scotland owed to her connexion with France nothing but disgrace and defeat. Scotland was generally precipitated into an unequal contest with England, at the moment when France was herself sinking under the spear of Edward or Henry. French councils precipitated the fatal defeat of Flodden; but no Frenchman fell on the field. To the disgust inspired by the corrupt manners of a Gallicised court may be attributed the harsh and severe features which the Reformation assumed in Scotland. To the same cause the unfortunate Mary owed half her woes. At a much later period, France twice fanned the flame of hopeless rebellion, and saw a gallant Prince and people perishing in an unequal contest, without making a serious effort for their assistance—

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* Vol i. General History, p. lxix. note [r].

In another mood, when fancy was in the ascendant, he thus pictorially represents a scene when the Royal Commissioners met for spoliation at Durham:

"Before them lay a glittering store,
The Abbey's plundered wealth;
The garment of cost, and the bowl embost,
And the wassail cup of health.

And riches still from St. Cuthbert's shrine,
The chalice, the alm'ry, and pix,
The image where gold and where ivory twine,
And the shattered crucifix.

And the visitors three, with wicked glee,
Sit feasting full and high;
And still, as they drink, they sit and think
Of the Devil and King Hen-er-y."

Γέγραφε δὲ παίγνια σπουδῃ λεληθὴᾳ μεμιγμένα.

It was such alternation of deep reflection, sound reasoning, and good feeling, with the play of an imagination at once humorous and elegant, that constituted the charm of Mr. Surtees' character, and the fascination that was felt in his society.

[The above verses made their first appearance in the preface to Hegge's Legend of St. Cuthbert, as it was edited by John Brough Taylor, Esq. F.S.A. in 1816. To Mr. Taylor, Mr. Surtees expresses his obligations (vol. I. Introd. p. 10,) "for several mineralogical notices introduced in the present volume (the first of his History), and he relies, with confidence, on the same valued friend for a full and accurate account, which shall hereafter appear, of the whole of the strata on the eastern coast." Many of Mr. Surtees's letters to Mr. Taylor are said to be in the possession of his widow, but access to them has been refused.—Ed.]

"Timete Danaos, et dona ferentes."[*]

With such endowments as such passages evince, antiquaries and topographers must pardon the wish that Mr. Surtees had exercised his industry in less minute detail, and that he had applied his talents and his learning to the elucidation of some subject of general history, and therefore of universal interest.

On minor subjects, in these volumes, there are sprinkled up and down many pleasant indications of character, to some of which a reference will interest the reader, as making the Author, in some degree, the drawer of his own portrait.

Ritson, he says, "abstained, on a principle of humanity, from the use of animal food, and was bold to publish a book in defence of his opinion. I could mention an hundred instances of his unaffected feeling for the sufferings of the brute creation. Their groans entered his soul. It is easy to ridicule such feelings, but I own I had rather possess them than laugh at them; and I believe that more folks than choose to confess it have a spice of Ritson's condition. To follow his plan of abstinence were absurd, and nearly impossible; yet it is surely a disagreeable necessity which drives us to form part of a system where, of dire necessity, the powerful exist by preying upon the weak. Perhaps no sterner character is impressed on a fallen world—

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[*] General History, vol. i. xlvii. note ^{r}.

"Beast now with beast 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
And fish with fish;—to graze the herb all leaving
Devour'd each other." *

These were not mere effusions of speculative sensibility. To mitigate the curse, by doing all that in him lay for abating the sufferings and for promoting the enjoyments of the brute creation, was the earnest and habitual practice of his life. This cannot be better exhibited than by transcribing from the "Recollections," which his intimate friend the Rev. James Raine has so obligingly communicated: "To animals he was kindness itself.† This amiable feeling was carried to such an extent, that it must often have been peculiarly painful to him. He never sold his old horses, but took off their shoes, gave them a good pasture, and let them die in peace. But once, on a summer-evening walk ‡ at Mainsforth, I observed an old *emeritus* pony in great distress, writhing, apparently with pain. Nothing could exceed Surtees' commiseration. In one moment he became extremely miserable. The poor animal was taken to a stable; but it became every moment worse, and its body began to swell to an amazing size. After waiting a short time, I said, 'If that horse were mine, I would do it an act of kindness—I would shoot it instantly.' 'Would you?' said Surtees; 'then it shall be shot:' and shot it was, within five minutes. He probably had come to the same conclusion; but he certainly would not have had resolution to act upon his own judgment. He was afterwards satisfied that the best step had been taken, and thanked me for my decision. But he remembered for years my having destroyed a wasp's nest in his garden, and spoke of it as a thing which had given him pain:"—(no doubt—for, to use the words of her who best knew him,

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* History, vol. iii. 193 ^{m}.

† His delight was to see every thing around him in a state of enjoyment. Once upon a time, Mrs. Surtees being from home, and the whole of the domestics having gone to Middleham races, being left entirely alone, he determined there should be a general holiday. Ducks and geese and dogs and swine, every thing, in short, under restraint, were set at liberty to go and do where and what they would. For a while he derived much amusement from their proceedings, but this freak was not repeated. Pigs are bad gardeners.—Ed.

‡ Immediately after a violent thunder storm. The poor animal had no doubt been affected by lightning.—Ed.

"even a worm, or a fly, was never passed, if he could render them assistance."—Mr. Raine proceeds:)

"Mrs. Surtees, at one time, kept a few kyloes and sheep, for home-consumption; but she was obliged, eventually, to give up the plan. Surtees would in a morning count heads; and if one was missing, he went instantly to what he knew was the last destined abode of the animal,* and set it at liberty. He was truly happy if he could obtain for the poor beast another week. One year, when only two were left—black-faced Scots,—the one led the other a bad life, and they were christened Cain and Abel.

"His attachment to dogs (not only his own, but those of others) was very extraordinary. He had a personal acquaintance with almost every dog in Durham; and he would frequently say that man was the Deity of the dog; and that it was imperative upon him to treat with kindness the poor creature that so devoutly worshipped him."

Sir Cuthbert Sharp says, "At breakfast he was constantly surrounded with his favourite pointers and greyhounds; and it was not a rare occurrence for one of his greyhounds to seize the remnant of a ham, and leap out of the window with it. His favourites presumed on his perfect love and affection for them; and though he would, when they misbehaved, chide and speak harshly to them, they seemed to know it was more for form's sake, and to save them from being punished by others: they paid little attention to his menaces, except for the moment." His fondness for his living favourites is pleasantly seen from the manner in which he cherished their memory, when he lost them:—

Sub Regiæ Juglandis fronde
Dormit Carlo,
Quem Hibernia genuit, fovit Gallia,
Sepultum tenet Anglia:
Heu! per felix quadriennium vixit †
Mitis, fortis, fidus,

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* This alteration of the text from the words "hunger house" is made upon the authority of a marginal note by Mr. Taylor himself, in a copy of the Memoir before the Ed.

† The word "mansit," as it stands in Mr. Taylor's Memoir, is altered as above from a corrected copy of the Epitaph by Mr. Surtees himself, which Mr. Taylor had not seen.

Domini indefessus comes,
Ac mensæ sedulus assessor.
Apud memorem stat gratia.

Beneath no high historic stone,
  Tho' nobly born, is Carlo laid,
His couch the grass-green turf alone,
  And o'er him waves the walnut shade.

Within this still, sequestered garth,
  Henceforth shall be his lowly cell;
No more to see the blazing hearth,
  No more to range the woodland dell.

Dear, lost companion! memory oft
  Shall bring old Carlo to my view,
And paint, in colours dim and soft,
  The lov'd, the lost, the kind, the true!

Green Erin gave him gentle birth;
  O'er lilied France in youth he strayed
Four summer suns; in English earth
  He sleeps, beneath the walnut shade.

With the Author's love of antiquities, no doubt can be entertained of the pleasure it would have afforded him to have found evidence for connecting his favourite Mainsforth with some interesting historical association: and for this he had the authority of John Cade, Esq. a noted antiquary of the county: but from his love of candour and of historic truth, he becomes himself the dissipator of the pleasing vision. Speaking of a singularly formed hill in the pleasure-grounds of Mainsforth, Mr. Cade supposes, in his "great vision of the Guarded Mount," that this place was "a Danish camp, moated by the Skerne, and occupied by that Gormundus who left his name to the neighbouring hamlet of Garmonsway;" adding, "there is a large cavity on the summit of the camp at Mainsforth, which is at this day called "the Danes' Hole.'" Mr. Surtees here whispers the reader, in a note, "The name is totally unknown;" and, "Hutchinson, who certainly takes a pleasure in ruining poor Jack Cade's castles,* and breaking up his roads, says, and I fear with stern verity, 'that no certain lines or distinct characters, to support the idea of a camp, have been made out.'"*

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* "Can you give me a sketch, in pencil or in words, of Jack Cade's camp at Old Durham, with the relative situation of the Bridge. I think Hutchinson's Maiden Castle is accurate, and he gives a slight touch of the opposite lines of Old Durham.

In the same spirit Mr. Surtees disclaims the pretension of Redworth (the seat of another branch of his family) to the being identified with any monument of historic interest, although Hutchinson says, "about a mile to the west of Heighington is a remarkable mount, called Shackleton, on which Crozier Surtees, Esq. has built a pleasure-house. It is wound round with three distinct terraces, and is thought to be the remains of a Danish fort, the mount bearing an exact similitude to those in the more northern parts of the island, where the Danes were stationed for many years. It is the only monument we have observed of that people between Tees and Tyne." On which Mr. Surtees remarks, "The situation is well calculated for a post of observation; but I know of nothing to confirm Hutchinson's hypothesis. There was, I believe, a mill on the summit of Shackleton, where the summer-house stands:" and he humorously adds, "it should be recollected, that my venerable predecessor did himself, with great zeal, dismantle poor Jack Cade's Danish fort of Mainsforth."†

It is with the same regard to "stern verity" that Mr. Surtees records "the Superstitions of the North," in which, as matters of imagination, he so much delighted, and which his poetical talents have been so successfully employed to adorn.‡ On this subject there is a remarkable contrast between him and his friend Sir

Doubtless the Romans lay on the soft green bank near the water, but occupied also the opposite cliff in force, and guarded their bridge."—R.S. to J.R., Nov. 30, 1827.

For an account of Mr. Cade, see Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. viii. p. 318. In addition to his illustrated books there alluded to, it may be mentioned that I have in my possession (by the gift of John Ward, Esq.) his Wallis's Northumberland, in two volumes quarto, full of additional embellishments and illustrations, many of them from rare sources, and also a portrait of him in crayons by Sykes. I have been informed that much of Cade's money was made by contraband dealings with Ireland. As an antiquary his rank was low. He was credulous and fanciful, with no education to check his vagaries. See Surtees, Hist. iv. p. 14.—Ed.

* Vol. iii. p. 20.

† Vol. iii. p. 307.

‡ He had evidently contemplated a Poem on "The Superstitions of the North;" but fragments only remain, of which a specimen may be seen at p. 34 of General History, note x, vol. i. Whether "the Hilton Raven" (at p. 36, note s, of vol. ii.) were intended to form part of the same Poem, is uncertain. [As this book is intended

Walter Scott, who seems to have retained a lingering wish to believe, and to perpetuate the belief, in preternatural powers, and events produced by their agency; for, where such powers are given to his fictitious personages, he uniformly makes the event verify the prediction. Mr. Surtees was an enthusiast on these subjects; cherishing them, for delight of the imagination, as much as Sir Walter Scott could do; and took especial care "that no particle of the ancient superstition should be lost by his laches:"* but in his style of recording such, as matters of history, there is always a covert, yet tender, ridicule observable: and when he was reproached, by the representative of a great family in the county, with having so treated a marvellous tradition in their history, he replied, "Sir, if you will write a *grave* version of the story, I will publish it as yours."†

The imaginative faculty in Mr. Surtees was, however, not merely excitable by the marvels of superstition, or by the splendours of chivalry, but was feelingly alive to the beauties of nature, particularly of rural scenery, and to all that was associated with the gentlest emotions of the heart. In elucidation of this, numerous passages of the History might be adduced, such as that on Sockburn, already noticed. A reference to two others must suffice; and these are selected for their having a sprinkling from that humour which was always at play in his mind. In describing the situation at Winston, he says, "The church is a small fabric, chiefly of the early English character. The churchyard is shaded by venerable elms, beneath whose branches a noble prospect of Raby opens to the north.

"The parsonage, with its beautiful gardens laid out in hanging terraces, and its well-wooded glebe, joins the church on the east, and occupies the same elevation, commanding one of the richest and softest views on the Tees. The river washes the foot of the

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for those who may not have access to the volumes of the History here referred to, these and the other poems by Mr. Surtees, to which Mr. Taylor contents himself with referring as above, will be printed in the Appendix.—Ed.]

* Vol. ii p. 172, note ^{c}.

† The Lambton Worm is here alluded to. Lord Durham felt not a little annoyed at the manner in which Mr. Surtees had treated the legend in his History, vol. ii. p. 171. See p. 82, above.—Ed.

steep wooded bank, and forms a long silvery canal, till it is lost amongst the woods and cliffs of Selaby and Gainford. The wild range of Richmondshire hills bounds the horizon to the south and west.

"It has been said that a Rector of Winston should never offer to a lady who had seen this enchanted spot, as he could never be sure that she did not marry the situation. Were I counsellor to a Bishop of Durham, the Rector of Winston, without derogating from qualities essentially clerical, should always be decidedly a gentleman of somewhat elegant and delicate mind, capable of valuing the beauties of wood, and vale, and water, and deriving from the very possession of such a spot a gentle and honourable feeling of content and independence. There can be no question, at present, in the terms of our Oxford Thesis, 'An locus conveniat locato;' but hereafter, when F[rederick Mundy] and I, and V[a]n M[ildert] are cold, 'Caveant Episcopi.'"*

Again he thus graphically delineates the scene at Ryton:

"The Parsonage is an excellent spacious house, chiefly built by Dr. Finney, with comfortable old sheltered gardens: not only the house but the whole ground plot has been extremely improved by the present Rector, yet without any affront to the Genius Loci,—the house has not degenerated into a mere lay-residence (the frequent consequence of modern ecclesiastical alteration), but retains that sober, yet cheerful aspect, which at once marks its proper use and designation; and if, on the sheltered spot in front, 'blushes the flower of various dye,' the old garden, on the west, retains its sheltering edges of clipped yew, and its due prolixity of espalier and gravel walk. The church flanks the Rectory most amicably on the north, and the 'condition of agreement is such' that neither of them puts the other out of countenance.

"The Rectory-house and gardens are (not unpleasingly) sequestered, and deprived of any distant view; but the prospect from the adjoining churchyard is extremely beautiful: the eye runs over a soft foreground of wood and pasture, falling to the river, and embraces a long reach of the broad gallant Tyne, washing the deep haughs and meadow-grounds on the Durham side, whilst the northern bank rises swiftly, inclosed and cultivated to its summit, and scattered over with various objects. The town and church of Newburn (where the Scotch planted their cannon before the victory of Stella Haugh, in 1640,) almost overhang the Tyne; more distant on the upland landscape are scattered the villages of Walbottle, Throckley, Horsley, and Heddon-on-the-Wall; Wylam woods are to the west; and eastward the view extends over the vale to the heights above Newcastle." *

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* History, vol. iv. p. 35. [See the Appendix.—Ed.]

Characters of his friends, whether recorded as dead, or alluded to as living, are numerously scattered in the work, and executed with delicacy and feeling; and even when persons are to be noticed with censure, the portraits are "freely and lightly sketched by the same gentlemanly pen."† These are his own words when speaking of his friend George Allan, Esq. son of that eminent antiquary whose memory Mr. Surtees so much revered. It is pleasant, indeed, to observe the cordial respect and gratitude with which both Hutchinson and Surtees speak of the indefatigable industry of the father in collecting, and his liberality in the unreserved communication of his stores: and the same spirit seems to have descended on his son, and to have conciliated the respect and affection of Mr. Surtees, who, speaking of him in a letter (written only a few weeks before his own death) to Robert Henry Allan, Esq. thus expressed himself: "There were few men whom I loved better, or from whom I received more constant kindness." ‡

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* History, vol. ii. p. 265.

† On this subject Mr. Jackson, of Normanby, says, "Surtees' kindly spirit of charity was remarkable. It was necessary, in parts of his work, to mark certain circumstances with disapprobation; but he has uniformly done so with as much clemency as could be applied to the case. When a friend remarked to him—'Surtees, you are really too eulogistic: by thus palliating the conduct of the bad, how are you to give due credit to the good?' 'Oh,' said he, 'the good can take care of themselves; the bad may want help.'"

‡ Mr. Allan had presented to the fourth volume of the History of Durham a portrait of his kinsman, and Mr. Surtees thus acknowledges the favour:—

Mainsforth, Dec. 27, 1833.

Dear Sir,—I am very much obliged to you for the proofs. According to my recollection the likeness is admirable. It has been hit off in a happy moment, and fully expresses the character—a sort of mild, educated countenance. I shall be very glad to grace my last volume with poor George's portrait, for with all his foibles there were

Such kindness (and from every quarter it flowed in on him) was all needful to cheer the labours of such a work as the author of the History of Durham had imposed on himself. But they can have little idea of that labour who look only at the edifice itself, and have never witnessed the toil in exploring and working of the quarries, in the bringing together, selecting, fashioning, and arranging the chaos of materials from which such buildings are constructed. How often must the author have felt the lassitude which he anticipates in his readers, when he says, "I am almost ashamed that four hundred acres should have produced nearly three yards of pedigree: and I wish I could open, *en revanche*, to some patient reader, an avenue to a little amusement." *

Nor was the fatigue of such investigations always repaid by the conviction of having arrived at truth. "Nothing was more frequent than for a family, in entering the higher parts of their descent, to forget, or mistake, the exact road by which an estate had travelled, and to exhibit a sort of adumbration of the truth (founded, indeed, on the general matter-of-fact), without much attention to detail: pressing into the service any Joan or Mawdlen who seemed calculated for an heiress, slaughtering infants, who

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few men whom I loved better, or from whom I received more constant kindness. Believe me, yours most truly, R. SURTEES.

To Robert Henry Allan, Esq.

At an earlier period, when the collections at Grange had been dispersed, and the donor of the portrait, then a young man, feeling the blood of Allan in his veins, had begun to turn his attention to topographical pursuits and make new gatherings, he one day, to his surprise and delight, found upon his table the three volumes of the History of Durham, then published, with a letter from Mr. Surtees of which the following is an extract:—

"The Scots proverb says, 'Hawks should not pike hawks e'en out.' I am glad to see the lambent flame of the antiquarian lamp rising in your family from its ashes. I hope you will freely accept the three volumes of my Durham. I owe many obligations to the house of Grange."

In return for such an unexpected and welcome favour, Mr. Allan some time afterwards handsomely contributed, as an acknowledgment *in kind*, the sum of twenty pounds to the fund for embellishments hereafter mentioned.

The above is not the only portrait which Mr. Allan has presented to a County History. The History of North Durham will explain the allusion. That, in adding to the vanity of its author, Mr. Allan has much to answer for, is but too certain.—ED.

* History, vol. iv. p. 24, note.

stood in the way of a clear descent, with as little remorse as Herod, and

> Making, full oft, the son beget the father;
> Giving to maiden ladies fruitful issue.' " *

Nor were the demands upon his time and attention confined to the immediate subjects of his work. From all parts of the empire came applications by entire strangers to him personally,† and who "knocked"

> *Not* "with a purse of gold, at *Surtees'* gate,
> And begg'd to be descended from the great."

Others had their own cockered theories to maintain, or conjectures to offer, or inquiries to make for information that might substantiate these. To all he replied with courtesy; and with many he entered into laborious discussions; partly, perhaps, from relish of the subject, but principally from a benevolent disposition, excited by a grateful remembrance of the kind assistance he had himself received, both from friends and strangers.

One of the most cheering instances of such was experienced on the first announcement of his projected work. On the 14th of April, 1812, the following advertisement was issued:

"A History of the County of Durham is in such forwardness, that it is expected the Author (Mr. Surtees, of Mainsforth,) will send a part of it to the press in the course of the present year.

"As an opportunity is thus afforded of preserving some curious specimens of Ancient Architecture, and it is desirable a publication of this nature should be distinguished by useful embellishments, it is proposed to engage an architectural and other draughtsmen, to present engravings of some of the most interesting subjects to the Author for insertion in his work.

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* History, vol. ii. p. 295, note u, continued from p. 294.

These lines are from one of the numerous scraps of pleasantry found among the MSS. of Mr. Surtees, in emulation of whom the piece is here inserted, in order to "open to some patient reader an avenue to a little amusement:"

"I do remember a strange man,—a Herald," &c.

[Mr. Taylor prints here, at length, the parody with this beginning. It has been deemed advisable, however, to transfer the whole to the Appendix.—Ed.]

† It is intended to place in the Appendix a few amusing specimens of applications of the above description.—Ed.

"The Bishop of Durham, and several gentlemen of the county, of whose names a list is added,* have signified their approbation of the plan; and those who are disposed to promote it, are requested to signify their intention to Mr. Andrews, bookseller, Durham."

A large and liberal subscription was soon obtained, of which the particulars (as far as they could be collected from the Bookseller's Account of Receipts) will be found below.† For the

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* The Bishop of Durham.
The Bishop of St. David's.
Sir Ralph Milbanke, Bart.
Sir John Eden, Bart.
Sir Thomas Liddell, Bart.
Cuthbert Ellison, Esq. Hebburn.
William Salvin, Esq. Croxdale.
The Rev. Dr. Prosser.
R. E. D. Shafto, Esq. Whitworth.
The Hon. and Rev. A. Grey.
Edward Shipperdson, Esq. Durham.
The Rev. John Fawcett.
The Rev. G. Barrington.
The Rev. Henry Phillpotts.
Doctor Fenwick.
Mrs. Baker, Ellemore.
Thomas Hopper, Esq. Durham.
Hendry Hopper, Esq. Hendon.
Rowland Burdon, Esq. Castle Eden.
The Rev. Dr. Richardson.
John Ingram, Esq. Staindrop.
The Rev. John Brewster.
Francis Johnson, Esq. Aycley Heads.
Robert Green, Esq. Cleadon.
Thomas Wilkinson, Esq. Oswald House.
Lieutenant-Colonel O'Callaghan.
Sir Henry Vane Tempest, Bart.
George Silvertop. Esq. Minster Acres.
Henry Witham, Esq.
James Hammet, Esq.

	£	s.		£	s.
† Sir Thomas H. Liddell .	31	10	William Hodgson, Esq. .	10	0
Lord Viscount Barrington .	10	0	Mrs. Bewick . . .	5	5
Bishop of Durham . .	50	0	W. C. Hopper, Esq. . .	5	5
John Dunn, Esq. . .	5	5	Rev. W. N. Darnell—(2nd.)	5	5
Rev. W. N. Darnell . .	5	5	C. Bewick, Esq. . . .	10	10
R. Spearman, Esq. . .	5	5	R. Pemberton, Esq. . .	5	5
Rev. John Fawcett . .	5	5	J. Pemberton, Esq. . .	5	5
Ralph Bates, Esq. . .	5	5	Thomas Davison, Esq. . .	5	5
James Hammett, Esq. . .	10	10	Rev. Thomas Baker . .	5	5
William Hutchinson, Esq. .	20	0	J. Davison, Esq. . . .	10	10
John R. Fenwick, Esq. .	10	0	F. Johnson, Esq. . .	5	0
The late Sir H. V. Tempest, Bt.	26	5	Thomas Hopper, Esq. Durham	5	5
Rowland Burdon, Esq. .	5	0	Thomas Hopper, Esq. Hendon	5	5
Mr. J. Ward . . .	5	5	A. Hopper, Esq. . .	5	5
John Watson, Esq. . .	5	0	J. Hunter, Esq. . . .	10	0
Joseph Frank, Esq. . .	5	5	Rev. Dr. Prosser . . .	10	10
George Sutton, Esq. . .	5	0	Rev. C. Thorp . . .	5	5

application of the funds, John Ralph Fenwick, Esq. Edward Shipperdson, Esq. and the Rev. W. N. Darnell, were appointed a Committee; and to the admirable execution of their trust, the many elegant specimens of art which embellish these volumes will give ample and enduring testimony.

Persons who had never, probably, looked into a Topographical History, till their attention was called to scenes and characters in which themselves and their families were immediately interested, felt astonished at the expenditure of money, labour, time, and talent manifested in Mr. Surtees's Work. This feeling was characteristically expressed by the late Mr. Baker, better known by his own designation of himself—as "the last George Baker of Elemore:" the genuine representative of the hunting and cock-fighting 'squires of the last century.—"I wonder, Mr. Surtees, why you spend so much money and time over a History of Durham."—"I wonder, Mr. Baker," (was the reply,) "why you spend

	£	s.		£	s.
B. Fowler, Esq.	5	5	W. Taylor, Esq.	5	5
Miss Ambler	5	5	John Carr, Esq.	10	10
R. H. Macdonald, Esq.	5	0			
W. Peters, Esq. Newcastle	5	5	Robert Surtees, of Redworth, Esq.	10	10
Late H. Burrell, Esq.	5	5	A. Surtees, Esq.	5	0
Ed. Shipperdson, Esq.	10	10	William Wetenhall, Esq.	5	5
Rev. John Brewster	5	0	William Hoar, Esq.	5	5
Rev. W. Nesfield	5	0	Isaac Cookson, Esq.	5	5
Sir R. J. Eden, Bart.	10	10	W. Thos. Greenwell, Esq.	5	5
Robert Biss, Esq.	5	0	Rev. R. Wallis	5	5
T. W. Hill, Esq.	5	0	C. W. Bigge, Esq.	10	10
Newby Lowson, Esq.	5	5	Rev. J. Hutton, Esq.	10	10
J. D. Nesham, Esq.	5	0	John G. Lambton, Esq.	52	10
Rev. E. S. Thurlow	5	0	W. Bentham, Esq.	10	0
C. Mason, Esq.	10	10	Aubone Surtees, Esq.	5	0
Thomas Consett, Esq.	5	0	J. T. Wilkinson, Esq.	5	5
W. T. Salvin, Esq.	10	10	B. J. Salvin, Esq.	10	10
George Anderson, Esq.	10	10	W. Beckwith, Esq.	5	0
Henry Witham, Esq.	5	5	R. Scruton, Esq.	5	0
Cuthbert Ellison, Esq.	10	10	Charles Bacon, Esq.	5	5
Thomas Wilkinson, Esq.	5	5	Thos. Meynell, Esq.	10	10
Robert Shaw, Esq.	5	5	John Gregson, Esq.	5	0
Rev. Dr. Richardson	5	5	Mr. Charles Cradock	3	3
T. H. Bigge, Esq.	5	5	Mrs. Peareth	5	5
R. E. D. Shafto, Esq.	10	10	Robert Henry Allan, Esq.	20	0

so much money and time in following a pack of hounds after a poor hare."—Books were the pointers that indicated, and hunters that enabled Surtees to pursue, higher game than was ever dreamed of in the imaginations of these men. By his profound researches he unearthed the forgotten wisdom and ennobling virtues, the deterrent vices and the fancy-stirring traditions of our ancestors,—teaching the men of present and future times not to narrow their minds by concentrated attention on what is now, but to enlarge their view and comprehension of that, by reflection on what has been. Such were the effects of these studies on the capacious mind of Mr. Surtees. But they much mistook who imagined that such pursuits engrossed the whole of his mind and time. His "life" (as one of his private memoranda expresses it) "was not passed as heedless of a last judgment." He persevered in his daily biblical readings; and, with his excellent help-mate, in the daily practice of those kindly offices to which such studies are the best prompters.

In rural rides, in the pure pleasures of gardening, planting, and adorning his pleasant demesnes, and in the equally pure pleasures of hospitable intercourse, several hours were spent of every day that he passed at Mainsforth: and from Mainsforth he was always most reluctant against being drawn, and most gladly returned to it. Sometimes he would set out on some short tour, repent before the first day was ended, and come home again. In such a mood, after leaving Mrs. Surtees at Durham, he thus writes:—

"*Mainsforth, Wednesday, Nov.* 8.

"I got home without rain, and my spirits recovered wonderfully as soon as I saw Lough-Bank Wood. I found all well, and invited myself to dine on a roast chicken, a red herring, and a moderate glass of old Madeira. All are well here, and I hope to return refreshed against Saturday;—but it really is a glorious change to have elbow-room, and see green fields again, and red beech, and brown oak.*

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* After being pent up on business in London, he could find enjoyment in rural objects of a more humble nature. In writing from Richmond in Surrey, to Sir Cuthbert Sharp, he says, "I have spent a pleasing solitary half-sunshining, half-drizzly sort of

"It was all my own desire to go to Durham. But indeed it seems a settled point that bears are best in woods (at least great grey bears); and when they cry to go to Durham again put the muzzle on. You are a good and patient wife—a lamb yoked to a bear. You may tell my friends, that I am gone for a few days into the country for my temper, and that I feel better.

"Bradley * is very weak, but doing well. His wife has been

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day here; have been delighted with fields and hedges again, aye even with ditches, dead-nettles, dandelions, and ground-ivy. This is my usual retreat for a vacant day." [The whole of this very characteristic letter will be printed hereafter.—Ed.]

* Bradley was the sexton at Bishop Middleham. I have witnessed many a characteristic scene between Mr. Surtees and Bradley. He was one day busily employed in trying to prevent the water from escaping out of a small fish-pond in the grounds of Mainsforth. He was at work up to his elbows in mud and porous earth, stuffing and stopping with moss and clay the exit of the water on the outside of the mound or dam through holes five feet at least below the level of the bottom of the pond, but within a few yards of it. He filled up one hole, and the water, from pressure above, immediately rushed out of another. The bank, in fact, was full of mole and rat-holes. Surtees said, "Now, Bradley, here's for the present,"—giving him money; and Bradley, I dare say, went on stuffing and stopping, and Surtees paying him for his pains, knowing all the while that it was labour in vain, but that poor Bradley liked to do something for his bread.

Contemporary with Bradley for many years, in his office of sexton, was Johnny Potts, the parish clerk, a shoemaker of somewhat eccentric habits, but considerably above the common run of his fraternity. It was his boast that he was "once very near wedding vicar Thompson's daughter." He died, however, unmarried. For Potts Mr. Surtees had a great liking. He always talked to him on Sundays, and treated him kindly. With the poor man's death Surtees and I, I fear, had something to do. One Sunday, in the middle of winter, the duty of Bishop Middleham was left to me, Mr. Yorke, the vicar, being unwell or from home. After service there was to be a funeral, and two o'clock was the hour, but the body had to be brought from Wolviston, and the roads were bad. Two, and three, and four o'clock came, but still no funeral reached the church; till at last Surtees came down again from Mainsforth to see, as he said, whether they had buried me. Poor Potts had been lingering and starving during the greater part of the time in the church. I had given him a shilling, and Surtees, as I afterwards learned, had, upon his return, given him half-a-crown. Potts, after the ceremony was over, hastened into the village to comfort himself with a pot of warm ale, but the ale was bad; and, in the course of a day or two, I received from Mr. Surtees a letter, in which was the following postscript:—

"——— you will be grieved to hear that poor Johnny Potts is to all appearance dying. I saw him to-day twice with death on his face. It is an old landmark removed." 6 Feb.

Potts was buried at Bishop Middleham on the 15th of Feb. 1822. Before his death he made a sort of will. He had nothing, however, to bequeath save a pair of old spechere for some wine. There is no new case of fever. I am very well, except that my eye is *really* very sore. If it should be troublesome and look frightful, I positively will not be exhibited on Saturday; and I hope you will not desire it."

"Saturday" probably had been appointed for one of those large parties in hot rooms, of which his abhorrence was emphatically

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tacles, which had been given to him in former days by Captain George Surtees; and those, in token of his gratitude, he gave to "the squire," not wishing them, as he said, to go out of the family.

One of Potts's performances, as parish clerk, amused Mr. Surtees exceedingly. At the great contested election for the county of Durham in 1820, it was ruled, by the assessor, that parish clerks, as such, were not entitled to vote, having no freehold in their office. Potts's case, however, was an exception; the only one, I believe, in the county. A piece of land attached to his office gave him a right to vote, and vote he did, giving one suffrage to Mr. Lambton, afterwards Earl of Durham, and the other to Mr. Wharton. In the course of the day, "highly set up," the rest being, as he said, "all brocken," he called to pay his respects to Mr. George, who had formerly been curate of Bishop Middleham, and who was then a minor canon of the cathedral. Mr. George received him kindly, and asked him what refreshment he would take. A glass of rum was his choice, and, looking at George with a face full of mirth and humour, said, "I splet i' the morning. I voted for Lambton to please t' squire, and I voted for Wharton to please t' parson, but I'll plump now;" and he filled his glass to the brim. Mr. Surtees used to tell this characteristic story in a perfect ecstacy.

With the person whose body I buried, as above mentioned, Mr. Surtees had been acquainted in his younger days, and I had heard him speak of him with interest. The man had lived to the great age of ninety-two, and he died at Wolviston, having been, I believe, a gamekeeper at Winyard. He was a Middleham man, and in his youthful days was so tall and handsome that Mr. Surtees's father had painted him in a prominent situation in a large picture of a band of robbers feasting and dividing their booty, which used to hang over the side-board in the dining-room at Mainsforth, and is now at Redworth. I well remember that, as the bearers were carrying the body out of the church to the grave they had made a mistake, and were taking out the coffin head-foremost. Potts observed this departure from the usual mode, and exclaimed aloud, to the astonishment of the men, "Ye're all wrang. It nivver was, and nivver sall be sae i' my time." The poor clerk's voice was heard no more in the church. He was buried within a fortnight. Potts would frequently interrupt the singers during the time of divine service in the same abrupt way: "Ye're all owt o' tune, 'at are ye,—just start afresh and dee better." I was once officiating in the church, when at the time for the publication of banns of marriage, a couple being, as we say in the North, "hanging in the bell-ropes," Potts handed to me in the desk what he considered to be the document which I was to publish. It was a hand-bill for the sale of a haystack. I was proceeding with the service, having thrown the paper aside, when he addressed me in a piteous tone of voice which was heard by the whole congregation, "Sur, why winnot ye ax them?" The proper document was found, and its contents duly published before the end of the service.—Ed.

expressed to a gentleman, who said, "Well, Mr. Surtees, if you wo'nt be of our company to-day, the next time you are at Durham, and we have a party of friends, I hope you will make one." —"I hope not, sir," was the answer. Such speeches, however, were uttered in such smiling good humour, that the most captious could not ascribe them to personal rudeness.*

When only a few days absent at York,† where he had fatigued himself on documentary researches, he writes to Mrs. Surtees— "I will promise you not to tire myself again, and to rest like a decent Christian on Sunday. I rest in hope to see you soon, which I most earnestly long and desire; and am at times very home-sick."

The oscillation of his feelings, between the wish for the presence of his domestic companion and the unwillingness to interfere with her enjoyments, is interestingly exhibited in the following passages of a letter dated from London, and addressed to Mrs. Surtees at Streatham:—

"I have been, you will perceive, weak and wicked enough to send for you to-day. I will lend you out another time again,—but I really cannot spare you longer now. I have been all day and last night more unwell than I ever was, I think, since I have been under your care. I have had a weary time, and thought of Anne, Mainsforth, and" [here the outline of a large dog]. "I really would not ask you to come home, but that I am all the worse for being solitary. It is not now as formerly. I am used to you and can't leave you off. Mrs. Page has been very good to me, and sent me broth, and offered me a fowl for dinner, which I reserve for you to-morrow: but if you like to stay and dine at Streatham, I do not wish you to come in the morning. I don't like being ill in London at all. I hope to see you, and am (not daring to send my respects to your friends at Streatham, whom I am robbing),

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* "Mr. Surtees," said a dignitary of the cathedral once in the Treasury, "the Prior and Convent had such and such estates; why hav'nt we them now?" This was, perhaps, the most pertinent of a long series of unmeaning questions to which Surtees had listened with wonderful patience, being at the time literally up to the elbows in a newly-opened chest of charters, and in a high state of joyous excitement. "Don't ask me, ask Henry the Eighth," was the reply.—Ed.

† "I have been two days at York amongst Wills and Testaments.—I have got a curious Will of old Colmore,—no great shakes for honesty. He says divers persons compounded with him for arrears to Government, and that, if any of them are not paid over, his son Fulthorpe may look in his Danske Chist, and pay them in to the Exchequer, but let none else see them." R.S. to J.R.

Crown, Harrogate, 14 *June*, 1828.

Colmore was spiritual Chancellor of Durham, a man intimately acquainted with Ecclesiastical Law, but labouring under the fame of having three wives at one and the same time.—Ed.

"Yours in earnest, longing and pining,

"R. Surtees.

"I will write a line to you at night, before I go to bed: perhaps I may not be up in the morning. I shall send the chaise soon, that the horses may rest, if you choose to come to dinner.

"Nine o'clock, Thursday.—I am going to bed: I hope to sleep: faint and weary. I have been quieter lately, and hope I shall be better to-morrow. But I feel so desolate here, that I must desire to see you. If I do but know that you are coming at night, it will be a comfort to me. But I thought to send the chaise early, that Margaret might use it after; but she will have Mr. Nash's, if she goes out; so don't let that hurry you away sooner than you wish. Henry will wait your time; and I don't want him here."

The remaining part of the last page of this letter is occupied with a pen-and-ink sketch of the house at Mainsforth, and a large dog scampering on the lawn before it—a register of where his thoughts were, and where he knew his correspondent would delight to have her sympathies directed.

His devoted attachment to the seclusion of Mainsforth, and of domestic life, was doubtless the motive for declining offers that had been made to him of a seat in Parliament, and of a Prebendal stall in Durham, which Bishop Barrington had promised him, if he would take Orders in the Church. It was this attachment, too, which at a later period caused him so much annoyance, when a railway was projected to pass through his property, and to pollute with its smoke, and disturb with its din and riotous population, his pleasant walks and favourite haunts for retired musing. When the Bill was first introduced in Parliament, he strenuously opposed it, and had such influence with his numerous acquaintance and old fellow collegiates in both Houses, whom his eloquent and energetic address to the Committee had affected with equal interest and admiration, that the advocates of the Bill became alarmed, and he was waited on by a noble Lord who had known him at Oxford. "Surtees," said his Lordship, "you are attached to Mainsforth—we deeply respect your feelings; but we hope you will not suffer that attachment to stand in the way of a scheme which has public more than private advantage for its object. Is there no other place upon which you could set your heart? If there be, we have perfect confidence in your honour; name your price for Mainsforth, and you shall have it without another word." The answer was without one moment's hesitation: "My Lord, buy me Blenheim."

The Bill was, however, subsequently passed, though with some modifications, which rendered the plan less annoying than it had been in its first concoction.*

In the summer of 1819 Mr. Surtees was induced to leave Mainsforth for a while, and, in company with his friend Mr. Raine, to make a tour in Scotland, and a visit to Abbotsford. They went my way of Coldingham. "Surtees," Mr. Raine says, "was particularly interested in remarking upon the crowds of parishioners who were flocking from the country to the periodical Sacrament—with the orderly and serious demeanour of the various little bands who came into the town; and he frequently afterwards called the day to my memory."

There is nothing, perhaps, in all that is recorded of religious services more impressive than such assemblages of simple peasants, coming down from their mountains, or emerging from their secluded vales, and thus bearing testimony to their heartfelt conviction of the truths and blessings of Christianity, and of the comfort which they expect to derive from a participation in its holy ordinances.

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* The rail-road was the occasion to Mr. Surtees of more than one poetical effusion, printed in the Appendix. During its formation it was found necessary to make a deep cut through a rock of magnesian limestone within a mile of Mainsforth, and while this work was in progress numerous fossil fishes were found which were afterwards submitted to M. Agassiz, the French naturalist, and were engraved by him in a subsequent publication. This discovery interested Mr. Surtees exceedingly. He made a daily visit to the workmen, and paid them well for their pains in extracting with care the specimens they met with. Those specimens are preserved at Mainsforth.—Ed.

Kindred feelings were excited in Edinburgh by the "Grey Friars' Churchyard, and the perishing tombs of the martyred Covenanters, which he repeatedly visited, and mused long on their affecting history."

Mr. Raine says, "Hogg and Surtees met now for the first time. I could easily see, that Surtees' opinion of the poet was not improved by a personal acquaintance.* Surtees was, however, extremely kind to him, notwithstanding his roughness, and he spent more than one evening with us at Walker's hotel, in Prince's Street,† amusing us with the history of himself, and the legendary lore, of which he possessed a wonderful fund, and in which Surtees so peculiarly delighted. He alludes to one of these evenings in a letter to Surtees soon afterwards;" which letter is so truly characteristic of this certainly remarkable man, that it is here inserted.

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* The atmosphere was sultry, of itself enough to make Mr. Surtees, at any time, uncomfortable, and Hogg *would* walk arm in arm with him upon the hot flags in Prince's Street. This custom Surtees always abominated most heartily, but he submitted, for a while, in patience. He soon, however, withdrew *to write letters.* I know not what work Hogg was at that time contemplating; but, during our visit, we drew out for him, from memory, a rough map of Northumberland, assigning to each district its clan, and noting the situation of the principal castles and fortresses.—Ed.

† During the time we were in Edinburgh, the theatre was open, and I went one evening to hear Miss Stephens sing "Auld Robin Gray," leaving Mr. Surtees in the hotel alone. I had not been long gone before there was shewn into his room a professor of medicine, a grave gentleman advanced in years, with a highly sounding Border name, whose object was to make some inquiries of me respecting Durham School and its system of education. He had two or three sons whom he wished to send to an English school, and he had been informed by letter from a friend in Durham where he might find me in Edinburgh. He was courteously received by Mr. Surtees, who informed him, upon learning his object, that I had gone out for a while, but that he himself knew much of the school, and would be glad to give him any information in his power. Various inquiries were made by the Doctor, the answers to which did not seem over satisfactory. When he was informed that a portion of time was every week devoted to Latin composition, especially of verses, he muttered aloud, "Varses! varses! that's jist waste o' time." To his next question, whether I wore a wig, Surtees, checking a smile, said "Wig! wig! wear a wig! he wouldn't wear a wig for the world." This made matters worse. After a while, as it was becoming late, Surtees said, "It's perhaps right to inform you, sir, that it may be some time still before Mr. Raine's return, as he has gone to the theatre." "Theatre! theatre!" exclaimed he, "he'll no do for me;" and to Surtees' relief he took his departure. From Surtees's account of it afterwards, the interview must have been very amusing.—Ed.

"*Altrive Lake, by Selkirk.*
December 19, 1819.

"My dear Sir,—I received your splendid work the other day; and have placed it in my little library, having only looked over the plates, and some references from these; and read the general history, in which I have found many things that interested me in no ordinary degree.

"The book itself is become a wonder and an astonishment, as Jeremiah hath it, to my neighbouring farmers, who term it, 'The great beuk o' a' beuks.' I was amused with one of them yesterday; who chancing to call, his eye soon rested on the book so much larger than the rest. He asked me, with an exclamation of surprise, what it was? 'It is the History of Durham,' said I. 'The History of Durham!' said he; 'what do you mean? Is that Durham in England?' I answered in the affirmative. 'Lord sauf us, man!' said he, 'had it been the history of the warld I wad hae thought less, or the history of a' Christendom at least. An there be a history like that put out about ilka place, it will be true the Evangelist says, that the world will not contain the books that should be written." So much for the first criticism that I have heard of your extraordinary work, in which the labour and research truly confounds me; and I wonder how a man of genius could go through with it.

"The English Jacobite Relics are come in very good time, as you will see when the published work comes into your hand; another volume being forthcoming, provided I retain life and health, and can raise materials; but these the Bibliopolist seems by his advertisement not to have relied on. Yours form a desideratum for the second part, which was much wanted, and I hope you will not let any other thing of the same nature escape you.

"The Howard Book I had read, but had not a copy of it. I have the Sonnet to Sharpe, which I admired greatly for its simplicity, and truly antique style, long ere I knew who was the author. I think I got a copy of the other from Ralf Sherwood, but cannot lay my hands on it to-day. I wish we lived nearer to each other, that we might see each other oftener; but the days for either of us paying many distant visits are over, and I fear we must just rest contented with seeing one another occasionally, and breathing in absence the most sincere aspirations of friendship and good wishes.

"I never in my life spent so happy a night with strangers as one that I spent with you and Mr. Raine; but I have often noted that a similarity of feelings and pursuits created at once the same kind of cordiality, that we three seemed all to feel for each other.

"Walter Scott sets off for London next week: should you see him on his return, how will you get his new title every word, do you think? I like not such grinning honour as that of Sir Walter.'—Shakspeare—hem!

"I have no news from the Forest. We are all keenly engaged in our winter sports; and my two greyhounds, Clavers and Burly, are decidedly the best dogs that ever have been seen in this country. Farewell, my dear Mainsforth. God bless you for your valuable present to

"Your ever affectionate shepherd,

"JAMES HOGG."

In reply to Mr. Surtees' offer, whilst at Edinburgh, of a visit to Abbotsford, he received the following note:

"Dear Sir,—I shall have the greatest possible pleasure in seeing you here, on Thursday, with Mr. Raine, and am only sorry you talk of a *flying* visit. I was very ill about two months since, of which I retain some marks, but, thank God, I am quite well again, though still occasionally obliged to use calomel, for prevention's sake.

"Ever yours most truly,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"I trust you will pass the night with us, at least. You shall, if obliged to depart, start as early as you like next morning. We have plenty of room."

Of this visit Mr. Raine says, "We found Walter Scott ready to greet us with a hearty welcome. I had never seen Scott before, and was struck with the extreme cordiality with which he received Surtees. They met like two brothers whom time had separated, and immediately fell to work with Border history, and Border ballad and minstrelsy. The authorship of the novels was then a secret—but, after that day, it was none to me. 'Scott,' said Surtees, 'Raine and I, on our road to Edinburgh, saw your Wolf's Crag.' (Fast Castle, the Wolf's Crag of the Bride of Lammermoor, which had been lately published.) Scott smiled, and cast upon Surtees a look which no one could misunderstand.*

"A splendid print of the Battle of Otterburne, which hung over the dining-room fire-place, afforded to them a subject for the most interesting conversation on Douglas and Percy, and the chivalry of old; and bright were the flashes of genius when two such men were conversing on so stirring a subject. Scott listened to Surtees' remarks with profound attention; and never did I see Surtees so great as he was that day. Dinner came, and Surtees took his seat at the bottom of the table, at our host's left hand. The party consisted of Scott's own family, a tutor with a wooden leg (to whom Surtees was particularly attentive), one or two neighbouring ladies, and ourselves. The piper amused us, or rather deafened us, with his airs from a sort of gallery beneath the window; and when after dinner he entered the dining-room to take his glass, Surtees attempted to put a piece of money into his hand. The man however drew back, with much affected dignity; and it was only upon being assured by Scott that Surtees was 'a friend of the house' (these were the words), that he accepted the boon. After dinner the subject of ballads was again revived, and an opportunity was presented to me of doing a thing peculiarly pleasing to my own feelings, and not less so to those of Surtees. At Bamborough, when on my road to Scotland, there had been presented to me, by the Rev. C. Robinson,* a thick duodecimo volume, in black letter, containing numerous ballads, many of them well known, but some of them new to modern times; and of the latter, one, to the best of my recollection, of an historical nature, became the subject of conversation, and a great regret was expressed by Scott that only one stanza of it was known. The book which had been mine for so short a time, instantly became his; and, in accepting it, he was pleased to express very warmly his obligation. It is probably still at Abbotsford.

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* Mr. Surtees' observation probably gave occasion to the following remark in Scott's "Notes on the Waverley Novels:"—

(Vol. II. p. 20.) "The imaginary castle of Wolf's Crag has been identified by some lover of locality with that of Fast Castle. The author is not competent to judge of the resemblance betwixt the real and imaginary scene, having never seen Fast Castle, except from the sea. But fortalices of this description are found occupying, like osprey's nests, projecting rocks, or promontories, in many parts of the eastern coast of Scotland; and the position of Fast Castle seems certainly to resemble that of Wolf's Crag, as much as any other; while its vicinity to the mountain-ridge of Lammermoor renders the assimilation a probable one."

"The poems of Carey formed another subject of conversation. They have been alluded to, as will have been seen, in a letter from Scott to Surtees, 7th January, 1811, and a few copies had just been printed. Surtees' attention became again drawn to the history of the author, and he soon afterwards, with the assistance of a friend, discovered him to be Patrick Carey, a younger son of Henry Viscount Falkland, Lord Deputy of Ireland, and the husband of Susan, daughter of Francis Uvedale, of Bishop's Waltham, Esq. and niece of William Uvedale of Wickham. The cross moline on the title is the bearing of Uvedale. A pedigree of the family was soon afterwards printed by Surtees, of a size to bind with the book as edited by Scott, and the mystery has disappeared.

"In the course of the evening, Surtees drew Scott's attention to the two first sheets of the Appendix to my History of North Durham (the only part of the work then in type), containing charters † of early Kings of Scotland, of whom no other records remain; and this led again to the Borders, their early family history, and their monastic endowments.

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* At that time Curate of Bamborough, now Vicar of Kirknewton, and cousin to Mrs Surtees. Mr. Robinson presented to the Editor, at the same time, four thick volumes of newspapers of the period of the Usurpation, of the most various titles, collected apparently by a person determined to hear all sides of the question. Of these, one volume was afterwards lent and is unfortunately lost. Mr. Robinson's mother was a niece of Mr. Wallis, the historian of Northumberland. The ballads and newspapers had probably come to him from that quarter.—Ed.

† On the subject of those charters, and my Appendix in general, I was soon after-

"During our visit, Scott complimented Surtees on his library, and said he knew of no such collection of books in any house of equal fortune in Scotland.

"He spoke in no measured terms of the taste of his countrymen. 'England,' said he, 'made me what I am. The Scotch thought little of the Lay—but England spoke out, and the Scotch were ashamed of themselves.'

"The evening came on, and Surtees, although we were expected to spend a day or two at Abbotsford, would not stay all night.

"We came home by Melrose, Dryburgh, Kelso, Brinkburn, &c."

In 1820, Mr. Surtees, in company with his lady, made, for the first time, a short excursion on the Continent; shorter, no doubt, as haunted by his reminiscences of England and Mainsforth; "dragging at each remove a lengthened chain:" and a good deal of sturdy English feeling is apparent in the slight sketch of his route, given, on his return, to his friend Raine.*

"*Imprim.*—He who hath seen York, need not regret leaving other cathedrals unseen. It is worth twenty of them together.

Proximos Petro tamen occupavit
Antwerp honores.

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wards favoured with a long letter from Sir Walter Scott, from which I hope to be forgiven for making the following extract:

"I foresee that your researches are likely to afford the highest satisfaction to all who make the antiquities of Northumberland, and the neighbouring regions of Scotland, either their pursuit or their amusement. I had always understood, that there was a treasure of ancient papers preserved at Durham, which wanted only the zeal and firmness of a northern Leland to examine and arrange them, and those qualities they have fortunately found in you. If I can be of the slightest use, respecting any papers you may want from Edinburgh during the winter, I hope you will command me, without scruple, and be assured you will do me pleasure.

"Your obliged and humble servant,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"*Jedburgh*, 29 *Sept.* 1819."—ED.

* It is intended to print the letter at length, in its order of time, in the Appendix. —ED.

Rouen also is fine—high Norman style—but the fronts of all their churches are thickly bedizened with ornaments and images, sayntes and dyvels; and as to internals, there is nothing like York. Dirty altars dizened with flowers and black with lamp-smoke, and most idolatrous pictures, make one regret the chastened splendour of an English cathedral, or even the barren interior of a Scotch kirk. Many of the folks, however, seem extremely devout; and no doubt there are, as Sancho says, good sort of people in all places. We left the great road at Abbeville, thence to Neufchatel and Rouen, through fair Normandy, the best and brightest province of France. There is a strong resemblance to England; inclosed farmholds, orchards, and mighty woods of beech, elm, and chestnut hanging on the hills for miles, in long undulating outlines. Rouen is superb in old wood houses—one of them dated 1400 to 1500; whole streets of most picturesque effect. We traced the Seine all the way to Paris, and entered that glittering metropolis of sin, by its most splendid barrier of Neuilly; through groves, and palaces, and gardens with gilt domes, &c. that made my eyes ache. All is glitter, military parade, and a most unceasing intensity of life and motion, which fatigues an Englishman. The city is divided from this court end, and is nothing—black and stupid—no trade—no front of commercial independence: unlike the lusty London lads. From Paris dull uniform roads to Brussels, through the fortified towns: Flanders more English—as neat as a garden. Brussels a deserted metropolis; large and peaceful, with a touch of old York about it. Oh, Antwerp, queen of gable-ends! what profusion of streets; broader than even London; all run up in fantastic gavels, with trees and vines in and about the dwellings; and the Scheldt like three Thames's, washing the old walls like a sober majestic old Dutch river, covered with ships of all nations. I never saw such a place in my life—every house is a study of itself;—and I am learning Dutch, that I may go there again. From Antwerp back to Calais, nothing particular except Gand, an inferior Antwerp, and a fine farewell view from Cassell over Flanders, inclosed and wooded for leagues round the base of a green *Castle Hill.*"

Mr. Surtees now returned to the domestic pleasures of Mainsforth, and to the labours of preparing his third volume for the press.

SIR W. SCOTT, BART. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"My dear Surtees,—I cannot let our ingenious friend Mr. Blore leave Abbotsford for Mainsforth, without expressing the kind greeting of our inmates here to you and Mrs. Surtees. I have to remind you of a promise, which you made me long since, to wit, a copy of the very clever ballad you repeated to me of the death of the Amorous Priest and the penance of the False Knight, who slew him with a Welch bill: of course I will [not] part with the copy to any one without your authority and consent.

"I have built a droll sort of house here since you saw it; moved partly by a small legacy bequeathed by a friend, for the comfortable accommodation of my books; and partly by the independent situation of my children. It has risen higher than I expected; and though it has not "in the stars its glittering turrets thrust," yet they have risen higher than ever I proposed. Pray come and see it soon; and I hope to have your valued suffrage, that if I have not built very wisely, or in the least degree economically, I have at least made a pretty, though somewhat fantastical residence.

"Blore tells me that your third volume is just about to appear —*felix faustumque sit.* You have set a great example, which I am afraid few of the country gentlemen of England are either qualified or disposed to follow. The time is not yet passed by, though perhaps nearly so, when good provincial histories may be—[here the MS. is illegible]—but in destroying buildings and abridging records. I will not take up your time longer than to send the united good wishes of my household, and subscribe myself

"Most truly,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"*Abbotsford,* 1*st October,* 1822."

SIR W. SCOTT, BART. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"My dear Surtees,—I have to acknowledge, with kindest thanks, your third volume of Durham, which sustains with unimpaired spirit, and unabated labour, the character of its predecessors. I have been rarely better pleased than with your delicate and just notice of poor Joe Ritson. His foibles were those of a diseased temperament; his patient and useful labours will always entitle him to the thanks of the English, I should say British, antiquary. I made the same use of the minor copy as in former cases, and bestowed it on the man of Scotland the most worthy of it—my friend, Mr. Register Thomson; whose industry and accuracy are united to fine taste and high talent. I think the terms of his answer will gratify you, though not designed for your inspection; particularly as I know he never says the thing which he does not think. In the present case, he has the advantage of thinking in the same tone with all the world, that is, as many as know any thing about the matter.*

"Do you remember the story of the man who, wishing to know whether it were possible to satisfy the rapacity of a hackney-coachman, gave the fellow a guinea for a twelvepenny drive, on which the object of his prodigal bounty immediately requested a shilling, to keep the guinea whole? It is even so with me, when, after receiving such a valued and valuable token of your recollection, I take the liberty of reminding you, that you, long since, promised me the penitence of the '*cujusdam generosi*,' in the Galilee of Durham. Pray remember your promise, and let me, as Justice Greedy says, 'give thanks for this also.'†

"I hope the kind Sir Cuthbert continues his antiquarian labours.—Lady Scott sends kind compliments to Mrs. Surtees, and I always am

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* THOMAS THOMSON, ESQ. TO SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

"My dear Sir Walter,—I have been accidentally prevented these two last days from seeing you, and expressing my thanks for another very valuable portion of Mr. Surtees's work. If it be any return for your kindness that I am much delighted with the book, and consider it as a very interesting addition to the local history of the country, and a most instructive illustration of many minute particulars on the customs and institutions of former times, I am at least so far entitled to demand a discharge of the obligation under which you have placed

"Your very faithful and obedient friend and servant,

"*Sir Walter Scott, Bart.* THOS. THOMSON."

† This refers to a ballad, the joint production of Mr. Surtees and his friend Raine, on the murder of the Rector of Wycliffe in 1485. See "Sanctuar. Dunelmens. et Sanctuar. Beverlacens." published by the Surtees Society, pp. 12 and 214. The bal-

"Most truly yours,
"WALTER SCOTT.

"*Edinburgh*, 16*th January*, 1823."

The admiration which this letter expresses of Mr. Surtees' work was fully shared by the public. If testimonials were to be produced, as was the practice a century ago, they might be heaped together from persons eminent alike in rank and acquirements; but, as their letters received on the successive publications of the first three volumes, express only general admiration, without any distinction of particulars, the citation of them now would justly be deemed a superfluous proof of what has long been sufficiently established. The preceding letter, however, and the following, (which from having been mislaid, was omitted in its right place,) may give an idea of the tenour of the rest—

"My dear Sir,—I have seldom been more instructed and delighted than by your uncommonly accurate and valuable History of Durham, of which you had the goodness to transmit me two copies, which I would long since have acknowledged, had I not wished to read the work before expressing my gratitude for the distinction you have conferred on me. One of the copies I have given to my friend Thomas Thomson, the Deputy Register of Scotland, whose deep historical knowledge and extensive antiquarian researches render him one of the few persons who are qualified to set a due value upon your labours. He is equally charmed with the style of execution, and the patient extent of

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lad is here given as a product of the Horæ Subsecivæ of Antiquaries, usually considered only of the Dry-as-dust family.

THE RECTOR'S WARNING.

[I have thought it advisable to place in the Appendix the ballad here printed by Mr. Taylor.—ED.]

As a proof, also, that the studies of the antiquary by no means deaden the sympathies of our nature, the following ballad, by Mr. Surtees, is subjoined,—

SIR JOHN LE SPRING.

[This ballad also is transferred to the Appendix.—ED.]

research, which the work exhibits; and agrees with me, in hopes that Durham will not finally bound your labours; although we will look with anxiety for their continuation. Northumberland forms a capital subject, lying, as it were, under your hand, and I trust it will not escape you.*

"It was part of my plan in returning from London last year to have surprised you with a visit at Mainsforth; but I was induced, from various motives, to return by sea, which disappointed this and other parts of my scheme. I regret the more not having had this opportunity to wait upon you, that I would have wished to have made, in person, the *amende honorable* for my sins as a correspondent, which sit heavy on me on all occasions, but can scarce be so ungracious in any as where you are concerned. My apology must be alternate hard labour and intervals of very great and predominating indolence, where I have lain on my oars like an Indian in his hammock, after a week's hunting, detesting even the most necessary exertion, and envying the wise hermit of Prague, not for his witty intercourse with the niece of King Gorboduc, but because he never saw pen or ink. But never in these intervals could I forget your goodness and continued assistance upon so many occasions; and I am truly vexed and angry with myself when I think I have suffered you to heap coals of fire on my head, while I was persevering in ungrateful silence. I was indeed half persuaded that I should see you, either by your visiting Abbotsford, or my getting to Mainsforth.

"But trusting to your kindness to crutch up my lame apologies, or rather to admit my candid confession, I must tell you that I have had a visit from your draughtsman Mr. Blore, a modest and well-bred young man, as well as an excellent artist, and whom I liked particularly on account of the warm feelings which he entertains towards you as his friend and patron. I have had the advantage of his counsel and assistance in planning a small addition to my least of all possible houses at Abbotsford, to which I intend to inveigle some of the carved stones and a niche or two with rich canopies from the Tolbooth of Edinburgh—a sort of Bastile in the centre of the principal street, long used as the place of meeting of the Scottish Parliament, and more lately as the town jail. They are now pulling it down, and I think you will agree with me, it were a pity the ancient ornaments should be destroyed or thrown away. Building has procured many a man a niche in the jail; but I shall be the first who reverses that order of things and brings a niche *from* the jail.*

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* Mr. Surtees expressed to the writer of this Memoir his regret that he had not begun with the History of Northumberland, where national, as well as local interests and habits and prejudices, were brought into immediate contrast and collision, and, exciting to the utmost both the good and evil passions, could give to veracious history all the stirring energy of romance.

[I may add, that I have often heard Mr. Surtees avow an intention of publishing, after his History of Durham should be finished, the Genealogies of Northumberland, to be accompanied by engravings of its castles and peel-houses. "When Durham is finished," he would frequently say to me, "we must see what can be done; you shall take the castles and their architecture, I'll do the genealogy. It will be a glorious field, and we may do something between us." A parochial history of the county did not appear to form any part of his design.—Ed.]

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* The stones of the gate of the Tolbooth were afterwards brought to Abbotsford, and re-erected in the grounds in their original order: and when Sir Walter called to settle with the turnpike-man for the passage of the waggons which brought them, the man, on receiving the money, said, "Why, Sir Walter, I've aft thowt you daft, but now ye'er gane clean woode—to pay sae mickle siller for sic a hurrac o' useless stanes."—This was related by Scott to the writer, when, by the introduction of Mr. Surtees, he visited Abbotsford, in March, 1831.

[I have great pleasure in recording the following letters from Mr. Taylor to Mr. Surtees on the subject of the above-mentioned visit to Abbotsford.—Ed.]

GEORGE TAYLOR, ESQ. TO ROBERT SURTEES, ESQ.

" *Witton-le-Wear*, 8 *Feb.* 1831.

" Dear Surtees,—I intend leaving home on Monday next to spend a fortnight in Edinburgh, where, I understand, I am not likely to see Sir Walter Scott, who keeps close at Abbotsford.—Would you let me have a note privileging me to call on him just for a quarter of an hour? that I might bring away in my mind a picture of the man and the place whence so much has proceeded that has given me so much pleasure. I can easily believe there may be very good reasons, both on Sir Walter's part and yours, for not acceding to my wish—but I make the request without scruple, because I trust, if you can do it comfortably, you will—and if not—not.

" When shall I see you here? I fear that it may be so long, that I will take the present occasion to mention that it was much the wish of William and myself to see our good old master Farrer have a niche in your work. There is a mural tablet to his memory in the Church here, which would furnish a fair introduction to his name. William got a silhouette likeness engraved by Bewick, the block of which had been in a parcel with the block of William's device for his books—but on the envelope the words 'Mr. Farrer's likeness,' have a line drawn through them, and there is added, in William's hand, 'Sent to Surtees by J. B. Taylor.' Did you ever get it? if not can you? William's intention, I know, was that, when you should have done with it, the

"I have commenced Laird since I heard from you; and have, like Squire Shallow, land and beeves. God knows they are like

block should be given to the 'Schoolmasters' Association,' of which Mr. Farrer was founder, and my friend Mr. Turner has, for many years, been secretary. There was a little memoir of Mr. Farrer published by his nephew John Farrer, the author of the Trial of Abraham, &c. with which I could furnish you [a]

"I know your love of William so well, that I make no apology for troubling you on a subject in which he took interest.

"Yours, dear Surtees, ever truly,

"*Robert Surtees, Esq.* G. TAYLOR."

GEORGE TAYLOR, ESQ. TO ROBERT SURTEES, ESQ.

"*Witton-le-Wear, 22nd March*, 1831.

"Dear Surtees,—I shall always feel grateful to you for the pleasure you procured me in visiting Walter Scott, and, if I may judge of his friendship for you by the kind reception he gave me, I won't be so wicked as to say I envy you—but—I rejoice that you have such happiness. I enclosed your letter, and in return, instead of being allowed to call with my travelling companion, Miss Fenwick, we were invited to dine and sleep at Abbotsford, and had not the virtue to resist the temptation; and most hospitably and kindly we were received and entertained. Sir Walter and his unmarried daughter were alone, so we had full opportunity of seeing him in his domestic character, and delightful it was to witness such simplicity and affability in a mind so grand and rich—and the place too so abounding in all that was most appropriate and interesting as associated with the man. It was seeing the enchanter in the palace of his own raising. There was one grievous drawback, however, to our pleasure—the state of his health. For the first time in his life, he said, he was an invalid. After eating his usual hearty breakfast, he found himself, one morning (about a fortnight before we saw him, which was on the 4th and 5th instant) deprived of speech. The affection gradually went off, but left him languid generally, and much weaker than usual in the legs; and this latter, he said, was all the effect he then felt—no pain or other uneasiness. He had consulted Abercrombie, who had put him on a regimen and prescribed quiet society, and relaxation from literary labours, which last, his daughter said, he was most unwilling to comply with. Pray tell me if you hear anything from him of his health.

"I wrote a note to Sir J. Sinclair, saying I had a communication to make from you to his son Mr. Alexander Sinclair, R.N. and requesting to know his address. He replied his son in the navy was Mr. Archibald S. who was then in America, but for whom he should be glad to receive any communication. I of course said that your purpose would not be answered by sending to America. I mentioned to Sir W. S. that you seemed engaged in Scotch antiquities through your Durham investigations, to be waur articles in the market than they were some years since. However, I have a wild ox-moor to stub, a bog to drain, and sixty or seventy acres to plant in addition to the same quantity already planted and thriving. Besides I have the Tweed for one picturesque boundary of my little property, and a mountain lake, or tarn, at the other; both which are tempting subjects of improvement. *Pereat inter hæc lux.* I cannot add *misero;* for, excepting that in draining my land I drain my purse, and that my forests flourish more vigorously in the prophetic eye of my own imagination than in the commonplace observation of my neighbours, I hardly know anything in which I have found more real amusement than in my rural occupations. You exercise on such occasions a command over nature; changing her face at your pleasure, and compelling her to be what you wish. You, I understand, have an additional interest in her productions, by being a great botanist—a science to which I have never been able to make pretensions, though my uncle holds the botanical chair in the University here, which might have afforded me excellent opportunities of study. If through him, however, I could gratify any of your wishes connected with the Flora of Scotland, I am certain he has equally the power and the will to oblige you. Adieu. Remember me to Mrs. Surtees; and believe me, unalterably,

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[a] See above, p. 3. The memoir was first printed in the Gentleman's Magazine, together with the silhouette likeness above alluded to, and it has since been copied into various local publications.—ED.

"Dear Sir,
"Your truly obliged
"WALTER SCOTT.

"*Edinburgh, 12th November,* 1816."

The two letters omitted in the printed correspondence of 1819, are here inserted,—

R. SURTEES, ESQ. TO W. SCOTT, ESQ.

"Dear Sir,—I lately heard from our friend Blore that you purpose being in London soon after the Christmas holidays. I know not how far his information is correct, but I cannot forbear troubling

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and he desired me to say you might have the most efficient aid on such subjects from his friend, Thos. Thomson, Deputy Registrar of Scotland. Give my respects to Mrs. Surtees, and believe me very truly yours,

"*R. Surtees, Esq.* G. TAYLOR."

you with a line to say that we hope if you can at all make it within your route you will touch at Mainsforth. We shall certainly be at home; and nothing can enliven our winter quarters so much as the prospect of a visit from yourself and family: and if the report of this expedition be truth, should either of the Miss Scotts not accompany you to London, Mrs. Surtees desires me to say she would be happy to entertain them as well as she can in this country, during any part of your absence which they could afford us.

"I am highly delighted with the gallant air of 'Patrick Carey,' and I have been threshing my brains to little purpose to elucidate his genus and connexion. So far—which, perhaps, is no news—Warneford is in Hampshire, and Wickham (where our loyalist bowsed in the buttery) not far from it, near Farnham; both, as far as a bad map instructs me, towards the Sussex edge of the county.*

"Thus his Patria at least is determined. I presume Hogg's Jacobites are nearly ready for a rising. That whole era of exertion from —88 to —47 has always been a favourite subject with me, as shewing gallant men acting under the excitement of a feeling which seems now almost obsolete. There might be rebels in those days, but could scarcely be Radicals. Of the latter gentlemen we hear a great deal, and learn from the papers what a sad state our county is in; but we know and feel nothing of it: and I recommended to Blore,† who seems to think us in some danger, the

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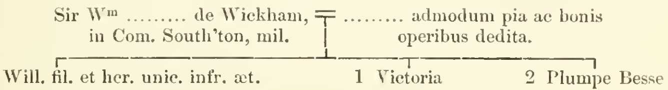
* *Mr. Surtees to the Editor:*—"I am rather delighted with the Cavalier .... of Pat. Carey, and I think I shall find out Wickham and its knight some day. The arms are very diverse from English Carey. R.S.—Mainsforth, Nov. 11, 1819."

Again: "Is there any book in Durham Library treating of Hampshire, to shew the owners of Warneford and Wickham, both *gratia* Patric. Carey, whose verses, though trifling enough, have a gallant cavalier air which interests me. *Patr. Carey dedicat magistræ Tomkins, et tunc temporis vixit apud Warneford; et aliquando moram traxit in le buttery-hatch in domo cujusdam militis nomine Willelmi apud Wickham in eodem Com. South'ton: videl't stemma,*


Sir Wm .... de Wickham, in Com. South'ton, mil.
.... admodum pia ac bonis operibus dedita.
Will. fil. et her. unic. infr. æt. tempore Patr. Carey.
1 Victoria
2 Plumpe Besse

ED.

† *Blore to Surtees:*—"6 *Dec.* 1819. We have most dreadful reports of the state of affairs in the North. I trust, however, that the evil is greatly exaggerated, and that

description of Fame in Virgil. But this is the sunny side of the county, quiet and agricultural; and I wish all places were like unto it: so your ladies need not be afraid of their safety here. Besides, our young squires and farmers are all mounted yeomanry, and are actuated by an excellent loyal spirit.

"Believe me, most sincerely,

"Your very obliged,

"Robt. Surtees.

"*Mainsforth, Dec. 15th,* 1819."

The following letter, dated 21st December, must, from the melancholy circumstances recorded, have been written in 1819. (See Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. iv. p. 326.)

"My dear Surtees,—My intended journey to London has been stopped by family disaster, as well as by the state of public affairs. Last week my mother was struck with a paralytic affection, and is just now barely in existence. Her brother, Dr. Rutherford, a most excellent and accomplished man, died suddenly on Wednesday morning, the gout having got into his stomach. To sum this catalogue of misfortune, my aunt, Miss Rutherford, my mother's sister, though much younger, died yesterday morning. She had been long complaining; and as her recovery was impossible, it is so far happy that she was spared the shock of my mother's imminent hazard, and of hearing of her brother's death. But it is a strange and sudden succession of losses in our family. The state of the times are so bad, that Mr. Scott of Gala, my kinsman, and I, have offered to raise a body of marksmen of 300 men among our own neighbours, to serve any where in Scotland or England, north of the Humber. The peasantry with us are zealously loyal, and attached to their Lairds; and we find that, far from being puzzled to make up our numbers, we may select out any number of the handsomest and the stoutest men in the country. I pro-

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tranquillity will be shortly restored." *Note by Mr. Surtees:*—"I have referred him to Æneid iv.: 'Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum,' &c."

In another letter:—"I would not for a great deal see B...... just now—he'll be *uncommon* while these radicals are on."—Ed.

pose to take a staff appointment, as the fellows are exceedingly desirous I should go with them, and I will leave the active command to abler men. They are all practised marksmen, and full of a sort of spirit which would have pleased old Carey. They are to wear grey frocks and trowsers, blue bonnets, and their own grey plaids, and be disciplined as light infantry.

"If this corps goes on, of which there is every prospect, it will detain me in the country, in order to embody and discipline my company. I have always had a strong notion that the science of warfare may be much more easily taught than is generally supposed; and the rules for training men to what is really useful might be much simplified.

"I will not go to London without seeing you, either as I go up, or return; and I hope I may expect that pleasure in spring at furthest. Hogg's Jacobite Songs is a curious book; and he has grubbed up a great deal of old poetry, of one sort or other.

"My best compliments attend Mrs. Surtees, in which Mrs. Scott and the girls sincerely join.

"Yours always, my dear Surtees, most truly,

"WALTER SCOTT.

"*Edinburgh, 12th December.*"

The tour on the continent had probably been undertaken, as a means of relaxation, after completing the second volume of the History of Durham in 1820; and so in 1823, when the third volume was published, we find the author and his lady at Edinburgh; and, with Sir Walter Scott's advice to direct them, visiting the many interesting and romantic scenes, which even a very limited excursion around Edinburgh may comprise.

The following directions to a tourist in the district to which they refer, will be duly appreciated by all who wish to be guided by a poet's light, in exploring a poetic region. They who are acquainted with Mr. Wordsworth's exquisite description of the scenery of the Lakes in the North of England, will regret that these hints of a kindred mind are mere outlines of scenes, which such powers could have so admirably filled up.

"MEMORANDUM.

"1st day.—Glasgow and sights.

"2d day.—Start early; and see Bothwell Castle. Breakfast at Hamilton, and pictures. Within three miles of Lanark see the lowest or Stonbyres Fall, within one hundred yards of the road. The small river Mouse joins the Clyde within about a mile of Lanark. If you get up it, you will immediately get into Cartland Craigs, a most astonishing glen. But then you will have to quit the carriage, and walk about three miles. If you are told this is unadvisable, make the carriage take you to Baroald (Mr. Lockhart's house), and wait for you, till you have satisfied your curiosity. But do not go to Lanark first, because it brings you back again. Dine at Lanark, and see the falls in the evening, taking horses to the lower point. This will be a busy day, but may easily be managed.

"3d day.—Start early, and breakfast at Biggar; a wild and uninteresting stage. From Biggar to Peebles; ditto. From Peebles to Melrose; a very agreeable drive. The man *will* turn from the river side shortly after you pass the remnants of the Elebank tower, and just opposite my old mansion Ashesteel, and bring you to Clovenford; a small inn where four roads meet. You must insist on his keeping the Selkirk road, which immediately brings you again to the river. When you come to Yair, a gentleman's seat and bridge, you do not pass the bridge, but keep the left-hand bank. When you come to the point where the Tweed joins the Ettrick, and just under a farm-house, with some cottages called the Rink, you will, for the trouble of climbing about two hundred yards up a steep hill, see the remains of a British fort, or town, adjacent to the curious ditch called the Catrail. Ask any of the people for the *old camp*. You will then pass Abbotsford on the opposite bank, and get to Melrose, which is *pays de connaissance.*

"I think I can add no more, except best good wishes for fine weather, and an agreeable journey.

"W. S."

Another short excursion from Edinburgh was thus sketched by Sir Walter Scott, and given to Mrs. Surtees, June 23d, 1823.

"To Callender.—One day to Loch Katrine. Next day to Aberfoil. You pass the port of Menteeth, which has the very interesting ruins of Inch Mahone, upon an islet in the Loch Aberfoil. Go up the lake, and not omit to see the beautiful fall of Leadard at the head of the loch. You may take a boat down the loch, if you find it fatiguing. If you feel stout enough to go on to Lochard, the scenery is very fine. Return to Aberfoil in the evening."

To this period, probably, are referrible several notes from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Surtees, having no date but the day of the week. In one dated "Friday evening," he says, "I propose to remain till Wednesday, and I hope your society till that time. I cannot tell you how happy this *catch* makes me."

The following is another of these notes.

"My dear Sir,—I send you the Restituta, and I think you will be sorry for poor Sheale. At the same time I really *hope* he did not write Chevy Chase. There is something so humbling in his wife being a silk-woman, and all the detail of the robbery on Dunsmere, for which he got so little credit.

"Would you like to see Allan's pictures? If so, and you will call on me to-day at the Parliament House at twelve, I will procure your admittance, and also for the ladies.

"I wish the ladies and you, if not better engaged, would drink coffee with us at six to-night, and take a walk or a drive. You need not mind ordering your horses, as mine have little to do, and the carriage will hold us all very conveniently.

"Also, I hope you will give us your company to dinner, either Wednesday or Thursday as most convenient, or later in the week, if you like it better.

"Here is a formidable list of demands on your time and patience; but a Northumbrian in Edinburgh is but a prisoner at large, and must be obedient to the will of the natives, and I have some very old claims on you. I cannot tell how I am vexed that

I should be obliged to leave town to-morrow, and on the other hand, must return when you are like to be at Melrose. It is a vile see-saw.

"Yours ever,

"*Castle Street, Tuesday Morning.* WALTER SCOTT.

"I hope you were gratified yesterday."

In the course of this summer Mr. Surtees received from his fellow-pupil and fellow-collegian, Bishop Heber,* a letter, which will be read with melancholy interest, as exhibiting the bright hopes with which he had set out on his mission of benignity, and which were permitted to be so imperfectly fulfilled; as well as the fond anticipations of return, destined to be so utterly disappointed.

TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"*H. C. S. Grenville. At sea. Latitude* 6, *Long.* 25 *W.*
July 21.—[1823.—See Life.]

"My dear Friend,—Your letter reached me a few days previous to my sailing, and at a moment of such hurry, that it was really out of my power to answer it. I felt, however, much gratified by your kind recollection of me, and the good wishes which you expressed for my welfare; and you may depend on my rendering any little service, or civility, in my power, to the young man whose name you mention. I saw him for a few moments, and was pleased with his appearance and manner. He was to sail about the same time with me, but from Liverpool. I know not how long this letter may be ere it reaches you; but as we are now in latitudes where we have a chance of meeting with homeward-bound vessels, I am unwilling to delay any longer, what want of time only prevented my doing immediately. We have, thus far, had a tolerable, though not very quick or easy passage: but is a circumstance much in favour of one who is likely, for many years to come, to pass much of his life at sea, that, though we have had a full allowance of rough weather, and some calms accompanied with a heavy swell, little less troublesome to inexperienced voyagers than a storm, I have never yet suffered more than a slight occasional head-ache. My poor wife has not been so fortunate; but this I am anxious to ascribe rather to the usual effects of pregnancy, than to consider it as an argument that she will, on future occasions, suffer from the sea. Our little girl is well and happy in her new situation, which in fact, if my wife suffered less, I should myself enjoy much more than I expected. The tedium and monotony, which I apprehended I should feel in a long voyage, has, though five weeks are now over, never assailed me; and indeed, in the acquisition of the Hindostanee and Persian (in which I have the advantage of an excellent instructor on board, and the comfort of my wife as a school-fellow), I have an object which would engross even more time than I can command from the necessary intercourse and engagements of the day. The climate, though during some days it has been decidedly torrid, has been neither oppressive nor disagreeable; and several of the natural objects round us have been sufficiently novel and interesting to distinguish, not unpleasantly, one day from another, and to furnish a little variety to the journal, which, in conformity with the usual custom of travellers, I have thus far kept regularly.

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* Of Surtees's literary doings in conjunction with Reginald Heber, at Oxford, unfortunately nothing is preserved. I have heard him say that they amused themselves in writing plays in the olden style, and that they imitated, as well as they could, the handwriting of the periods in which their respective plots were laid. Their proposed plan for giving to the modern paper, which they were compelled to use, the tint of antiquity, was ingenious and full of novelty.—ED.

"Of the two languages which I am endeavouring to acquire, I as yet know too little to give you any very interesting information. The discrepancy of both from Hebrew and its cognate dialects (though many detached Arabic words are of course to be met with, the fruits of long intercourse, commercial, religious, and military), and their strong resemblance, on the other hand, to the languages of Northern Europe, are the circumstances which have struck me most. A very large proportion of their roots are either Greek, Gothic, or Sclavonic; and to the latter, more particularly, (as might be expected from propinquity of situation, and probably from its having emanated from the parent stock more recently than the other two) the resemblance is striking in many remarkable peculiarities of grammar. Everything which I have yet seen confirms the classification which Adelung has adopted in his 'Mithridates,' where, if I recollect right, he places the Sanscrit, Persian, Sclavonic, Gothic, Greek, Celtic, &c. under the common head of the 'Indo-European Language.' Of Sanscrit, indeed, I am only able to judge through the medium of its daughter the Hindostanee: this is said to bear the same relation to it which Italian does to Latin; and it is even said that the mother is still more like the Greek and Gothic than the daughter is. With Sanscrit, however, I have at present no intention of meddling: the other two are so absolutely necessary, both to my comfort and usefulness, where I am going, that I am loath to give up, as yet, any time from them to a study which is merely a matter of literary curiosity, and which, if I am to judge from the enormous size of its grammar (a huge quarto), is not to be pursued without a considerable sacrifice both of time and labour. Of the literature, which a knowledge of Persian and Hindostanee will open to me, I am as yet unable to say much. In the latter, of which I know most, very little is indeed written. In the former, all which as yet has struck me is, that what we in Europe call the *flowery style* of the East by no means exists to the extent which is apprehended; that some of those exuberant ornaments, which are found in our translations of Hafez and Saodi, are the property of the translators only; and that on the whole the men of the East write more like the 'men of this world' than I (at least) had given them credit for.

"As to my prospects in India I have little to say. All I can learn encourages me to hope that I shall be, by God's help, actively and extensively useful there. In which case, provided my health and that of my family holds out, I have no doubt that I shall be sufficiently happy. You may have heard that the East India Company had, before I sailed, expressed an intention of materially adding to my comforts, both by finding me a house, and shortening my term of residence from fifteen to ten years. Of the society of Calcutta I have been led on the whole to form a favourable opinion; and the firm health which I have hitherto enjoyed, entitles me to look forward with some degree of hope to a tranquil enjoyment of the evening of life in the society of the excellent friends whom I am now compelled to leave behind. I yet look forward to enjoy a ramble with you in the neighbourhood of Mainsforth; and in the mean time it will be a real act of kindness to me if you will, from time to time, allow me to enjoy the only intercourse in our power, by a *letter*, giving account of your health, your studies, and the news of contemporary literature.

"Believe me, dear Surtees,
"Ever yours, most faithfully,
"REGINALD CALCUTTA."

In 1825 died William Taylor, the honoured and loved friend of Mr. Surtees, whose conduct on that occasion was too characteristic not to be recorded here. The will directed that the family estate should be sold for the settlement of the somewhat complicated affairs. This was not effected for considerably more than a year; but the executor was at length enabled to express to his friend Miss Ambler the gratification he felt in having brought everything to a satisfactory adjustment. She, knowing the pleasure it would give Mr. Surtees, mentioned the circumstance to him, and was not disappointed in the cordial sympathy expressed. He then, after pondering awhile, said, "Now, cousin Ambler, I will mention to you that I have a bond for two hundred pounds, in which William Taylor was joint security for a friend now unable to pay.* Should I mention it to George Taylor?" He was advised by all means to do so; his cousin feeling quite convinced (as was the fact) that the executor was wholly unaware of the existence of such a claim. When this was stated to Mr. Surtees, with an appointed time for paying the money, his letter in reply was, "I never should have pressed William living, to any inconvenience, nor would I abridge the comforts of his heirs. I do not wish to be inquisitive; but if you count the residue by hundreds, not by thousands, there is a clean end of it." The end was, that, when the principal was paid, he positively refused receiving any interest; because, he said, he had himself borrowed the money from a friend, who would accept none of him.

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* I well remember the case of a poor friend who was in need of money, and requested Mr. Surtees to be his bondsman for 200*l*. Surtees at once consented. His friend, however, became yearly more involved in pecuniary difficulties, and Surtees, not willing that he should be pressed, undertook to pay the interest until he should be in better plight. This went on for some years, till at last he paid the principal too, and always afterwards spoke of his poor friend with the greatest kindness. I print the following letter as a specimen of the solicitations to which Mr. Surtees's kindness rendered him liable. The hearty quaintness of this application amused him so much that he deemed the original worthy of preservation, and would frequently quote and act upon its concluding paragraph, "a little does good."—ED.

To Robt. Surtis, esq. Mansforth.

Jan. 1, 1820. Dear sir, I wich you and your Dear Msr. a happy new year, and many good ingoyments a tende it. Dear sir, a little Dose good, So No more
From your well wisher,
Woodham. GEO. HEDLEY.

Another trait of Mr. Surtees' character, in connexion with the name of William Taylor, should not be here omitted. He was Surtees' tenant of a house at Bishop Middleham, in which he had made several improvements, besides additions to the building, on condition of a twenty-one years' lease. At a later period, Mr. Surtees was in negotiation with another party for the sale of the premises. The agent of the party waited on Mr. Surtees, and stated that Mr. Taylor claimed to have a considerable unexpired term in his lease: and he wished to know whether the statement of the term were correct, and whether any lease existed? The answer was,—"I have no correct knowledge on the subject; but whatever Mr. Taylor says the term is, that is the term: and if neither he nor I can find a lease, I'll make him one."

Such were the kindly disposition and honourable feelings which stamped Mr. Surtees as an admirable specimen of the true English gentleman.

It is gratifying to observe how completely that character could be appreciated and confided in by the class of operative farmers. Mr. Surtees' tenant at Humbleton, Kirkby by name, had the misfortune to be drowned, leaving a wife and five children. The widow continued on the farm, and at her death her short and simple will was, that she bequeathed everything she possessed to her landlord, requesting that he would pay himself, and divide the remainder among her children. One of the daughters became a domestic at Mainsforth, where Mr. Surtees always used to call her "our little Brownie;" and there the little Brownie has still her haunt.

The same family character, in the preceding generation, is curiously and interestingly exhibited by a document found among Mr. Surtees' papers, and indorsed by his father,* "Keep this—it is the exact picture of the within-mentioned George Surtees." This George Surtees was the younger brother [uncle] of the indorser, and a half-pay Lieutenant in the Navy, residing at Bishop Middleham, a bachelor; and then nearly completing his fifty-second year. It seems that his brother had been proposing to make some addition to his income: but the paper in question, though a complete sheet, begins abruptly with the items of his income:—

	£
"Half pay	50
At interest 300 pounds	14"

and so on; making a total of two hundred and twenty-three pounds; "which," continues the paper, "is as much as I can spend in any year. I am determined to have no more from you. Are not you my own flesh and blood? then why shou'd I take from you what I don't want?

"*Bishop Middleham, Sept.* 13, 1790. G. SURTEES.

"I can't dine at Mainsforth to-day, being busy with my barley crop.

"To Robert Surtees, Esq. at Mainsforth."

SIR W. SCOTT, BART. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"My dear Surtees,—I regret extremely that you have had illness in your family. I have been lingering here (not by choice), till I must needs be in town in four days; so I delay waiting on the good Knight Sir Cuthbert and your 'Squirehood until I come back in the second week of May, when I hope to spend a day at Mainsforth, and another at Sunderland, health admitting. My daughter is not quite so well (thanks to balls and racketings), and I think visiting will suit us better on our return, as the weather will be more favourable. A bill is coming on in Parliament, of which I have agreed to take some little charge, is the cause of my present hurry. I have got Diccon the Reaver up, in what I hope you will think good style. Always, my dear Surtees,

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* Mr. Taylor is here under a mistake. The indorsement is by Mr. Surtees himself. —ED.

"Most truly yours,

"*Abbotsford*, 1st *April*, 1828. WALTER SCOTT."

SIR W. SCOTT, BART. TO R. SURTEES, ESQ.

"My dear Surtees,—Nothing could have [made] me more happy than to have waited upon you at Mainsforth, without the circumstance of sale of cattle in your vicinity;* which would not have added anything to the inducement; for although a farmer, on a small scale, it is only *malgré moi*, nor has thirty years' experience taught me

——— ——— 'the pride
Men put in cattle.'

But my son-in-law's family, with himself and Sophia, are now here; and I have letters from my two sons proposing to be here very soon; so that, for the first time these several years, I have the prospect of seeing my children all under my roof together; which is one of the greatest blessings to which I can look forward. I know your own feelings on family subjects will make you receive this as a good apology for the old lion staying at home to receive his cubs; although every year makes me more and more a fixture, I seriously hope to see Mainsforth once more before I die. I have made several promises on this head, which circumstances have not permitted me to fulfil; so I will not say more at present, as, being fixed for the autumn and winter, I can only look to some distant period, subject to many contingencies. Meantime, should chance bring you this way before the 12th of November, or to Edinburgh after that date, nothing would be more agreeable to me, especially should you come to this place, where I have room enough for you, and all that belong to you. Upon my word you should come to see the Catte Rail,* were there nothing else to look at.

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* The cattle-sale here alluded to was that of Christopher Mason, of Chilton, Esq. Mr. Surtees' nearest neighbour, who, after the death of the Collings of Barmton, became the principal breeder of short-horns and Teeswater sheep in the North of England. Mr. Mason was a plain, kind-hearted, straight-forward man, and Mr. Surtees and he were always upon very friendly terms. Had he attended to his farming and cattle-breeding, and not meddled with banks and coal-pits, the estate of Chilton might still have belonged to his family. Surtees would often tell with much glee a "passage," as he called it, between his former butler, John Hall, and Mason. To John, upon his leaving service, his master had let a small farm, and it had in consequence become necessary that he should now and then attend the weekly market at Darlington. Thither John was trudging one morning on foot, when he was overtaken by Mr. Mason, who had a spare seat in his gig. "Get up, John," said the latter, in his plain, hearty way, "and I'll give thee a ride." John expressed his obligation, and accepted the offer. "Now, John," said Mason, as they were jogging along, "does thou think that two honester men than thou and me'll enter Darnton market this day?" "Answer for yoursell, Mr. Mason," said John: "I can only speak for one." Mason, the very next day, told the story to Surtees in raptures, and it was never forgotten. —ED.

"Adieu, my dear Surtees, *et sis memor mei!*

"Yours affectionately,

"*Abbotsford, 26th August* [1829]. WALTER SCOTT."†

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* A remarkable trench and rampart of early British or Saxon workmanship, traceable from the Tweed near Abbotsford for nearly fifty miles towards the Cumberland mountains. See Scott's Border Antiquities, Pref. p. xxiii.—ED.

† As this letter is the last that has been found of this interesting correspondence, it is proper to state that for what has been recovered of Mr. Surtees' part in it, as no copies had been kept, his friends and the public are indebted to the courteous liberality of Mr. Lockhart.

[The nature of Sir Walter Scott's last illness and its long duration had for many months deprived his friends and the world of all hopes of his recovery. I was the first to inform Mr. Surtees of the termination of his sufferings, and I shall long remember the effect which the sad news (however long expected) had upon his mind. He was in high spirits when we met upon the terrace walk, but he immediately became composed and thoughtful. A few words escaped him of "the setting of a sun of glory," and of a "cloud over Scotland;" and for the remainder of the morning he said little, but wandered away by himself, and when we met at dinner the melancholy event was not again alluded to or mentioned.

"1817, Mar. 17. Your news of Walter Scott is much more afflictive than your own danger of the Toll-booth, and I do earnestly beseech you that you will write to tell me how he is. I well know the yearnings, that a wounded deer has, to drink from his own fountain. 'Home-sickness is no baby pang,' and in sickness it is doubled. Let me hear that he is well and quiet at Abbotsford."—*Mr. Surtees to Mr. Blore.*

MISS M. A. SCOTT TO MRS. SURTEES.

"My dear Mrs. Surtees,

"I have not been very well for some time, or would have answered your kind letter sooner. In regard to poor Papa, I grieve to say there is *no change* for the better, but, thank God! he has no suffering; at least to all appearance he is unconscious of every thing. My sister and brother are here with him, and they are both as well as can be

Mr. Surtees had viewed with much interest the establishment of the Durham University;* and in the latter end of 1833 had

expected. It is, indeed, a heavy trial to see poor Papa in the melancholy state he is, but God's will be done. And I am sure, when I think of the chance there was that this dreadful calamity might have happened in Greece, where we were on the point of going, I do feel grateful for the blessing of being at home. You ask me about Mary Queen of Scots' picture. *It was copied* by Mr. Bewick, and is thought an original. It was bought in Germany, not by Papa, but by a very strange old man, who wished to give it to Papa, thinking it of *great* value. This Papa refused. He then offered to sell it, and named forty or fifty guineas, as he always said no one should have it but him. All the artists admire the picture very much. This is all I remember about it, but I need not say that, if I can do anything regarding it useful to Mr. Surtees, I will have much pleasure in doing so. I cannot forget how often poor Papa has mentioned him as one of the friends he valued most. I fear you won't be able to make this out. I write in much haste, and in poor Papa's room, which is quite dark. With kind regards ever believe me to remain

"Yours most truly,

"MARGUERITE ANN SCOTT.

"*Mrs. Surtees, Mainsforth, near Durham.* *August the 9th, Abbotsford.*"—ED.]

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[*] Mr. Surtees hailed with joy the establishment of a University at Durham, and, at the time of his death, was meditating the gift of a yearly gold medal to be awarded to an undergraduate for proficiency in a subject to be agreed upon by himself and the authorities.

Upon the foundation of the university, a lady, still alive, at a dinner in the college, seriously inquired, in Mr. Surtees' hearing, whether due provision would be made in the new establishment, as in the older universities, for students of Royal blood, in the way of degrees and other immunities, stating in plain terms that she asked the question from interested motives, on account of her grand-children. Surtees sat for a few moments in silence, much amused, doubtless, at what he had heard. "Royal blood!" said he, after musing for a while, "royal blood! there are few persons, I dare say, here who have not royal blood in their veins, if their pedigree could be traced. I for one can boast of royal blood—my grandmother was descended from so and so," mentioning names; "and therefore I for one can brag of royal blood, but sure enough it comes to me through a tobacco-pipe. My grandmother was the daughter of a tobacconist." We heard no more that evening of royalty and royal immunities.

But over unassuming simplicity, into whatever mistake it might fall, Mr. Surtees was always ready to throw the shield of his protection; and from many a one did he, under such circumstances, considerately turn aside the laugh of ridicule. "I have been reading Gulliver's Travels," said a gentleman one day in a large company, "and I really cannot make up my mind to believe the whole of the book." The speaker was a weak man, as may readily be imagined, but he was kind-hearted, of the most unassuming, gentlemanly manners, and extremely charitable to the poor. Surtees instantly, by one single beseeching look, checked the roar of laughter which was ready sent a present of books, thus acknowledged by the Venerable Archdeacon Thorp, the Warden of the University:

"*College, Durham, Nov.* 2, 1833.

"My dear Sir,—Many thanks to you for your acceptable present to the University, which I have received this morning; and which we shall especially value as a testimony of your good will and approval.

"You have made a very rich addition to our stock of books; and we hope to use what you have given to good purpose."

One of the last literary pleasures which Mr. Surtees enjoyed appears to have arisen from a circumstance thus stated by his friend Mr. Raine.

"My 'Brief Account of Durham Cathedral' was published anonymously. Surtees had no conception that such a work was in progress; but he had repeatedly professed his inability to write the history of the Cathedral, and had as repeatedly solicited me to help him. The day after my little book was published, I left a copy of it for him at Rushyford, as I was passing to Denton; but without the least indication of the quarter from whence it came. Upon my return home, I found the following letter upon my table:

'Dear Raine,—You have sent me a jewel of the first water. Who would write folios

When here's an abbey in octavo shut,
Just like great Homer's Iliad in a nut?

Moreover, it will save me a world of trouble. I wish you would write a history of Raby and Brancepath.

* * * * *

'Yours truly,
'R. SURTEES.

'*Mainsforth, Friday, Nov.* 22, 1833.'"

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to be raised. "I cannot help your unbelief, sir," said he, quietly addressing the gentleman, without even a smile, "but I, for my part, believe every word of the book;" and gave an instant turn to the conversation.—ED.

Mr. Surtees, it is obvious, had never been a man of robust health; and there was now probably some important constitutional failure, that made itself felt, though assuming no definite character: for, on returning from a visit to Mrs. Robinson, at Hendon, near Sunderland, he spoke to Mrs. Surtees, who met him on the terrace, despondingly of himself, though then affected apparently only with a common cold. [He had ridden from Durham to Ferry-hill on the outside of a coach.] This was on Monday the 27th of January, 1834. He was always averse from confinement to the house, and it was a rare day indeed, when, as he said, he did not, like the snail, creep out under his sunny southern wall. And this habit he continued for some days after his return home, without apparent increase of his cold: but in the latter end of the week he complained of pain in his side. No time was lost: the family surgeon was sent for; medicine was administered, and leeches topically applied. But inflammation rapidly advancing, Doctor Brown of Sutherland was called; who, though deeming the patient in danger, was not without hope. But Mr. Surtees from the first had none.

Yet even then his literary zeal continued.* Before he finally quitted his library,† although in great pain, his last act in con-

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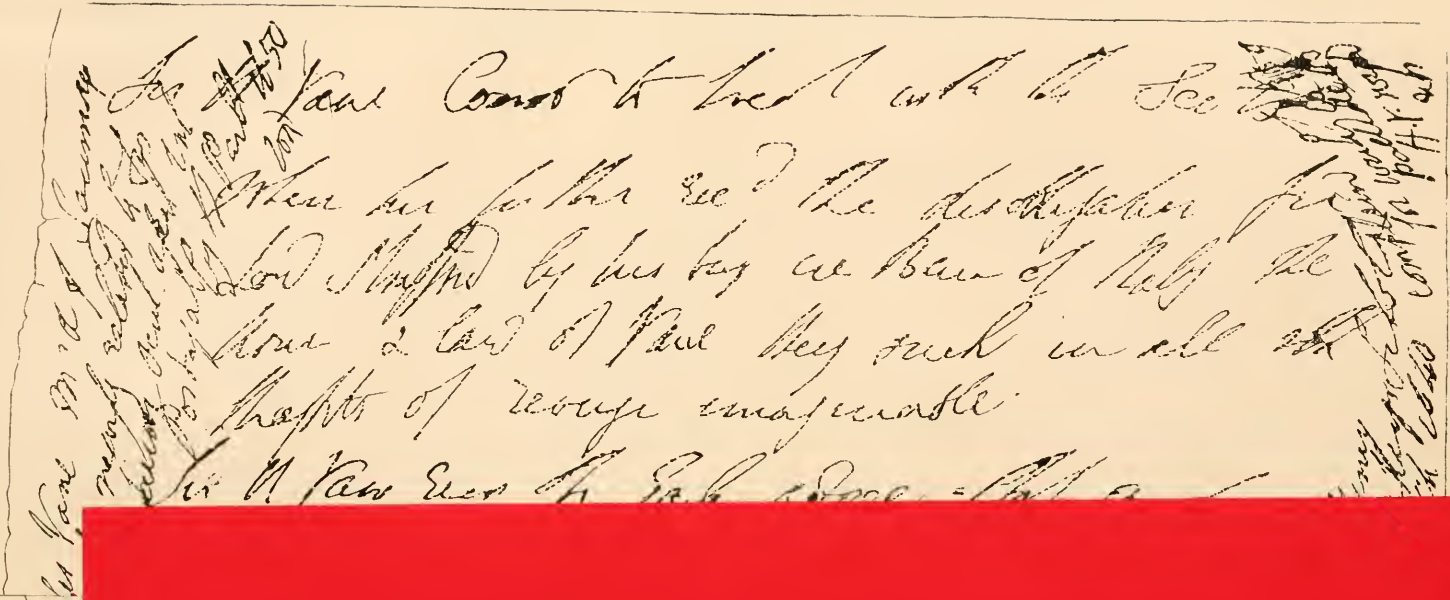
* During his last week Mr. Surtees began to compile "Extracts and Notices relative to Charles Neville last Earl of Westmoreland, who was attainted 1569, and died at Newport, in Flanders, in 1601." The book is a thin quarto, and only three or four of its pages are written upon, the rest are blank.

He had not long before compiled a thick octavo, of a very miscellaneous nature, relative to Durham and Yorkshire families of note, consisting of extracts from Newspapers, Parish Registers, Personal Anecdotes, Traditions, &c. &c. all written in his neatest hand. This volume, lettered DUNELM. ET EBOR. was purchased at the sale of his books by the ED.

† Of that Library, from which proceeded the History of Durham, let me give a brief description. It is a room of a convenient size, upon the ground floor, and communicating with the breakfast room. It is lighted by two windows to the west, opening upon the lawn through a wall, then profusely covered with gigantic old pear-trees with moss-grown stems interwoven with roses and other creeping and flowering shrubs, in the spring time of the year the breeding-place of numerous throstles and blackbirds, not one of which was suffered to be disturbed. Hard by is a rookery, in an old clump of sycamores, which overhang the garden wall; and in the same wall, beneath a coping of a peculiar character, a whole tribe of starlings yearly lay their nests, and hold their mysterious converse on its top. Now and then, when a window was open, a redbreast would fly in and perch upon Dugdale or the Boldon Buke, and he, too, was welcome. Two sides of the room were closely occupied by old-fashioned mahogany book-cases;



Sir You Cannot be [illegible] [illegible] the See

When her father see'd the dissatisfaction [illegible]

and stopped by her being a Barr of Italy the

throne & Card of Paul they stick in all the

thoughts of Europe [illegible].

Sir I have seen the [illegible]

nexion with his History was to gather together on the back of a letter such notes and references as might, for his account of Raby, be of use to him in drawing the character of Sir Harry Vane the elder, and when he had finished his task, he said to Mrs. Surtees, "Annie, I have got him here." Mrs. S. remarked that she saw nothing but hieroglyphics, and she was apparently right. This letter back is preserved; and to any one but Mr. Surtees himself it would have been perfectly unintelligible.* It consists of scraps and scrawls, of long lines and short lines in the most disorderly direction, zig-zagging and crossing each other in every possible way; but to Mr. Surtees every scratch of the pen had its meaning; and it is perhaps well for the memory of Sir Harry Vane, that Mr. Surtees did not live to paint his character at full length.

The last time but one Mr. Surtees left his library, he looked wistfully round, and said, "Annie, I shall never be here again: these books will be yours." "So they may, Surtees," was the reply,—"and I should never like to part with them: but don't you think it would be well to send your manuscripts to some public library, where they would be of use?" The answer was, "You are right; and if it please God I should live a day or two, I will make a selection of them myself."

A short time after this he was laid up on his sick-bed, when a bright sun reminded him of his favourite time of year, and he said, "I shall never more see the peach-blossoms, or the flowers

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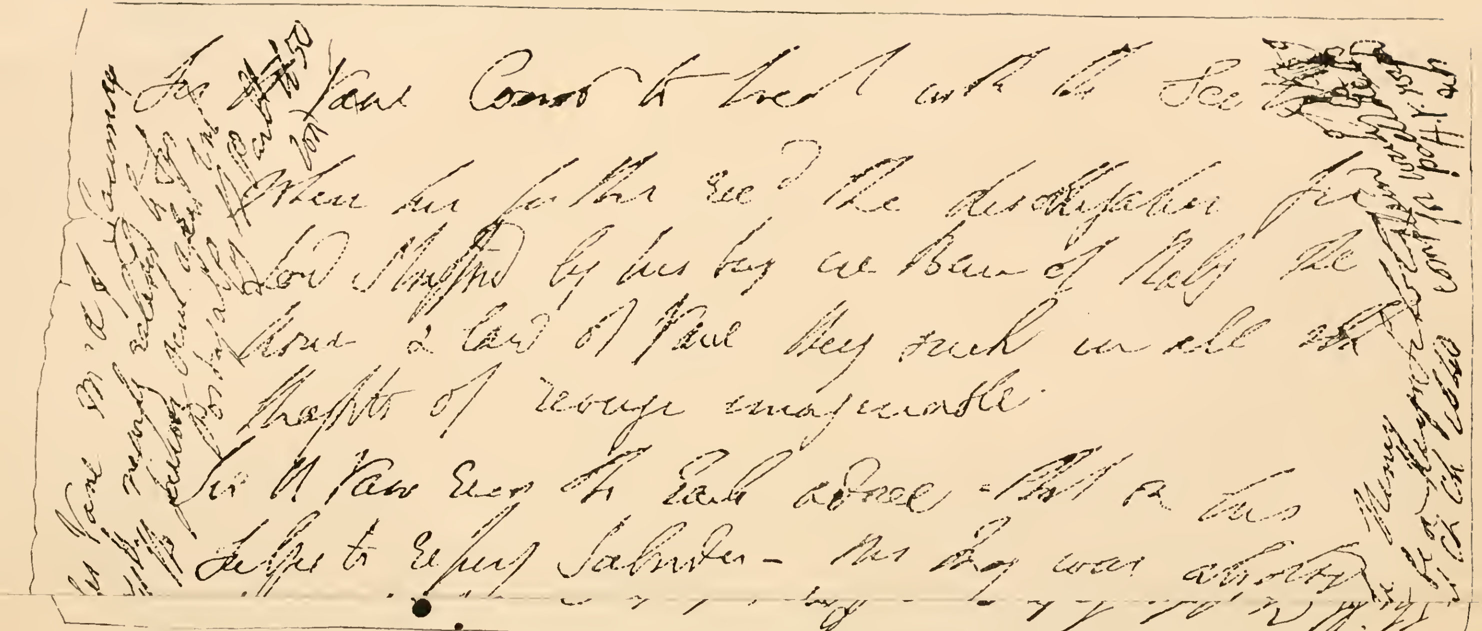
a third book-case stood in a recess near the fire, and the cabinet of coins stood between the windows. A few portraits upon the wainscot, one of Fenelon, one of Walter Scott, and a third of Hogg the Shepherd, and an old friend upon the hearth-rug in the shape of a dog, Bounce or Carlo or Nigel, completed the picture.

There are many who will thank me for bringing back this room to their memory, for along with the room will arise vividly to their mind, the most pleasing recollections of such a man as they may never know again. Even to those who come after us, so long as there shall be such a book as Surtees's History of Durham, the description may not be without its interest.—Ed.

* Mr. Taylor's description of this paper would lead to the conclusion that it contained original remarks by Mr. Surtees, to be afterwards amplified and expanded into a regular biography; whereas, it consists chiefly of notes and dates from Clarendon's History of the Rebellion. It may, however, be taken as a fair specimen of Mr. Surtees's usual mode of placing roughly upon paper his thoughts and references, preparatory to their amplification in a more intelligible way. The letter back is written on both sides. A fac-simile of one of them is placed before the reader.—Ed.



[illegible] Jane came to [illegible] with the [illegible]

When her father rec^d the dispatches [illegible]

[illegible] stopped by his boy [illegible] of [illegible] the

[illegible] a [illegible] of Jane they [illegible] in all

thoughts of revenge unappeasable.

Sir W [illegible] the [illegible] advice — [illegible] in this

[illegible] to [illegible] [illegible] — the boy was [illegible] nexion with his History was to gather together on the back of a letter such notes and references as might, for his account of Raby, be of use to him in drawing the character of Sir Harry Vane the elder, and when he had finished his task, he said to Mrs. Surtees, "Annie, I have got him here." Mrs. S. remarked that she saw nothing but hieroglyphics, and she was apparently right. This letter back is preserved; and to any one but Mr. Surtees himself it would have been perfectly unintelligible.* It consists of scraps and scrawls, of long lines and short lines in the most disorderly direction, zig-zagging and crossing each other in every possible way; but to Mr. Surtees every scratch of the pen had its meaning; and it is perhaps well for the memory of Sir Harry Vane, that Mr. Surtees did not live to paint his character at full length.

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of spring. It is hard to die in spring."[*] Perhaps he thought of his favourite Leyden's lines,—

> " But sad is he that dies in spring,
> When flowers begin to blow, and larks to sing,
> And makes it doubly hard with life to part."

For it had been his constant morning custom to watch the blossoms as they came out, and the first of the year was generally laid on the table, where his friends met at breakfast.[†]

"God," as he said, "had placed him in a Paradise; and he had everything that could make a man happy." Yet, eminently calculated as he was to enjoy such blessings, and nervous as his constitution was, he met the nearer approach of death with composure, with gratitude, and resignation to the will of Him whose beneficence had given, and whose pleasure it was now to take away.

His mind had always been happy, in never feeling a shadow of doubt on the truth of Revelation; and he felt, in the hour of trial, the blessedness of that faith which through life he had professed. Nor had his faith been a mere general acquiescence. He was a constant attendant on public worship and family prayer; seldom a day passed without his little Greek Testament being in use: and he told the Rev. C. G. Wheler of Durham[‡] (the exemplary Chaplain of the Prison there,) that he almost daily read in Sir George Wheler's "Protestant Monastery." *

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[*] This plaintive sentiment was feelingly illustrated in a short poem published in Blackwood's Magazine, in 1842. See Addenda.—Ed.

[†] Mr. Surtees was no mean botanist, and he regularly made the pursuit take its part in his daily amusements. In spring, in particular, it was his habit to walk quietly every morning round his garden, and count the new flowers as they appeared in their turns, as above stated, illustrating them by their classical names and descriptions. When the dahlia was first introduced into the garden, and he saw, for the first time, its velvety bloom, he was much delighted, and going into the house came out with a mediæval poet in his hand, reciting, as he walked to meet me, two or three hexameters in which he fancied the flower was described. Not many days before he died, he amused himself by putting into rhyme the few flowers then out in his garden.

> " See where the tenants of the spring
> Their chalic'd wreaths unfold—
> Their silver rent the snowdrops bring,
> The crocus pays in gold."—Ed.

[‡] Mr. Wheler died in 1849, and the following very just tribute to his memory, upon his gravestone in the new churchyard of St. Oswald's, was written by Mr. Taylor:—

"Sacred to the memory of the Rev. Ch. Granville Wheler, M.A. who died on the 31st day of Jan. 1849, aged 84 years.

About two o'clock on the Friday morning (Feb. 7,) he said to Mrs. Surtees, "Annie, I am very ill. I should have liked to have received the Sacrament: but I am too ill now to send for any one: but I give it to myself. Don't make yourself uneasy as to my state. I think as deeply as man can think. You know I have been blessed in the power of memory, and use it in repeating things to myself. I can't hear you read: my head won't bear it." In the morning he said, "Poor Bradley; he won't like to dig my grave,—he knows where I wish to be buried. I pity your mother most: she is an old woman,—and has had many sorrows; and she has loved me as I loved her.† As to Mary, she'll soon come to live at Mainsforth. I have left you for your life every sixpence I possess, and I hope the sun will go down brightly shining on your latter days. But now let us talk no more of the affairs of this world."

A gleam of his characteristic humour, in affectionate appreciation of his wife's character, appeared even a night or two before his death. He was lying in an inner chamber, and, at his own request, alone and in darkness, when a time-piece, which marked

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"As Chaplain to the Durham County Prison, he officiated for above a quarter of a century; a period which his conscientious zeal rendered one of continued labour and solicitude. But the Christian Pastor had his compensation from seeing Christian principles revive in many grateful hearts, which his cordial manners, his anxious sympathy, and his pious instruction had softened, soothed, and amended. May his successors in emulating his efforts earn his reward."—Ed.

* "The Protestant Monastery; or, Christian Œconomicks, containing Directions for the Religious Conduct of a Family." This book, Mr. Surtees (Hist. I. 171,) describes as "a very excellent institute of domestic discipline," and he makes from it copious extracts on the following page.—Ed.

† This most excellent woman died at Hendon, near Sunderland, on the 3d of Feb. 1839, at the great age of 85. She had, indeed, endured many trials and sorrows, but her hope was on High, and affliction had no other effect than to attach her more firmly to the "rod and staff" of her comfort and support. Nothing could be more true than Mr. Surtees's dying words, "She has loved me as I have loved her." She had, indeed, been to him a mother, and he had been to her a son. Mrs. Robinson was the daughter of a man much distinguished in his day as a scholar and a divine, the Rev. William Ward, Master of the Grammar School of Beverley, and author of an Essay on Grammar, and other works. See Nichols's Literary Illustrations, vol. I. pp. 510—520.—Ed.

the half-hours, by a single stroke on the bell, struck, as he thought, one o'clock, and he rapped on the partition for the medicine which was to be taken at that hour. Mrs. Surtees, who was watching in the outer apartment, came to him, and said, "Surtees, it is not one yet."—"Yes it is," he replied; "You are mistaken," she answered, "it cannot be."—"Nay, then," said he, "Annie, what is to become of the world, if you are beginning to lie?"

About two o'clock on the mournful day he died (Feb. 11,) he called Mrs. Surtees to the bedside, and said, "Annie, I am dead." The answer he heard was a prayer, that he might sleep in Jesus. Affection was strong in death; for he seemed conscious of nothing but the name he had been so long used to.*

On the 15th he was carried to that grave which "poor Bradley" had dug deep in the rock that forms the brow of the hill on

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* This account of the closing scenes of Mr. Surtees's life is taken from the very simple and affecting memoranda preserved by his widow, and which the Memoirist was allowed to read. The perusal brought so affectingly to his remembrance the beautiful lines of Coleridge, that he will not here withhold them from the reader.

MORIENS SUPERSTITI.

"The hour-bell sounds, and I must go;
  Death waits—again I hear him calling:—
No cowardly desires have I,
  Nor will I shun his face appalling.

I die in faith and honour rich;
  But ah! I leave behind my treasure
In widowhood and lonely pain,—
  To live were surely then a pleasure!

"My lifeless eyes upon thy face
  Shall never open more to-morrow!
To-morrow shall thy beauteous eyes
  Be closed to love, and drown'd in sorrow!
To-morrow death shall freeze this hand,
  And on thy breast, my wedded treasure!
  never, never more shall lie!
  Alas! I quit a life of pleasure!"

MORIENTI SUPERSTES.

"Yet happier art thou far than she
Who feels the widow's love for thee!
For while her days are days of weeping,
Thou in peace, in silence sleeping,

the south side of Bishop Middleham churchyard, though his parents were both interred in the church itself. For often when pacing the aisles after service, he had said to his friend Mr. Raine, "My father lies here, and my mother lies there; but I hate burying in a church." The spot had been selected by himself, and was close by the side of his brother-in-law, Marshal Robinson, Esq. and Marianne Page, the niece of his wife, who died at school in Durham, for whom he had a most affectionate regard, and he had often gone down unseen to plant a flower on these graves. He was borne thither on the shoulders of his sorrowing tenants; and the only ceremonial attendants were two mourners,—Thomas Surtees Raine, Esq. of Pilmore House, and Mr. Ralph Robinson, of the Durham University: together with six gentlemen,—some his nearest neighbours, and some his dearest friends, as pall-bearers.* The Rev. Christopher Robinson, Vicar of Kirknewton, Northumberland, preceded the corpse, and read the funeral service. A numerous attendance followed of tenants and neighbours, who felt they had lost a friend; and of yeomanry and peasantry, whose recollections of past kindness impelled them to pay this last tribute of respect, and gratitude, and affection:—for the general benevolence of the deceased was not of that description which evaporates in feeling; but had been concentred in actual beneficence, which himself and his lady habitually exercised in unostentatious charity, and kindly personal attentions to all around them.

In the chancel of Bishop Middleham church has been erected an elegant monument,† carved in Roche Abbey stone, the design

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In some still world, unknown, remote,
The Mighty Parent's care hast found,
Without whose tender guardian thought
No sparrow falleth to the ground."

Remains, vol. i. p. 275.

* Before the coffin, walked the Rev. Christopher Robinson, M.A., Vicar of Kirknewton, the first cousin of Mrs. Surtees, and the Rev. Samuel Gamlen, M.A., Vicar of Heighington. The pall was supported by Christopher Mason, and Edward Mason, Esquires, of Chilton, Sir Cuthbert Sharp, of Bishop Wearmouth, the Rev. James Raine, M.A., Rector of Meldon, Marshall Fowler, Esq. of Preston (another cousin of Mrs. Surtees), and the Rev. T. R. Shipperdson, M.A., Rector of St. Mary-le-Bow, Durham.—Ed.

† Another and a more characteristic monument has been erected to the memory of Mr. Surtees, one which he himself would have preferred to tablet or eulogy.

of which was presented to Mrs. Surtees by Mr. Blore,[*] whose talents have contributed so much to the establishment of the His-

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The parish church of Bishop Middleham is a regular structure of the early-English or first-pointed period, with bell-tower, nave, aisles, and chancel, all in that characteristic and graceful style. But time and parsimony had effectually conspired against it. Its roof was in decay, its arch and other mouldings had become clogged with whitewash, and its lancet windows had given place to the mean flat-headed sashes, by which many of our churches were disfigured in the last century. The state of the chancel was lamentable. The side lancets had been blocked up; the eastern lancets had been swept away, and in their stead was a large pointed window, occupying nearly the whole of the wall without meaning or design, and from its size, and consequent insecurity, liable to be, every now and then, fairly blown in or out by the wind. Soon after Mr. Surtees's lamented death, Mrs. Surtees set herself to do honour to his name by carrying out a plan of which he had often spoken, that of putting the whole fabric into a state of perfect restoration. Her liberality on the occasion was of no ordinary kind. As far as the nave and its aisles were concerned, it was her determination that no expense should fall upon the parish. The chancel, being an impropriator of the great tithes, she was bound by law to put, to the extent of her liability, into decent repair, but she contemplated more than a mere temporary protection from wind and rain, and made application to the other impropriator for such co-operation only as the law required towards the more extensive object she had in view. This application not having been attended to, she willingly undertook the whole. The total expense of the restoration amounted to at least 800*l*., and never was money so appropriately laid out or so willingly paid. Monumental glass has been placed in the eastern lancets in memory of Mr. Surtees, and of two members of Mrs. Surtees's family, and other windows have been presented by private friends. And thus honour has been conferred in the most grateful and affectionate way in conjunction with a work of devotional feeling and public benefit.—Ed.

[*] "Nor can he omit this opportunity of expressing his high sense of obligation to Mr. Blore for perpetual attention to the whole conduct and progress of the engravings, and for much more of steady and zealous friendship than can well be acknowledged in this place."—Mr. Surtees, Hist. Vol. i. Pref. p. 11.

The Editor has been favoured with a sight of Mr. Surtees's Letters to Mr. Blore, from the commencement of their acquaintance downwards, and there is hardly one of them which does not express the friendly and grateful feelings of its writer, in full accordance with the above public acknowledgment. They are however mostly upon business; but for one or two of them a place shall be found in the Appendix of Correspondence. The following are extracts from others:—

1814, Sept. 7. I sit down to consider the subjects of engravings; but, after all the consideration I can give, must leave the matter as usual entirely to yourself, *ratum et gratum habens quicquid dictus Edwardus nomine meo et pro me, &c.*—I wish much to see you here to take some sketches, monumental, &c. in Stockton ward, whilst autumn lasts. Frye offers you an asylum in the parsonage at Dinsdale, from whence you may, under the benefit of clergy, scour the whole bank of the Tees.

1815, Dec. 11. Many thanks for your continued attention to my work in all its bearings.

tory of Durham. On the marble tablet is the following inscription:*—

"ROBERT SURTEES,
of Mainsforth, Esq. M.A. and F.S.A.
the only son of Robert and Dorothy Surtees,
and the Author of the History and Antiquities of
the County Palatine of Durham,
was born on the first day of April, 1779, and
died on the eleventh day of February, 1834.
He married Anne, third daughter of
Ralph Robinson, of Herrington, Esq. and by her
this Monument is erected to his Memory.
His talents, acquirements, and character
are developed in his Book; and in the Memoir
of his Life prefixed to it by a friendly but
impartial hand. His Christian Faith,
principles, and hopes are best described in
his own memorable words:

"I am very sensible of the hardness of my heart,
and of my totally corrupt nature.
"My only hope is in the merits of Christ, but I
cannot hope for His grace unless I strive to
obtain it. What is our business? To make our
Election sure—to take heed to our salvation.
Libera nos, Domine Jesu! audi nos."

1816, March 27. I will not plague you with reiterated thanks, but heartily wish the book (Vol. I.) was out, in order to relieve you from tugging at the oar. I beg you will not be too modest in securing for any particular friends of your own, to whom such things may be valuable, extra proofs, such as are intended for the Bishop and Mr. Lambton. I cannot have a greater pleasure than in thinking that you, or any one you wish to oblige, is served in the first place.

1816, June 10. I do not know your particular friends to whom a gift would be acceptable, but do favour me by giving a copy (of the first Volume), on your own account, wherever you like.

The Iron Bridge strikes me as a most lovely plate. I scarce thought it possible to make it so accurate at once and picturesque. Thanks to your exertions, I have no fear as to the reception of this department of the work, and, though we have been a little tempest-tossed, we have not been lost. I have had a pleasant week on Tees-side,

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* The melancholy task of drawing up this Inscription was confided to the Editor.

Numerous testimonies of public regret, admiration, and respect, appeared in the literary journals; and several private friends circulated brief notices of his character, as tributes of affectionate veneration for its various excellencies. As all cannot be here particularised, it is confidently presumed that none will be displeased at the selection made from the account given by the same eminent person who has been already alluded to as reviewer of the first volume of the History of Durham.*

" Mr. Surtees was not one of those men for whom a profession is necessary to keep them from idleness. He had his calling from nature, and he followed it. Providence had placed him in the happiest station of life for one who knew how to appreciate the blessings of fortune; and he enjoyed them thoroughly, because he made the best use of them. . . . .

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finishing off collections for Stockton ward. I wanted your pencil to draw an old tree at Sockburn, and a vignette of Dinsdale manor-house, which I think Bewick might execute on wood.

1816, June 13. N.B. Large copies must be given to Mr. Blore and Mr. Blore's friends. [Notwithstanding this most liberal and hearty permission, Mr. Blore took only two copies, one upon large paper for himself, and one upon small paper for Mr. Cooke, who had engraved many of the plates.]

1823, Jan. 25. I expressed hopes and wishes (in a letter which never came to hand), that you would sometime see the North again. We have house-room and heart-room for you and yours. The bill is, I presume, within your reach at the proper time. I have a fancy that the folks may be rogues, or something like it; so you will pay with one hand and take with another.—Ed.

* The following letter from Mr. Southey to Mr. Taylor on this painful subject deserves to be preserved.—Ed. :—

Keswick, 24 *Feb.* 1834.

My dear Sir,—You shall have what you desire with as little delay as may be: anything that may be wanting in it you will supply, who might so properly (if you had thought fit), have undertaken the task yourself.

I am very sorry for your friend's death. The loss of a good and learned and happy man can never be supplied in his own circle. Slight and casual as my acquaintance with Mr. Surtees was, I have never thought of him since without pleasure. His position in society was precisely that in which such a man could at the same time be happiest and most useful.

You judge rightly concerning the change in my household. Cuthbert will leave us in the autumn,—another great loss.—So it is—like birds, we drive our young from the nest, and if we did not they would take flight when we fall into the sere, the yellow leaf. This is necessary, and therefore right; but what a blessed thing it will be to be in a state of existence in which there will be no painful changes!

God bless you, my dear Sir! Our kindest remembrances to Mrs. Taylor.

Yours, very truly,

Robert Southey.

G. Taylor, Esq.

"Mr. Surtees was no ordinary topographer. The merest pioneer in literature could not have been more patient and painstaking. But he possessed higher qualifications than the indispensable ones of industry and exactness: few writers of this class have equalled him in richness and variety of knowledge; fewer still have brought to the task a mind at once so playful and so feeling.

"Happy in his station, happy in his marriage, happy in his pursuits, habits, and opinions, and in the constant exercise of secret beneficence, he has left a good name, which, by those who now regret his loss, will be held dear as long as they survive him; and a great Work, which must always be consulted by those who study the ancient history of England, and the institutions and manners of their forefathers."*

Perhaps there never was stronger proof of the Public responding to the feelings and opinions thus so admirably expressed, than by the almost immediate forming of an association specifically instituted in honour of Mr. Surtees' memory, and therefore assuming the name of "The Surtees Society." The plan originated with the Rev. James Raine, the historian of North Durham, and for twenty years the intimate friend and zealous coadjutor of Mr. Surtees. This gentleman, at the request of "several persons of literary character, personal friends of Mr. Surtees," published a circular letter, dated 28th of April, 1834, accompanied with an outline of the objects and rules of the proposed society, adopted at a preliminary meeting of the 17th of April, and soliciting attendance at Durham on the 27th of May for the completion of the plan. On that day there was a considerable attendance of gentlemen, not only of the county of Durham, but from Northumberland and Yorkshire; and letters from a still greater number, in almost every part of the kingdom, had been received by Mr. Raine, requesting to be considered as constituent members of the proposed society, which amounted in that year to one hundred and thirty-one.

The object, with which the Society proposed to occupy itself, was not only peculiarly congenial with what had been the tastes and pursuits of Mr. Surtees, but according, also, with a favourite project of his own. This object was the "publishing such inedited manuscripts as illustrate the intellectual, the moral, the religious, and the social condition of those parts of England and Scotland, included, on the east, between the Humber and the Frith of Forth, and on the west between the Mersey and the Clyde, from the earliest period to the time of the Restoration."

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* Gentleman's Magazine, for April, 1834, p. 440.

How well the society, so far, have executed their design is evinced by their publications; in the selection and editing of which they have been so ably assisted by the zeal and learning of their Secretary, Mr. Raine. That they have fully satisfied the public expectation is proved by the sale of their volumes, and by the annual accession of members, the total number from every part of the empire being now at least two hundred, and the list including many names distinguished in the annals of science and literature.

This Memoir might have here been closed; but a painful circumstance remains to be stated and accounted for—the dispersion, by sale, of the manuscripts, books, coins, and pictures, which so identified Mainsforth with the tenderest reminiscences of its owner; and which, as part of the personals, became, by her husband's will, the absolute property of Mrs. Surtees. It is due, therefore, to her profound affection and reverence for his memory, to explain the causes of this most painful sacrifice and exacerbation of a widow's grief.

From purchases of land, enfranchisement of leasehold property, and from the large sums expended in the publication of his splendid volumes, Mr. Surtees' debts at the period of his death greatly exceeded the amount of his personal property; and, *having made his own will*, he omitted to charge his real estates with his personal debts. Almost the whole of the landed property was left to Mrs. Surtees;—but for her life only: and it was hoped that an arrangement might be made with the parties in remainder, to secure the descent of the interesting memorials in the house at Mainsforth to the future possessor of the place. This hope, however, having been frustrated, the law required that Mrs. Surtees, as the sole executrix, should convert the whole of the personal property into money, to be applied towards the liquidation of the debts. The books and pictures, many of them from the pencil of Mr. Surtees' father, were sold by auction at Mainsforth, in

December 1836, and January 1837. The manuscripts also were sold; with the necessary reservation of such as were extracts from the deeds of corporate bodies, or of private families, which had been, without scruple, confided to the known honour and delicacy of Mr. Surtees: but which could not have been intended for indiscriminate publicity. Of the other manuscripts prepared for the completion of the History of Durham, some were purchased by Mr. Raine, the person of all others the most competent to render them available for the credit of Mr. Surtees's memory, and for the benefit of the public. The coins were sold by auction in London in July 1837, for six hundred pounds.* The collection did honour to Mr. Surtees' taste and judgment; including many rare and beautiful specimens, both ancient and modern; and of which a "Catalogue Raisonné" was one of the last, and most elegant and instructive productions of Mr. Surtees' pen.†

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* By Mr. Leigh Sotheby, Wellington Street, Strand. The various pieces were 2977 in number, and the gross amount of the sale was 602*l.* 19*s.* 6*d.* A few prices may be stated. *Roman gold*: Pertinax, 11*l.* 15*s.*; S. Severus, 10*l.* 5*s.*; Caracalla, 3*l.*; Caligula, *rev.* Agrippina, sen. 7*l.*; Vitellius, 6*l.* 10*s.*; Hadrian (Jupiter stans) 5*l.* 10*s.*; Faustina, jun. 4*l.* 9*s.*; *Roman denarius, silver*, Manlia Scantilla, 9*l.* 16*s.*; the Pound piece of Charles I. *silver*, 1643, 5*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*; gold ryal or 30*s.* piece of James I. 4*l.* 1*s.*; Q. Elizabeth's portcullis half-crown, 3*l.* 13*s.* 6*d.*; Mary of Scotland's Testoon, 1562 (silver), 4*l.* 7*s.*; Mary's Lion, 1553, gold, 3*l.* 4*s.*—ED.

† With respect to the extent of this catalogue, Mr. Taylor appears to have laboured under a mistake. It contains an account of those coins only in Mr. Surtees' cabinet which were ranked by him under the heads of English Gold—Early British and Saxon Gold, Silver, and Copper—English Silver before and after the Conquest—English Copper—Scottish Gold, Silver, and Copper—Colonial Coins—Medals, Jettons, &c. English and Scottish, and English Medals in Copper. It certainly is "elegant and instructive" so far as it goes, but it contains no account of the valuable Greek and Roman coins in the possession of its compiler.

A memorandum, here and there, in the book, confirms the statement above, pp. 3 and 5, that Mr. Surtees began to be a coin collector at an early period of his life:

"Shilling of Cromwell, *worn*. Given to me by Miss E. Goodrick (sister of the late Sir H. G. of Ribstone), at York, in 1794.

"Crown of Cromwell, 1658, *fine*. This was from the French King's cabinet, and given by M. Laborde, the Court banker, to Miss F. Pierrepoint, and by her to me, about 1796.

"Newark half-crown. *Obs. Newark*, 1646. Given to me by Miss F. Pierrepoint, 1796."

I have frequently been amused at Mr. Surtees's kind regard for future collectors. I have often seen him throw into the Wear, from the Prebend's Bridge, a

Thus were dissipated treasures of refined delight to their possessor; the collection of which had formed one of the most interesting pleasures of his life, and their permanent connexion with Mainsforth had constituted probably one of his most soothing anticipations.

With such painful details these notices must conclude. To those who did not know Mr. Surtees, the Memoir will have conveyed a very imperfect idea of his character; and those who did know, and love him, will be the most sensible of its inadequacy; none more so than the writer himself,

G. TAYLOR.

Witton-le-Wear, May, 1839.

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piece of money, silver or copper, which had a good impress upon its face, and which he had received in the way of change. "Somebody will find it some day," said he, "and there will be a paper about it at Newcastle," alluding to the Society of Antiquaries there, of which he eventually became a member. At the formation of this Society he was strongly urged, by letter, to sanction it with his name, and an inducement was held out that a valuable present of Roman altars had been made to the new Institution. The writer of the letter had, however, unfortunately spelt the word altars with an H, and Surtees, in reply, humourously begged that its promoters would hang themselves at once, now that they had the means, and give him no further trouble.—ED.

ADDITIONS TO THE MEMOIR.

BY THE EDITOR.

Page 13.—Mr. Surtees in the year 1802 or 3.

The earliest of Mr. Surtees's compositions which has been preserved, is an amusing delineation of his own history and character under the name of Heraldicus. This document, of which a portion is subjoined, is valuable as a specimen of his early style, and for the grave humour which it evinces. It was, from internal evidence, written in or soon after the year 1802.

"Heraldicus is the only child of a gentleman of independent fortune in one of the Northern counties. His mother was a lady of great good sense and elegant accomplishments, and his father, to a taste for painting and the fine arts, added a degree of information in the most useful branches of general science and natural history seldom met with in any one not professionally connected with those subjects. The subject of these Memoirs inherited from both of them a quickness of apprehension, a diligence of application, and a degree of retentive memory, which, under a proper direction, might probably have either enabled him to attain a respectable situation in any professional line, or have rendered him useful as a country gentleman and magistrate. Unfortunately, however, Heraldicus has rendered of no avail all these qualifications, by an exclusive application of them to a study at once useless and uncommon. In an age when the fictitious splendour of heraldry and the idle boast of pedigree are universally seen through and despised, and when the trifles which amused, and perhaps polished, and the *distinctions* which awed our unreasoning ancestors, are sinking fast into oblivion, as institutions which, having outlived the purposes they were intended for, are considered (like corporations, brass *(blank)*, and boot-tops) not only useless but noxious—when the idea of hereditary right and divine succession gives place to notions of equality in rights, with distinctions in property and subordination for civil purposes, founded on reason, not prejudice, Heraldicus, who ought from his talents and *(blank)* to have been one of the first to hail the dawnings of a brighter age, and who might, perhaps, have usefully and honourably assisted in dispelling the remaining mists of ignorance and darkness, instead of this, employed his faculties in attending to and admiring the invidious distinctions so long held to scorn by the eye of philosophy, and forgetting, or perhaps approving, their tendency to enslave and debase, spends his time in contemplating and admiring the gorgeousness of the trappings in which the genius of the feudal times held enchained the liberties of mankind; contemplating the mass of armorial *et cetera* which adorn the walls of the feudal fortress, he forgets the dungeon in which the prisoners of some petty tyrant languished. He has, indeed, employed himself in the study of history, but he has left off reading it at the very period when it becomes useful and interesting. Enquire after the exploits of some petty Norman baron, or one of the princes whose internal quarrels desolated the fine empire of France, and he will weary you with a long and tedious history of their manors, possessions, and victories; what abbeys their superstition founded, and what ravages their lust and cruelty occasioned. Examine him as to anything subsequent to those days of darkness, concerning any modern act of legislature, or any late regulations as to landed or commercial property, the influence of which is still felt, and he will answer you only by lamenting that Henry VII. permitted the nobles to alienate their estates, and that the commissioners of Henry VIII. were permitted to deface the painted windows and gorgeous shrines of the monasteries. In matters useful to the private gentleman he is equally ignorant. Agriculture, which so much and deservedly occupies the attention of the country gentleman of the present day, has for him no charms. He knows not whether the fields which surround his house grow larger turnips, but he will tell you exactly where the entrenchments of a Danish camp, which his good fortune has placed near him, formerly existed. It is precisely those ages which the liberal enquirer is content to pass with a sigh of general pity for their ignorance, and averted horror for their barbarity, precisely the history of these that is his favourite study. Heraldry, it may be supposed, is one of his chief objects. It is, indeed, his loved employment by day, his dream by night. Whilst at Oxford, instead of laying in stores of general learning, which the public library presented, he read nothing but the mis-spelt, tattered folio MSS. of Roger Dodsworth, the Yorkshire antiquary. These, indeed, he copied verbatim, and many a charter and many a feoffment he toiled through. Though not destitute of a taste for poetry, he seldom amused himself with reading the compositions of the muse; and, though on classic ground, he only once, to quiet the perpetual solicitations of his tutor and the college forms, wrote a copy of Latin verses, which were sufficiently applauded, describing in poetical language the crests and armorial bearings of the warriors. He prefers that chapter of Ariosto which describes the badges of the heroes, and was, when a child, fond of reading, in the Universal History, the emblems of the twelve tribes of the Jews. When removed to Lincoln's Inn for the study of the law, he gave, in order nominally to comply with his father's desire, one hundred guineas to an eminent conveyancer, for the liberty of *not* attending his office; but his time was spent in the British Museum and the Heralds' Office, and his rooms were filled with transcripts of Visitations of counties, grants of arms, and useless copies from the mouldering records of the Harleian Manuscripts. Dallaway's Heraldry was the only book he ever subscribed to, though he wished him at the d. for forestalling the subject. He was once, indeed, heard to say he had some idea of studying conveyancing, and settling as a lawyer in the country, that he might in the course of business gain easier access to the pedigrees and ancient evidences of the gentry. When at home, in the midst of an elegant collection of books on polite literature, he spends all his time in poring over the registers of his own and two or three neighbouring parishes, making extracts of the gentry. These, with some inscriptions from tombstones, and a few anecdotes of scoundrels long since rotten, he binds and gilds, and calls COLLECTAN. DUNELM." * * * *

P. 14.—In the year 1803, or thereabouts, soon after he had settled at Mainsforth, Mr. Surtees made a tour in Scotland, in company, it is believed, with a college friend, Sir Wastell Brisco, of Crofton Hall in Cumberland. The two went by way of Auckland and Wolsingham to Hexham, from whence they proceeded to Rothbury, Alnwick, Chillingham, Wark, Kelso, Dryburgh, Melrose, Dalkeith, Edinburgh, Perth, Dundee, Glamis, Dunkeld, Blair Athol, Lochlomond, Glasgow, and Lanark, and returned through Cumberland and Westmerland homewards, touching at Gretabridge and Richmond on their way. Of this expedition, until the travellers reached the Tweed on their way northwards, Mr. Surtees has left a minute account, drawn up apparently for publication. Of the rest of the journey we have rough notes only, to be extended and enlarged from memory at leisure. In the former we have strong indications of that love and taste for natural scenery, and that feeling for the memory of old families, which afterwards manifested themselves in so characteristic a way in his history of the county. A few extracts may be given with propriety.

"Wolsingham. As stone is plentiful, the church-yard is filled with monuments, several of which commemorate many successive generations of respectable local families, transmitting their hereditary possessions unimpaired from father to son. I traced some of them back to the year 1600. These serve at once to shew the division and stability of property. No one great landholder has yet swallowed up the smaller estates. * * *

"Cold Rowley. From hence we descended into a lovely vale, where either nature or art has beautifully covered with plantations, irregularly dispersed, the whole descent to the Derwent, whose romantic stream, abounding in waterfalls and fringed with wood, we could discern for miles, winding through the vale, and bestowing beauty and luxuriant verdure through the whole of its progress." * * *

"Chillingham Castle. After a day of rain, the sun, without shedding one parting ray, had nearly set behind a gloomy sky, and, as the evening darkened in, the massy building, looking into a gloomy park bounded by dreary uplands and the waving woods which immediately surrounded the castle, presented a scene well calculated to raise ideas of ages that were past. A very little imagination served to carry us back to the times of border warfare. Unimproved or uninjured by the hand of modern elegance, and bearing few traces of any later possessor, Chillingham seemed to present to us the residence of the martial family of Grey, guardians of the borders, and too much occupied in repelling or invading a neighbouring enemy to pay attention to the improvement of surrounding landscape or the external ornament of their mansion." * * *

We have also no indistinct indications of that quiet humour for which Mr. Surtees was afterwards so remarkable.

"Rothbury is resorted to during the summer and autumnal months by invalids, as well on account of the goats' milk as the purity of the air. As, at other places of the same description, connubial treaties are here not unfrequent, and though the name of Thrumb [a remarkable waterfall] may not appear very elegant or tender, yet a walk by the Coquet has mollified the heart of many a Barbara Allen. The romantic scenery, the   , the   , and the   , all tend to expand the heart with images of pure and uncorrupted nature."

To the above blanks Mr. Surtees has appended, as a note,—

"Vide Dr. Falconer on the Passions, Zimmerman on Solitude, Aikin on the Use of Natural History in Poetry, Poems of Della Crusca Society, the first chapter of Dr. Boerhaave on Animal Motion, and several passages in Tom Jones."

Again, "West Lilburne. Mr. Collingwood has a handsome estate, the permanence of which in his descendants depends upon his having a son, in default of which his sister and children inherit, to the prejudice of his daughters. His lady is now pregnant, and, as he is said to testify great anxiety for the issue, it does not appear to be altogether prudent in him to suffer the existence of such an intolerable road as ascends the hill to his house. Any unfortunate Dr. Slop who shall be called in to assist Mrs. Collingwood may, if he meet with an Obadiah, be easily involved in the same misfortune as his Shandæan prototype. Vide Heylyn's Cosmography, &c."

P. 15, note †.—Reference was made in this page (note †) to the Appendix, for a few brief notices of such of Mr. Surtees's manuscript volumes of Collections as indicate the period when his attention was first directed in earnest to the History of Durham, and at the same time the playfulness of his mind when engaged in the dry work of topographical compilation. An account of a few of his early books is subjoined. It is to be regretted that in his earlier years Mr. Surtees wrote much in red ink, which is now rapidly fading away. It may be stated that few of his volumes contain an index. Such were the powers of his memory, that he could instantly turn to any part of any manuscript where the information he wanted was to be found. Indeed he often declared that his books were more useful to him as they were, without an index or guide to their contents. His numerous collections, with certain exceptions referred to by Mr. Taylor, were dispersed at the sale above spoken of, but a short sketch of the contents of each volume has been preserved.

A. DURHAM PEDIGREES. Folio of 334 pages. Rough calf. Upon the back within are impressions from two Book Plates of the arms of Surtees, engraved by Mr. Surtees's father. Between the two is an engraving of a stage-coach, with the horses at full speed, and in the handwriting of Mr. Surtees, "Eheu fugaces," and "Sic vitæ volvitur orbis." Upon the first leaf in the same hand are the following:—

"Genus et proavos
Et quæ non fecimus ipsi
Nostri farrago libelli."

"Avoid genealogies and contentions which are foolish."—*Memoriter.*

"Nos hæc novimus esse nihil."

"N.B.—This is the age of bankers, contractors, scriveners, and anti-genealogical greengrocers, oilmen, and drysalters."

"'I would wish the man yat is vayn glorious of his pedigree to recense the same when in the attacke of a hazardous fever, or some other acute disease, and he will then see how neare he is akinne to the wormes.'—*Anon. Miscell. Papers by a Divine,* 1622, *at the Golden Lambe, Fleete Streete.*"

"'What makes men sell ould manour places?
Courts, women, wine, dogs, hawks, and races.'

—Barlow's Satirical Adieu to the Gentrie, 16 . Add in this our time, *elections.*"

"Omnia orta occidunt—Sic transit—Eheu fugaces—Omnes eodem—cum multis aliis quæ nunc perscribere longum est."

"I have lately been favoured with access to several of the MSS. &c. preserved in the Heralds' College, and by the kindness of John Atkinson, Esq. Somerset, have been enabled to continue several of the pedigrees in this volume, with the descents contained in Sir Wm. Dugdale's Visitation of Durham and Northumberland, 1666.—12th Aug. 1803. R. SURTEES."

VISITATION OF DURHAM in 1666, &c. A volume of the same size and binding marked B. C., and described by Mr. Surtees as containing,

1. "The Visitation of the County of Durham 1666, taken by Sir Wm. Dugdale, Norroy, with some additions and continuations from authentic evidence.

2. "Pedigrees and Notes relating chiefly to Yorkshire, from Visitations and other authentic evidences.—R. S. Accesserunt quædam ex Visit. Com. Northumbr. et London. ex MSS. Harleianis olim excerpta, Londini dum agerem.—R. S."

DURHAM PEDIGREES. Folio, in rough calf, marked D. E. F. R. Surtees, 1803; with the following titles of contents, neatly arranged in spaces:—

"Antient Evidences, consisting of transcripts from Wills, Deeds, Antient Registers, and other authentic sources, collected chiefly from the MSS. in the British Museum, the Dodsworth MSS. in the Bodleian, Oxon., the Close Rolls, and other Evidences in the Bishop's Courts at Durham, and from such other authentic documents as have from time to time occurred to me. The MSS. in this volume chiefly regard Northumberland, Durham, and Yorkshire."

Upon p. 143, is a list of Wills "Ex le Register Office," with the following note in margin: "Wills vel Administrations, nam tantum vidi, nec scribere ibidem licet nisi pro singulo 3*s.* 8*d.* deponas."

At p. 143, a new paging commences, with the following title neatly arranged:—

"Extracts from Wills and Administrations in the diocese of York, from the Dodsworth MSS. Oxon. originally collected per Rogerum Dodsworth arm. Eboracensem, rei Antiquariæ perquam studiosum, from the Registers of the Archbishops of York, by command of Thomas Lord Fairfax. Accesserunt quædam ex privatis cartis et ex Registris Dunelm. per me R. S. nuperrime extracta. Testamenta quæ ad famil. de Surteys et Blakeston præcipue referunt, vide Ind. p. 47."

Then follows the following extract from "a letter written by Anthony a Wood to Mr. Edward Lenton, of Wadh. Coll. Oxford, dated from Tinterne Abbey, 32 Jan. 1633 [!]:" "It cannot faile but be matter of great grief and lamentation to all true lovers of reverend antiquity, to see in what a beastly and scandalous manner our ancient lore is neglected and condemned by the pert would-be wits and gross sensualists of these latter times, who do seem to have entered into a league with leaden Saturn, the great eater of things, to utterly destroy and abolish all remnants of the past days. It is to such men as I do know and profess you to be that we must chiefly look for the preservation and increase of that rusty matter which is the sure sign and never-failing testimony of venerable antiquity."

Opposite to the copy of the will of Robert Surtees, of Ryton, gent. 1700 (p. 69), is the note "My great-great-grand-father, ob. æt. 95, 1707, R. S. 1803."

The second paging goes on to p. 126, and then begins another distinct portion of the book, with the following title arranged as before.

"Pars tertia hujus voluminis, cujus prior ex MSS. Dodsworthianis [&c ut supra], subsidia ac summonitiones eorum qui cum Regibus Henrico 3° et Edoardo in Wallia et Scotia militaverunt, item militum quorundam catalogum per Ricardum 3^m et Jacobum primum, ab illo dum in partibus septentr. ageret, ab hoc dum in Regium Angliæ intraret, creatorum pandit.

> ——— Hæc scripsi Gallus dum Consul amaro
> Italiam peteret bello, glaciesque perennes—
> Atque alto spernens Alpina cacumina cursu,
> Frangeret Austriacas acies, veteresque phalangas.
> Oxonia ast illo me tempore dulcis alebat,
> Isiacos inter rures [a] et florida regna,
> Fallentem placidæ tranquilla per otia vitæ.

[a] Lege *mures. Vet. Cod.*

LIMBUS PATRUM. Folio, rough calf. Miscellaneous Pedigrees. About the middle of the book, a paging begins with the title.

"Wills. Novel Distrein, 1808. Absente Μαξυελλω."*

EX ROT. CLAUS. Another folio.

"In hoc volumine continentur varia ex Rotulis Clausis ac Inquisitionibus post mortem in Officio Cursitoris Domini Episcopi Dunelm. hodie asservatis excerpta. Accessere notulæ ac stemmata variè interspersa, necnon quædam ex cartis ac scriptis privatis mutuata. Collectore R. S. Dunelmen., Thomæ Hearnii bisavi.

> 'Nil sacrum reputans nisi quod Libitina sacravit.'"

REGISTRUM PAROCHIALE DUNELM. Folio, 322 pages.

Title as follows:

"Registrum Parochiale Dunelm. 1804, Epitaphia ac ex Registris excerpta per Ecclesias infra Com. Pal. Dunelm. maxime notanda, ac sine alphabetico [ordine] secundum parochiarum ordinem digesta, continens, per R. S. Thomæ Hearne nepotem.

> ——— 'dicique beatus
> Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera possit.'
> 'Nil sanctum reputans nisi quod Libitina sacravit.'"

A volume in rough calf, containing extracts of title deeds, &c.

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* The Deputy Registrar of the Consistory Court was Mr. Maxwell, who for a while, at first, was inclined to throw difficulties in Mr. Surtees's way. Free access to the Wills, &c. was however afterwards conceded in the most liberal manner.—ED.

At the end of the book are the following entries upon the last leaf save five.

"Names of such gentlemen and others, as have shewn me evidences towards the completion of my Durham Collections:—

"The Hon. Shute Lord Bishop of Durham. All his evidences to be searched at my leisure, and Kellawe's Ancient Register.

"The Dean and Chapter of Durham. Liberty to inspect many ancient registers brought, for my use, out of the Chapter Clerk's Office into the Chapter House.

"Charles Spearman, of Thornley, Esq. sent his deeds here with many loose papers and notes of Sheriff Spearman to be perused at my leisure.

"Wm. Thomas Salvin, Esq. Croxdale. Many very ancient evidences, sent to me to be perused at my leisure. Teste W. Radclyffe, Rouge Croix.

"Thomas Wilkinson, Esq.

"Thomas Wilkinson, Esq.* Oswald House, sent me his title deeds.

"Rev. Robert Spencer, Helmington.

"Francis Mascall, Esq. Eppleton—and many MS. notes on natural history.

"Richard and John Pemberton, Esqrs. Barnes.

"Francis Johnson, Esq. Aycley Heads—and all his father's Law MSS.

"Anthony Hopper, Esq. Silkworth.

"Mr. Francis Smales, Durham. His deeds of Milne Houses, and several papers.

"Mr. John Griffith, Durham. Deeds of East Murton, and papers.

"Mr. John Dunn, Durham. Several papers.

"Mr. Thomas Sherwood, Bishop Auckland. His deeds of Snow Hall.

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* Mr. Surtees lived upon intimate terms with Mr. Wilkinson. One morning, as he was jogging to Durham, under an engagement to dine at Oswald House, he saw two boys meanly dressed, as he thought, and in bad plight, under a hedge, near the gate. To each of them he gave a penny, and went on his way. In the evening, to his surprise, the same two lads made their appearance in the drawing-room after dinner. They had good-naturedly pocketed his money in the morning, and joined heartily in the laugh upon explanation.

"John Hopper, Esq. Witton Castle. The title of Witton Castle.

"Sir Henry Lawson, Bart. Lartington.

"Mrs. Pearson, Harperley—and many of her husband's Law MSS. and abstracts of various titles.

"George Hartley, Esq. counsellor-at-law, York. Many MSS. of his uncle counsellor Gyll.

"Ralph Spearman, Esq. Eachwick, co. Northumberland. Very many MS. notes and extracts from the Spearman and Mickleton MSS.

"Stephen Pemberton, M.D.

"Edward Shipperdson, Esq. Hallgarth. Pedigrees and ancient MSS.

"—— Hunter, of Hermitage, co. Northumberland. A volume of Dr. Hunter's Collections, sent here through the means of John Ralph Fenwick, M.D. of Durham.

"Edward Smith, yeoman, Bishop Middleham. Title deeds.

"Charles Garthorne, Cornforth. Title deeds.

"Richard Wright, Esq. Sands, and his brother Benjamin Ord, of Sedgefield. Grant of Bradbury from O. Cromwell; King James's grant of Bradbury and Hilton to John Ramsay (Earl of Holderness), and later deeds of Bradbury; and several papers and trust books relating to lands sold in Sedgefield, which belonged to Rivington School, in Lancashire.

"Francis Trapps, Esq. of Nidd, Yorkshire. Some papers relating to estates in co. Durham tempore Jacobi, at the instance of Wm. Radcliffe, R. ✠.

"Thomas Wilkinson, Esq. Oswald House. Title deeds of Fewster Johnson's property at Ebchester Hill, of which he is trustee.

"Wm. Thos. Greenwell, Esq. Ford. Much civility as to the Roman antiquities at Lanchester, and other information, and much hospitality.

"Mr. Fenwick, of Dipton. Account of strata, and plans of Roman Aquæducts in y^{e} station juxta Lanchester.

"Wm. Beckwith, Esq. Herrington. Deeds of Trimdon Manor, sent here through John Dunn, attorney, Durham, 1811, Nov."

I have deemed it advisable to give the above enumeration of benefactors at length, it being much more ample than the "Gratiary" printed by Mr. Surtees in the preface to his first volume. The list before us is of an earlier date. A selection seems to have been made from it for the first volume, and it is probable that the omissions would have been introduced in a general acknowledgment of obligations in the concluding volume of the history.

Upon the last leaf,—

"I saw the King of Hungary
His wedding feast prepare,
And celebrate his nuptials high
With princely pomp and care.

The wedding cheer was richly dight,
The bridal couch was spread,
But on that couch lay stretch'd at night
The royal bridegroom dead.

And after him I saw arise
A wandering soldier's son;
By feats of worth and bold emprize
The kingdom he has won.

Thus fail'd the ancient royal root,
Its branches shrunk and gone,
And thus a lowly foreign shoot
Was grafted on the throne."

A FOLIO VOLUME of the same character but of a smaller size, containing in the first portion of the book everything, in the shape of information, which the compiler could obtain from various sources, relative to the family of Surtees of Dinsdale, from its origin in the Norman period to its apparent termination in the sixteenth century, with the following titles:—

"Surtays
Familia
Ex scriptis illustrata
aucta confirmata
laboribus
R. S.
1804."

"Chartæ
et scripta antiqua
ad Familiam
de Surtays
pertinentia."*

To the former title Mr. Surtees has added, apparently in sorrow, "Nihil ad nos." The Surteeses of the Tyne, of whom Redworth and Mainsforth are branches, are unable to trace their descent from the old baronial house upon the Tees.† One of the stock has lately, with a laudable feeling, become by purchase the owner of Dinsdale, and the name of Surtees is again heard on the

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* From the extent and variety of these Collections, and from the following parody in one of his letters to the Editor, it seems probable that Mr. Surtees, at one time, meditated a distinct history of the family of Surtees of Dinsdale:—

"*Rouge Croix* is the monarch of heralds,
We crown'd him long ago,
In a robe of gules, with an orle of fules,[a]
In a canton the ——

Around his waist are pedigrees brac'd,
The Surteyses in his hand,
But that thundering ball, before it fall,
Must wait for my command."

† On this subject I subjoin a note by Mr. Surtees himself from the Heading of a MS. pedigree of the family of Surtees of Redworth, Mainsforth, Newcastle, &c. in his hand-writing, inserted at the end of his interleaved copy of Hutchinson's Durham, vol. iii.

"I cannot trace, after repeated search, any connection between the existing families of Surtees and the ancient gentry of that name resident at Dinsdale, in the Bishopric. It is not improbable that descendants from junior branches may exist, but at any rate a long period of obscurity prevents every possibility of authenticating a claim to such an origin. The present families bearing the name can none of them be connected with any entry in the Visitations, and seem to have universally originated from a very distinct part of the county, viz. the banks of the Derwent, and (if any argument can be deduced from a proof so variable as the orthography of a name in a dark and ignorant period,) to have as uniformly written their name very differently from that of the elder family. Be that as it may, William Surtees, of Broadoak, first named in the pedigree here inserted, is the highest lineal ancestor from whom the present families here elucidated can trace their descent.—R.S."

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[a] "V. N. Durham:—'A herald all gules and three other *fules*.'"

banks of the Tees. Some happy genealogist may perhaps hereafter re-unite the broken chain.

At page 182 we have another subject and another title:—

"Chartæ antiquæ
ex Rotulis clausis Episcoporum
Dunelm.
præcipue excerptæ.
1804."

At the dispersion of Mr. Surtees's Collections in 1837, this volume was purchased by the Editor, and is now in his possession.

Of the PLAN which Mr. Surtees originally chalked out for his History I find the following sketch, entered by him in the volume which contains many of his poetical compositions. The paper of the book appears to have been made in 1804, and the plan was drawn up apparently a year or two afterwards. It will be observed that it differs materially from that which was eventually adopted.

"Many obligations to Hutchinson—retained where still permitted.

"Book chiefly for antiquarians.

"Original records preserved, and references.

"Accuracy to be depended on.

"All persons love to see their own County illustrated.

"Use of references to lawyers, &c.

"Prolegomena.

"Feoda Militum, &c. si invenias.

"Boldon Buke.

"Melsonby Buke.

"Palatine rights.

"Forms of writs. Bishop Bury's as in Hutchinson, and any that differ.

"Dissertation on Coinage. Abridge Noble.

"Durham pennies, with plate.

"Dissertation on disputes between bishops and king for Raby, Barnard Castle Liberty, &c.

"On the Romans in Durham, separate dissertation and plates of stations. Non queo—volo non valeo. Much left to conjecture. Just tell what is found.

"Members of Parliament, and disputes and efforts relative thereto.

"Legend of St. Cuthbert. Quære.

"List of the three Visitations—accurate—and Northumberland.

"Plate of arms and monuments from Dugdale.

"Arms of Visitations, a plate or two.

"Then,

"History of Bishops—concise—leaving out public events where not concerning Durham.

"List of officers, as complete as possible.

"References to all Acts.

"All Commissions of Array.

"Durham city.

"Abbey—description—list of dignitaries.

"Civil government.

"Events.

"Parishes within Durham.

"His enucleatis per parochias.

"The church.

"Succession of rectors.

"Monuments—curious at large—dates of the rest—notice all arms.

"Manors and large properties—descent of clearly stated, supported by extracts of the Close Rolls, Inquisitions, and family papers. Here introduce Stemmata, marking the Visitations—give notes from wills—*anecdotes fully*—curious letters, &c.

"Miscellaneous remarks on smaller properties.

"Curious customs—coins found.

"Agricultural facts, if certain and they come in my way—but no Barnard Castle cattle-show premiums. A print of the Blackwell and Ketton oxen may be allowed.

"Stile of Plott.

"Cut the account of the Bishops short as to public events—put in exercises of judicial acts.

"Spearman not to be believed except his authorities—those good, whatever becomes of his inferences.

"Mr. Sherwood in Darlington ward.

"Mr. Woodness, Durham city.

"These two assist me most, especially Sherwood, and he to write architectural descriptions and correct language.

"I will myself engrave arms, Visitations and monuments, antiquities, coins found, coins Durham, Durham tokens.

"Should have plates of Raby, Brancepath, Auckland, Streatlam, Barnard Castle, Witton, Hilton, the Abbey—some of the chief churches—Roman antiquities."

P. 18 and 19.—Upon a fly-leaf in the beginning of the second volume of his interleaved Hutchinson's Durham, in the midst of pedigrees and historical illustrations, I find a long statement of Mr. Surtees's thoughts and feelings upon the subject of religion, neatly written out in his own hand, sometime apparently about the year 1803 or 4. The following are extracts, in addition, if addition were needed, to the impressive manifestation of his religious opinions contained in the pages referred to above.

"There can be no rational, no sustaining ground of confidence in death, except a sincere and humble trust in the mercy of God through the alone merits and mediation of Jesus Christ. But let none mistake or suppose mere acquiescence is to be called a reliance on Christ—if we wish the reward we must undergo the task, must abandon all habitual vice, fortify ourselves against the return of sin by recalling to our mind the sufferings of our Saviour, and that every action we commit contrary to the divine law is part of the aggregated load of human offences and corruption for which he expired upon the cross. * * * Let no one presume;

the best man may be humbled by the present imperfect state of his own heart, and by the recollection of his past sins, which are still in the sight of a Deity, to whom past, present, and future are the same. * * * If any one has doubts of the truth of the Bible, let him, with a mind free from prejudice, read the Bible, and especially the New Testament; let him compare the accounts of human nature and the state of man there given with what he feels in himself, and let him consider whether, if he be the person so described, any counsel can be better or more profitable for him than that given by Christ in his Sermon on the Mount, and other places, and by the Apostles in the Epistles. * * * Consider whether, if we all strictly followed the precepts of Christianity, the general state of the Christian world would not be improved to a degree we have scarce a conception of. * * * Our sins are the chief reason of our rejection of the Gospel: we do not like to find our favourite indulgences condemned. * * * He who sets up any other pursuit above the love and reverence of God is guilty of virtual idolatry. * * * Sensible of my own sins and inability to contend with the temptations we are subject to, I rely, as far as infirmity and weakness permit me, on the mercy of God through Jesus Christ, to give me a deeper and more active sense of the truths to which my judgment fully assents. * * * Our Father, &c. * * * Lord, do thou enable me to conquer my sins—make me to submit cheerfully to thy dispensations, and fix my mind in humble fearful hope on thy eternal kingdom."

HOGG, THE ETTRICK SHEPHERD.—pp. 157, 158.

To the letter from Hogg, printed by Mr. Taylor, the three which follow may fitly be added, as indications of kindly feeling on the part of Mr. Surtees, and respect and gratitude on the part of their writer.

"*Edin. March* 18, 1807.

"Dear Sir,—I am not a little proud of the approbation you have been pleased to bestow upon a mountain bard. But you have sent me that which is still more beneficial to the generality of poets, especially one of my rank in life, and for which I thank you. At Mr. Scott's desire I send you five copies more; and, since your taste is so much turned that way, I know of nothing I can send you else, save a song I have composed this morning to a beautiful old Welsh air. I hope in future to be honoured with your correspondence: you can always hear of me in the course of your correspondence with Walter Scott, who is now at London.

"I am, Sir, your most obliged servant,

"JAMES HOGG.

"PRINCE OWEN AND THE WIZARD.

"'O say, mighty Owen, why beams thy bright eye,
And why shakes thy plume when the winds are so still—
What means the loud blast of the bugle so nigh,
And the wild warlike music I hear on the hill?'
"'We are free, thou old wizard! the Britons are free—
Our foes have all fallen, or shrunk from our view!
And free as the bird on the mountain are we—
The roe of the forest, or fish of the sea,
My country! my brethren!—my joy is for you.'

"'Brave Owen! my old heart is fired by thine,
My dim eyes they glisten like tears of the morn—
Thy valour us guarded, thy wisdom has warded
The danger that threatened to lay us forlorn.
And when you and I have sunk into our graves,
And ages o'er ages Time's standard shall rear,
When the bards have forgot o'er our ashes to weep,
When they scarcely can point out the place where we sleep,
That freedom shall flourish we've purchas'd so dear.'

"'The arm that created our shores and our glens,
Design'd they unconquer'd should ever remain,
The power who inspired the hearts of our clans,
Design'd them inviolate their rights to maintain.
Our castle the mountain, our bulwark the wave,
True courage and jealousy, buckler and shield—
We'll laugh at the force of the world combin'd,
And Oppression shall fly like the cloud in the wind,
But the isles and the ocean to Britons must yield.

J. H.

R. Surtees, Esq.
With a parcel (five Hogg's Poems).

"*Eltrieve Lake, August 14th*, 1817.

"My dear Sir—I had a letter to day from my friend young Sherwood, your relative, containing a kind invitation to spend a week or two with you in England. I fear the season is too far advanced for me to accept of it this year, although it is a thing that, unknown to you, I have had much at heart these many years; and once, being called on business to Hexham accidentally, I determined to visit you; but I had forgot your address, and could not find out whether you were east or west or south from me, or where you abode at all. It so happened, that you were the very first man in England that testified approbation of my rude genius after the publication of the 'Mountain Bard,' which you did to Mr. Scott in very warm and friendly terms, following up your approval with something more than mere words. From that day to this, I have been led to regard you as a friend, which I was sure you were at heart, though we were personally strangers; and, though I may not be able to see you this season, I will cherish the hope of accomplishing it ere long. * * *

"I thank you kindly for your continued attention to the interests of a poor stranger bard in the countenance you are lending to this new subscription edition of the 'Wake.'* I have taken no hand in it; my friends have set it on foot, and are conducting it themselves. If it turns out well, I shall feel grateful to them and the public, but should it not, I do not care. Pray, may I request the favour of a line from Mainsforth, if it were but acknowledging the receipt of this? I can not even yet direct this, but must send it to R. Sherwood to do it for me.

"Believe me ever, dear Sir, most sincerely and affectionately yours, "JAMES HOGG.

"*Robt. Surtees, Esq.*"

"*Altrive Lake, Oct. 6th*, 1818.

"My dear Sir—I have deferred answering your kind letter of invitation to your fairy dwelling, in hopes of answering it by a shake of your hand on your own door steps; for there is no man in England with whom I would like so well to meet; but I have been building this year, and a snug and elegant cottage has arisen beneath my eye, which is a concern of as much importance to me as a castle would be to you, and it has again quite deterred me from my intended jaunt till the season is over. I find I must decline promising visits, for, though I intend to perform them, and believe that I will, I have noticed for these several years that I never do: a kind of obstinate indolence is still gaining ground with my years, and I can not tell to what length it may prevail with me. I am very busy, gathering up the Jacobite songs and relics of Scotland, the first part to be published this winter. It will be a very curious work. The subscription edition of the 'Wake' is also now at press, about which no one in South Britain has taken an interest, save yourself. I saw our mutual friend Scott last week. He is well; in excellent spirits, and apparently busy with something exclusive of farming. Lord Melville, Wilson, Lockhart, and your humble servant, will be with him on Thursday next. I have no other news from this country that can interest you. But believe me, dear Sir, ever yours most affectionately,

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* An edition of Hogg's Poem "The Queen's Wake," published by subscription in 1819.—ED.

"JAMES HOGG.

"*Robt. Surtees, Esq.*"

LETTERS FROM J. G. LAMBTON, ESQ. AFTERWARDS EARL OF DURHAM.

"*Lambton Hall, June* 19, 1812.

"Sir—Having heard that you are compiling a history of the county of Durham, and, considering it to be the duty of every gentleman in the county to assist you, as far as possible, in so laborious and praiseworthy an undertaking, I trust you will excuse my troubling you with this communication.

"On looking over lately some old deeds and records at Lambton, I discovered a manuscript much damaged by age, in which I found the pedigrees of all the old families in the county of Durham, many of which are now extinct; added to which, were some old records and vouchers, which, from their being written in old English, I could not decypher. Should you conceive this book could be of any use to you, I shall be most happy to transmit it to you.

"I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

"JOHN GEORGE LAMBTON."

"Dear Sir—I have to congratulate you on the publication of the first portion of your History of the County of Durham. I received it from your publisher, as also another copy in your name, for which I return you many thanks.

"I know not how to express the sense I think the county ought to entertain of your public spirit, in having devoted so much time and such valuable abilities to their service.

"As I see your next volume will contain part of Chester Ward, I beg you will command me in any thing that may facilitate your researches, and should you find personal inspection necessary, I need not say how happy I shall be to see you at Lambton.

"Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

"J. G. LAMBTON.

"*London, July* 12, 1816."

J. G. L. to R. S. Feb. 26, 1819. "I submit to you, whether you would not leave out the note (to p. 171)* relating to the 'pitman's spanker eel.' It might be thought a little too trifling. I have also marked several passages in the History of the Worm tradition, which either do not tally with the tradition as given in my family, or which seem to me savouring a little too much of 'persiflage.'"

J. G. L. to R. S. 4 Mar. 1819. "I really cannot comply with your request of stating what my idea of the Worm tradition is.† It is impossible to come at the truth of legends of that description. The only result I draw is, that one of my family rendered some service or other to the county by some action which has come down to us in the guise of the Worm. That was my reason for wishing the alteration of the parts to which I alluded under the name of 'persiflage.' Is it inconsistent with the nature of your work, that some account of my father should be inserted? He certainly was a public character, and I feel much anxiety that his memory should have that tribute paid to it in a public work that was paid by each individual privately in the county of Durham. You will of course say freely what you think."

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* History of Durham, II. 171. The note was omitted. See above, pp. 82, 83, and 144.

† Above, p. 144.

J. G. L. to R. S. Nov. "I received the inclosed from Lambton, where it had been sent. I cannot feel it necessary to suggest any alteration; on the contrary, I beg to thank you for the very kind and affectionate manner in which you mention my father throughout." *

P. 94. IT IS HARD TO DIE IN SPRING. This plaintive ejaculation led to the following pathetic stanzas from the pen of Mrs. Southey, better known by her unmarried name of Caroline Bowles. They appeared in Blackwood's Magazine for March, 1842.

> " ''Tis hard to die in spring'! were the touching words he said,
> As cheerfully the light stole in—the sunshine round his bed.
> ''Tis hard to die in spring, when the green earth looks so gay,
> I shall not see the peach blossom.' 'Twas thus they heard him say.
>
> " 'Twas thus the gentle spirit—Oh! deem it not offence,
> Departing, fondly lingered among the things of sense,
> Among the pleasant places, where God his lot had cast,
> To walk in peace and honour—bless'd and blessing to the last.
>
> " While some (though heavenward wending) go mourning all their years,
> Their meat (so wisdom willeth) the bitter bread of tears,
> And some resisting proudly the soft persuasive word,
> Must feel—in MERCY MADE to feel—the terrors of the Lord.

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* See History of Durham, ii. 173. From the above, it appears that the short memoir of William Henry Lambton, Esq. by Mr. Surtees, was submitted to his son before it was printed off. See p. 136, above.

"There are whom he leads lovingly by safe and pleasant ways—
Whose service, ay! whose VERY LIFE, is gratitude and praise.
Diffusive, useful, friendly, enjoying to impart,
Receiving to distribute, the service of the heart.

"To such, this earthly frame of things is not a 'vale of tears,'
Some vestige of its primal form amid the wreck appears—
And though immortal longings oft in secret soar above,
The heart awhile contented fills its lower sphere of love.

"'God placed me in a paradise,' so spake his grateful heart,
As grateful still from all he loved when summoned to depart—
And blessed he in life and death, to whom so call'd 'twas given,
Before aught faded here, to pass—from paradise to heaven."

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF ROBERT SURTEES, ESQ. IN RICHARDSON'S TRACTS.

Under the head of Additions to Mr. Taylor's Memoir, I scruple not to give the following extracts from a short "Biographical Notice" of Mr. Surtees, believed to have been written by the late Sir C. Sharp, and printed in 1844, by Mr. M. A. Richardson, of Newcastle, as one of the TRACTS, in his judiciously selected, and therefore valuable, collection of "Reprints and Imprints" of historical and other pieces relative to the Northern Counties. The biography is drawn up with much good and affectionate feeling, and Mr. Richardson, for his part, has manifested a taste and elegance worthy of the subject.

"His father, Robert Surtees, Esq., had married his first cousin Dorothy, daughter and co-heiress of William Steele, of Lamb Abbey, in Kent, and Red Lion Square, London, an East India Director, and M.P. for Hindon. The mother, a lady adorned with personal and fashionable attractions, possessed considerable literary acquirements: the father was a scholar, a skilful amateur painter, and a recluse. The father had been in the habit of saying to his son when entering life, 'You may have what money you like, Bob, only there will be so much the less for you when I die.' And this confidence, acting on an affectionate heart and highly honourable mind, made the son prudent then, and generous afterwards.

"Mr. Surtees was a great and very rapid reader, often gathering the matter of a page at a glance. His memory was unusually tenacious, and, as an example of its strength, it may be mentioned, that, when he was one day calling on Bishop Barrington, he was requested to make out, when at leisure, the pedigree of some party, who happened then to be a subject of interest or curiosity to the prelate. "Oh, my Lord," answered Mr. Surtees, "if you will give me a pen and ink, I will write it down for you now," and then, from recollection, at once drew out the pedigree with accuracy and minuteness. Though he was never in the habit of interfering in household affairs, and though, if he had expected a visit from the most distinguished persons in the county, he would never have given one thought to what was to be provided for them, yet, when his tenants were coming to dine with him on his rent-day, he used to say to Mrs. Surtees, "Mind, Annie, that they have a nice dessert." *

"When with children he was ever ready to become their companion, and he would improvise such wild stories as young minds delight in. Having no personal expense himself, except that involved in the beautiful form in which his History was brought out, Mr. Surtees was enabled to indulge towards others a liberality as extensive as it was delicate. Towards the neighbouring poor, by whom he was much beloved, he often carried his consideration to a fanciful refinement: thus, he would stop the young friends, with whom he might be walking, from eating the wild strawberries that grew by the side of the lanes, saying that they

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* Upon those occasions it was Mr. Surtees's peculiar pleasure to dine with his tenants, and do all he could to make them welcome and at ease. Some amusing scenes now and then took place. During the period of the war, about the year 1803 or 4, when the invasion of England was expected, Surtees had a tenant whom he suspected to be not over well affected to his country. A rent-day dinner and the tankard confirmed his suspicion. "Come, Tommy," said the landlord, addressing the man, "it's your turn to give a toast." "Why," said the man, "if I mun, I mun, and there's no helping it—here's t'Frenches good hilths, poor things! there's neebody drinks them." Upon another occasion, at the first rent-day after the battle of Waterloo, the battle itself, and the dreadful carnage which had taken place, became the subject of conversation; but one of the farmers, a moody, melancholy man, sate and listened and mused and spoke not, even for a long time after another subject had been introduced. "Come, B……," said Mr. Surtees, "you've got nothing to say; just tell us what you're thinking about. "Why, squire," said he, "if ye mun knaw, I's just thinking about that Watterloo. A! but I would like to hev a bit of a farm there, there'll be grand crops."—Ed.

were for those who had no gardens, and he would drop small sums of money on the road, and enjoy the notion of the unexpected pleasure that the next poor person passing by would feel in acquiring them, unencumbered with the debt of gratitude. He extended his affectionate sympathies to the brute creation; and his mode of talking to them, as if themselves capable of understanding and entering into conversation, was most original and entertaining. Though no sportsman, he was exceedingly fond also of horses. When any of his friends, however, came to see him with their own horses, he would leave the care of them entirely to the domestics: but if they brought hired hacks, he would make a point of going to the stable to see that they were well fed, for he used to observe that he was not sure that these every day "got a good bellyfull." Often, too, when he encountered some travelling huckster's half-starved Rosinante, cropping the scanty herbage in the country lanes, would the Squire of Mainsforth hasten back to his own stable, and thence bring it a bundle of hay on which to regale; and it has been even said that the horses of others have been turned out into the roads near his house, merely that they might receive a meal from one known to be so sensitive that the appearance of want, whether in man or beast, could never fail to elicit his succour. His manner was generally distinguished by courtesy and consideration to others, but false pretension of any sort he could not bring himself to tolerate; and unlucky was the man who, in his presence, ostentatiously pretended to know more than he did, or to be more than he was—on the contrary, if there happened to be, in any society in which he was, a person who appeared to feel himself out of his element, he was sure to attach himself to that individual, and delicately direct his conversation to him till he had wheedled him into a state of comfortable self-complacency. The sarcasms in which he occasionally indulged were never thrown out against those who, being absent, would be unable to defend themselves or retaliate. His conduct throughout life was marked by sterling independence and sincerity, and the opinion thence entertained of him added greatly in his own county to that respect which his acquirements commanded elsewhere. With a deep feeling, strengthened by his peculiar studies for the shadowy grandeur of ancestral honours, he was not without jealousy of encroachments on the prescriptive lofty bearing of the country gentleman of England, and was little disposed to flatter the titled by ceremonial observance.

"Round his own dearly beloved Mainsforth he was careful to preserve an air of substantial simplicity, equally removed from modern fashion and gothic pretension. The terrace and the straight walks of Queen Anne were permitted to retain their primitive consistency with the house, in spite of all the capabilities that landscape gardeners might discover. The wooden pannels of the dining room, painted a light but not gay colour, and hung with old-fashioned frames containing groups and figures in oil, of acknowledged excellence, the production of his father, were not discarded in compliance with the then prevailing taste for *stucco;* and in the drawing-room no embossed paper, 'warranted to light up well,' was permitted to supersede the fine old prints which the hands of those long since dead had pasted with the exactest arrangement upon the yellow-washed walls, and had surrounded with narrow borders of printed paper instead of frames. His familiar conversation was fluent and accurate, and it was commonly characterised by wit, pleasantry, or drollery. His powers never appeared to greater advantage than when, in his own house, he was sitting after dinner with two or three antiquarian friends. Here he used to take the lead in conversation, and to outpour his exhaustless streams of historic lore; illumining what was dull, explaining what was obscure, but, above all, revelling in what was humorous or poetical, as if these were his peculiar elements."

In illustration of his Brief Memoir, Sir Cuthbert Sharp has added certain notes, some of which deserve to be printed here in connection with my extracts.

"Through one of his influential Christ Church companions, the offer, so alluring to youth, of the situation of an attaché to an embassy at one of the European courts, was about this period (1802) made to Mr. Surtees fruitlessly: and, later, Bishop Barrington, who loved to encourage literary men to take holy orders, in vain held out to him, as an inducement to take that step, the *otium cum dignitate* of a stall in Durham Cathedral.

"There was in Mr. Surtees's parish a person of the name of Bradley, who filled the office of sexton,* and occasionally, when there was more company at Mainsforth than the ordinary establishment could attend to, assisted in waiting at dinner. On one of those occasions, Mr. Surtees whispered to a guest,—'Do you see that man behind my chair? he'll dig my grave.'

"On some one commenting upon the bad roads in the neighbourhood of Mainsforth, and the improvements elsewhere effected by Mr. MacAdam, Mr. Surtees observed, 'Our roads are not *Mac*-Adamite, they are *Præ*-Adamite.'

"In the autumn of 1827, Sir Walter Scott visited the county of Durham at the same time with the Duke of Wellington, and on the 3rd of October Bishop Van Mildert took that occasion to give a dinner in the hall of his castle to about one hundred and forty persons, including those distinguished visitants;† and, on the following day, a dinner, to which two hundred and four persons sat down, was given in Sunderland to the Duke, at which Sir Walter was also present. But Mr. Surtees, who [on the latter day] was staying near Sunderland, at Hendon, the residence of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Robinson, said he could not endure great 'bungalow' dinners, and did not attend either of them. However, as on the latter day there was a public ball at Sunderland, to which the party adjourned after dinner, Mr. Surtees determined to go to the ante-room of the ball-room in order to waylay Sir Walter Scott, and have a chat with him. In the ante-room, accordingly, the friends met, and there they sat down in a corner and had a long *tête-à-tête.* A connection of Mr. Surtees, who joined them during the latter part of their conversation, found they were talking over a novel which Sir Walter then intended writing. The scene, he said, should be laid on the coast of Durham and Northumberland, between Castle Eden and Berwick, a coast which, as far at any rate as it extended in Durham, he proposed first to explore. When they had finished their conversation, Sir Walter asked Mr. Surtees to accompany him into the ball-room, and Mr. Surtees answered that he was not in the habit of going to balls, but for the pleasure of entering with him he would go. As the three were passing from the ante-room into the dense crowd of the ball-room, Sir Walter whispered,—'Does not this remind you, Surtees, of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego?' This occasion is alluded to in some rhymes addressed, a few months afterwards, by Sir Walter Scott to Sir Cuthbert Sharp, who was connected with Sunderland. 'Can I,' says he,

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* See p. 152, above.

† Mr. Surtees went from Mainsforth to Durham on the 3rd of October above mentioned, under an engagement to dine with the bishop in the castle; but, finding that there was to be a large gathering in honour of the occasion, he suffered his dislike of excitement and crowded rooms to keep him from his appointment. It is more than probable that the fear of being called upon to make a speech had something to do with his determination. Of the county gentlemen whom the bishop had invited to meet his illustrious guests, it may be truly said, without any wish to give offence, that in taste and learning Mr. Surtees was *facile princeps*. His long and intimate literary acquaintance with Sir Walter Scott, then in the very zenith of his fame, was a matter of great notoriety; and, above all, he was the historian of the county, the biographer of its long line of bishops, and able, as every one knew, to call up from dim antiquity, and depict before his hearers in the most vivid and faithful colours, the glorious scenes which that very hall of banquet had witnessed in by-gone times. That the health of such a man, on so exciting an occasion, might be proposed by the last of the Palatines was reasonably to be expected, and of this Mr. Surtees was probably afraid. The only occasion upon which he is known to have spoken in public was at the election for the southern division of Durham, at Darlington, in 1832, when he proposed Mr. Bowes, of Streatlam Castle, in a speech in which judgment and brevity were happily united. It may also be mentioned that, when the Clarence railroad, which he strenuously opposed from its interference with the privacy of Mainsforth, was before the House of Commons, he personally addressed the Committee upon the Bill with such energetic effect that one of the Members said, aloud, "Why is not that gentleman in the House?"

At the dinner which followed upon the election, at Darlington, Mr. Surtees was present, and an amusing scene occurred in which he acted a part. He was sitting at table near a gentleman with whom he was intimately acquainted, and from that gentleman an apology was required for a hasty expression in the course of the evening.

"'Forget your kindness found for all room
In what, though large, seem'd still a small room?
Forget my Surtees in a ball-room!
Forget you? no.' "

"Gentlemen," said the apologist, with great good-nature, "I beg your pardon: I did not, if you'll believe me, mean to say what I did, but I've had the misfortune, you see, to lose some of my front teeth, and words get out every now and then without my knowing a word about it." The speaker was proceeding, when Surtees laid hold of him by the tail of his coat, and placed him gently upon his seat. "Sit down," said he, "and don't say one word more. Never was there so perfect an apology. If you add one word more you'll spoil it most completely."

The rhymes are printed in Lockhart's Life of Scott, vol. vii. p. 77.*

MR. SURTEES AND THE ELECTION AT OXFORD IN 1821.

Among the personal friends of Mr. Surtees who were solicited to contribute their recollections of him to Mr. Taylor for his Memoir, the Rev. Samuel Gamlen mentioned above (p. 102) was one; but the following letter from Mr. Gamlen in reply arrived too late for Mr. Taylor's purpose:—

Bossall, York, July 24th, 1837.

"Dear Mrs. Surtees—I cannot just now give the year of my journey to the Oxford election with Mr. Surtees, but the month I remember well; for grouse-shooting had just commenced, and the whole of the mail, with the exception of the two inside places occupied by us, was loaded and crammed with game. Some of these our feathered fellow-travellers had been on the road three or four days before we fell in with them at Rushyford, and, as they did not improve upon acquaintance (the weather being somewhat warm), we were rather glad, under the circumstances, to betake ourselves each to the cool corner of a hack-chaise, somewhere near Alconbury Hill, and post across the country through Northampton, &c. to Oxford. Our time passed most pleasantly; and I have seldom or never enjoyed a journey more than the stages we travelled in this way. There was something ludicrous in our distress with the game which he bore very patiently, as in the spirit of a martyr in a good cause, as long as it lasted, amusing himself and me and persons whom we casually encountered by his humorous complaints; as, however, there was some real annoyance in the situation from which he extracted his merriment, it was a relief to him to change it, and the transition from the Great North Road and the mail and its accompaniments to the lane-like bye-ways by which we passed through the quiet green-fields, hedge-rows, villages, and hamlets of Northamptonshire, seemed to awaken all that native and almost Shakesperean sense of enjoyment of what I may call old English scenery, which he so truly felt, and which he communicated so unconsciously to others. I dare say that many little incidents and passages in this our short journey together might, in some hands, and that without much elaboration, be worked up into anecdotes, traits of character, &c. ; and, had it happened to me to have been thrown into his society on this occasion for the first time, they would hardly have failed to make a lasting impression, as, indeed, was the case with every thing that passed when I first met him, in making a call at the vicarage of Bishop Middleham, on the present Bishop of Exeter ; but, at the period referred to, I had known him long and well, and no new or previously unknown parts of character emerged, although several were of course rendered more prominent; as an instance of this, which pleased and gratified, without, I must confess, much surprising me, I might, perhaps, mention the marked proofs of respect and regard for him, which appeared in the manner of Reginald Heber and some other distinguished men of that class, and of his own standing in the university, in whose society I saw him for a short time at Oxford. One could not but believe and know beforehand that, from the nature of things, he must have been so appreciated ; but these evidences of the personal consideration in which he was held by such men, certainly placed in an unusually clear and strong light one trait of character (one merit it might be called, in writing of another, but not of him), to which those who had seen him only at Mainsforth, or in ordinary society, could not possibly do full justice ; I mean that total absence of any thing like assumption or a self-complacent sense of superiority (whether on the ground of acquirements, intellect, social position, or any thing else), for which he was so remarkable.

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* To the description of the scene between Scott and Surtees in the ball-room at Sunderland, as it is given above, the following particulars may be added:—The former had just entered the passage leading into the room from the street, when a gentle hand was laid upon his shoulder from behind, and two lines from an old ballad were whispered in his ear. "That must be my Surtees," said Scott, even before he had time to ook around him. The room into which the two retired was, in fact, that set apart for the cloaks and bonnets of the ladies, and here they might have remained for the night, so far as Sir Walter was concerned, had not Mr. Surtees, knowing the anxiety of the assemblage to see the *lion*, proposed to carry him out and *shew him*.

"The opponent of our candidate was Sir John Nicholl. I certainly thought Heber the fitter man of the two, but my sole reason for taking the journey and voting at all was the interest which, I saw, Surtees took in his success. * * *

"I shall be quite anxious to see the memoir you mention as now in progress. Every friend of Surtees can recollect numerous sayings and doings which would be felt to be characteristic by those who knew him. The difficulty will be to trace such an outline or draw such a portrait as will convey any thing like a just idea of what he was, to those who knew him not. A few master-touches of a pen like his own might do this, but I despair of seeing it satisfactorily done by any one else. Is it not mournful to be writing on such a subject at all? Pray do your best to decypher this hasty scrawl. I have no room left to tell you any thing about Bossall.

"Believe me, always, my dear Mrs. Surtees, most truly yours,

"SAML. GAMLEN.

"*Mrs. Surtees, Mainsforth.*"

POETRY.

EDITH OF HILTON AND HAROLD THE DANE.

[The following legendary poem with its introductory preface is extracted from Mr. Surtees's History of Durham, vol. ii. p. 17, where it is modestly introduced in a note, without any title or avowal of authorship.—Ed.]

One proof, perhaps, of the high antiquity of the Hiltons (of Hilton Castle) is the number of popular traditions which in various ways account for their origin. There is no improbability (though it is not matter proven) in supposing that the local establishment of the family extended above the Norman era, yet it might be difficult to say *which* coat Adam Hilton, the liege of King Athelstan, caused to be sculptured above the portal of St. Hilde, or to be engraved on the massy crucifix which he presented to the Abbess of the Peninsula (of Hartlepool). Romanus, the Knight of Hilton (whose name is unknown to these early romancers), might be Saxon, Dane, or Norman, or, according to a wild legend in Sharp's Hartlepool (p. 167), he might with equal ease spring from a northern rover, who wooed and won "a fair young Saxon dame with all her lands and towers," under the disguise of one of Odin's ravens. The account of the matter given below is certainly not offered as any portion of the Hiltons' Evidence. It should, however, be recollected, to say nothing of Leda and such bye-gone times, that the Ascanian Princes of Saxony sprung from the loins of a bear,* and, which is more to the purpose, that the Staffords of Buckingham chose to descend from a white swan.

His fetters of ice the broad Baltic is breaking,
In the deep glens of Denmark sweet summer is waking,

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* 1. "Vincent le Blanc also mentions a fortunate bear, who married a princess in India, and was ancestor of a line of heroes.—See Hudibras, part i. canto 2."

And, blushing amidst her pavilion of snows,
Discloses her chalice the bright Lapland rose.
The winds in the caverns of winter are bound,
Yet the leaves that the tempest has strewn on the ground
Are whirling in magical eddies around.
For deep in the forest where wild flowers are blushing,
Where the stream from its cistern of rock-spar is gushing,
The magic of Lapland the wild winds is hushing.
Why slumbers the storm in the caves of the north ?
When, when shall the carrier of Odin go forth ?

Loud, loud laughed the hags as the dark raven flew,
They had sprinkled his wings with the mirk midnight dew,
That was brush'd in Blockula from cypress and yew.
    That raven in its charmed breast
    Bears a sprite that knows no rest—
    (When Odin's darts, in darkness hurl'd,
    Scatter'd lightnings through the world;
    Then beneath the withering spell,
    Harold son of Eric fell)—
    Till lady, unlikely thing I trow,
    Print three kisses on his brow—
Herald of ruin, death, and flight,
Where will the carrier of Odin alight ?

What Syrian maid in her date-cover'd bower,
Lists to the lay of a gay troubadour ?
His song is of war, and he scarcely conceals
The tumult of pride that his dark bosom feels;
From Antioch beleaguer'd the recreant has stray'd
To kneel at the feet of an infidel maid;
His mail laid aside, in a minstrel's disguise
He basks in the beams of his Nourjahad's eyes.
Yet a brighter flower in greener bower,
    He left in the dewy west,
Heir of his name and his Saxon tower;
    And Edith's childish vest
Was changed for lovelier woman's zone,
And days and months and years have flown,
    Since her parting sire her red lips prest.

And she is left an orphan child
In her gloomy hall by the woodland wild;
A train of menials only wait
To guard her towers, to tend her state,
    Unlettered hinds and rude.
Unseen the tear-drop dims her eye,
Her breast unheeded heaves the sigh,
And youth's fresh roses fade and die
    In wan unjoyous solitude.

Edith, in her saddest mood,
    Has climbed the bartizan stair;
No sound comes from the stream or wood,
    No breath disturbs the air.
The summer clouds are motionless,
    And she, so sad, so fair,
    Seems like a lily rooted there,
In lost forgotten loneliness.
A gentle breath comes from the vale,
And a sound of life is on the gale,
And see a raven on the wing,
Circling around in airy ring,
Hovering about in doubtful flight—
Where will the carrier of Odin alight?

The raven has lit on the flag-staff high
    That tops the dungeon tower;
But he has caught fair Edith's eye,
And gently, coyly, venturing nigh,
    He flutters round her bower;
For he trusted the soft and maiden grace
That shone in that sweet young Saxon face.
    And now he perch'd on her willow wand,
And tries to smooth his raven note,
And sleeks his raven coat,
    To court the maiden's hand.
And now caressing and caress'd,
The raven is lodged in Edith's breast;
'Tis innocence and youth that makes
In Edith's fancy such mistakes;

But that maiden kiss hath holy power
O'er planet and sigillary hour;
The elvish spell has lost its charms,
And a Danish knight is in Edith's arms;
And Harold, at his bride's request,
His barbarous gods forswore,
Freya and Woden, and Balder and Thor;
And Jarrow with tapers blazing bright
Hail'd her gallant Proselyte.

BISHOP BEC AND THE SPECTRE HUNTSMAN.

[The following beautiful fragment, with its preface, &c. is also copied from Mr. Surtees's History (vol. i. p. 34.) Like Stob Cross, which comes next in order, it purports to be an extract from an inedited "Poem on the Superstitions of the North," but it is much to be regretted that, with these two exceptions, no portions remain of such a composition. The so-called "Legendary Account," which is subjoined in the History, and which is printed below, it is perhaps hardly necessary to say, is from the same pen as the stanzas themselves. Anthony Bec was Bishop of Durham from 1283 to 1311.—Ed]

Bishop Middleham, then a fortress of the first class, appears from the date of charters to have been [Bishop] Anthony Beke's chief residence within the county. The reasons which led to this preference are obvious: defended by a morass on two sides, and by broken ground to the north, the fortress presented an almost impregnable stronghold during the wars of the Border, whilst Auckland lay bare and defenceless on the direct route of Scottish invasion. It is no wonder that in after-times Middleham was deserted for the green glades of Auckland.

The following lines are extracted from an inedited Poem on the "Superstitions of the North."

There * valour bowed before the rood and book,
And kneeling knighthood served a prelate lord,
Yet little deigned he on such train to look,
Or glance of ruth or pity to afford.
There Time has heard the peal rung out by night,
Has seen from every tower the cressets stream,

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* Bishop Middleham.—Ed.

Where the red bale-fire on yon western height
  Had roused the warder from his fitful dream;
Has seen old Durham's lion banner float
  O'er the proud bulwark that, with giant pride
And feet deep plunged amidst the circling moat,
  The efforts of the roving Scot defied.
Long rolling years have swept those scenes away,
  And peace is on the mountain and the fell,
And rosy dawn, and closing twilight gray,
  But hears the distant sheep-walk's tinkling bell.
And years have fled since last the gallant deer
  Sprang from yon covert at the thrilling horn,
Yet still, when autumn shakes the forest sear,
  Black Hugo's voice upon the blast is borne.
Woe to the wight who shall his ire provoke,
  When the stern huntsman stalks his nightly round
By blasted ash, or lightning-shiver'd oak,
  And cheers with surly voice his spectre hound.

Of this Black Hugh take the following legendary account. "Sir Anthon Bek, Busshop of Dureme in the tyme of King Eduarde, the son of King Henry, was the maist prowd and masterfull busshopp in all England, and it was comonly said that he was the prowdest lord in Christienty. It chaunced that emong other lewd persons, this Sir Anthon entertained at his court one Hugh de Pountchardon, that for his evill deeds and manifold robberies had been driven out of the Inglische Courte, and had come from the southe to seek a little bread and to live by stalynge. And to this Hughe, whom also he imployed to good purpose in the warr in Scotland, the busshop gave the lande of Thikley, since of him caullid Thikley-Puntchardon, and also made him his cheife huntsman. And after, this blake Hugh dyed afore the busshop, and efter that the busshop chasid the wild hart in Galtres forest, and sodainly ther met with him Hugh de Pontchardin that was afore deid, on a wythe horse; and the said Hugh loked earnestly on the busshop, and the busshop said unto him, 'Hughe, what makethe thee here?' and he spake never word, but lifte up his cloke, and then he shewed Sir Anton his ribbes set with bones, and nothing more; and none other of the varlets saw him, but the busshop only; and ye said Hugh went his way, and Sir Anton toke corage, and cheered the dogges, and shortly efter he was made Patriarque of Hierusalem, and he saw nothing no moe: and this Hugh is him that the silly people in Galtres doe call Le Gros Veneur, and he was seen twice efter that by simple folk, afore yat the forest was felled in the tyme of Henry, father of Henry yat now ys."

STOB CROSS.

[Copied with its Introduction from History of Durham, iii. 14. See above.—Ed.]

And here Stob Cross "brings on a village tale." A few fields to the south [of Cornforth] stands a ruined dove-cote, shaded by a few straggling ashes, and haunted by a brood of wood-pigeons. Here a poor girl *put herself down* for love, in the homely phrase of the country, on the very spot of her appointments with her traitor lover; and her spirit still hovers round the cote, the scene of her earthly loves and sorrows, in the form of a milk-white dove, distinguished from its companions by three distinct crimson spots on the breast. The poor maid was laid in the church-yard, "allowed her virgin strewments, and the bringing home of bell and burial." The traitor, "he the deceiver, who could win maiden's heart, ruin, and leave her," drowned himself some years after in the Floatbeck, and being buried where four roads meet, with a stake or stob driven through his body, left the name of the transaction to Stob Cross.

Then might the pitying bard the tale repeat,
  Of hapless village love in ages past;
How the pale maid, the victim of deceit,
  Sunk like the primrose in the Northern blast.
See where the ring-doves haunt yon ruin'd tower,
  Where ivy twines amidst the ashen spray;
There still she hovers round the lonely bower,
  Where anguish closed her melancholy day.
A dove she seems distinguish'd from the rest,
Three crimson blood-drops stain her snowy breast.

Superstitions of the North.

INVOCATION TO WALTER SCOTT, ESQ.

[At the risk of being blamed for an unnecessary repetition, I reprint this Invocation, among kindred matter, in larger and more legible characters. See p. 109, above.—Ed.]

And shall the minstrel harp in silence rest
  By silver Tweed, or Yarrow hung with flowers;
Or where, reflected on Loch Katrine's breast,
  High o'er the pine-clad hills Benledi towers;
Save when the blast that sweeps the mountain crest
  Wakes the wild chorus of Æolian song,
Save when at twilight grey the dewy west
  Strays with soft touch the trembling chords among;
Whilst, as the notes with wayward cadence rise,
Some love-lorn maniac's plaint seems swelling to the skies?

Thrice has she flung her witch-notes on the gale,
  Swept by the master of the mighty mood,
And thrice has raptured Echo caught the tale
  From hill, from dell, from tower, and haunted wood;
And if for aye the magic numbers fail,
  With them shall Fancy quit the woodlands sear;
And every Genius, wreathed with primrose pale,
  From his wan brow the wither'd chaplet tear.
Hark! fairy shrieks are heard in every glade;
And Scotland's wild-rose bowers and glens of hawthorn fade!

Yet once again the magic lyre shall ring:
  An exiled prince demands the lofty strain,
And Scotland's falchion drawn to fence her king,
  And clans embattled on their native plain:
The Stuart's heir demands his father's reign,
  And Highland loyalty, with dauntless truth,
Welcomes the wanderer from the lonely main,
  And to her bleeding bosom clasps the youth—
The warning sprite was heard on lake and hill,
And thrice the bittern shriek'd, and Echo clamour'd shrill.

Lives there the man, to party rage a prey,
  Can blame the noble,—blame the generous part?
Can bid cold Interest o'er the passions sway,
  And freeze the life-blood streaming from the heart?

Far be from such my hand, my heart, away!
  Though all mistaken be the clansman's creed,
Yet sure, where kindred fealty led the way,
  Bright was the path, and gallant was the deed!
The Chieftain calls! with shouts the Clan reply,
Nor heed the low'ring storm that veils the southern sky.

Wild music peals!. the clansman grasps his glaive,
  And Gladesmuir owns that falchion's deadly sway.
Hide, hapless Albyn, hide fair Honour's grave;
  And deepest horrors shroud Drummossie's day!
And bid thy broadest darkest forest's wave
  Conceal his mountain path, his lowly bed;
And bid each mist-clad hill, each dropping cave,
  Shed "dews and wild flowers" on the wanderer's head!
Ah! bathe in drops of balm his fever'd brain;
Ah! hide the murder'd friend,—the ghastly spectre train!

THE DEATH OF FEATHERSTONHAUGH.

[This ballad was printed by Sir Walter Scott, in his "Marmion," and afterwards in his "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," as an ancient composition, from the communication of Mr. Surtees. The Editor was the first to disclose the secret, with which he had been long acquainted, that Mr. Surtees himself was its author, in a note * in the Durham "Wills and Inventories," published by the Surtees Society, in 1835, p. 395. The apology for Mr. Surtees, which Mr. Taylor has offered above, p. 25, will have its weight. In the case of this ballad, and one or two more, which occur hereafter, all of which appear in the "Minstrelsy" as ancient compositions, Mr. Surtees was evidently making an experiment of his own powers, which became so eminently successful that a personal regard and admiration for his friend and correspondent

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* The note referred to is appended to the will of Albanye Fetherston, of Fetherston, dated and proved in 1573, and is as follows:—"Here at least is a real Albany Fetherstonhaugh; one who does not merely exist in a ballad; and here is somewhat of Haltwhistle, although no mention be made of 'the Baily.' Who knows whether this very will might not have been before Mr. Surtees when the wicked idea entered his head of imposing upon Sir Walter Scott one of his most dexterous fabrications? How far he succeeded may be seen in the 'Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border' and in 'Marmion.'" It may be added in confirmation of the conjecture, that the testator mentions his sons Nycholas and Alexander in his will, and hence perhaps the "Nicol and Alick and a'" in the ballad.

compelled him to keep that as a secret, the disclosure of which might have been attended with unpleasant consequences. I print the ballad as it was communicated to Sir Walter Scott, and as it stands in the "Minstrelsy," subjoining a few various readings from other copies in Mr. Surtees's handwriting. The explanatory notes, most of them by Mr. Surtees, are copied from the "Minstrelsy."—Ed.]

Hoot awa', lads, hoot awa',
Ha' ye heard how the Ridleys and Thirlwalls and a'
Ha' set upon Albany[*] Fetherstonhaugh,
And taken his life at the Deadmanshaugh?
    There was Willimoteswick,
    And Hardriding Dick,
And Hughie of Hawden, and Will of the Wa',
    I canna' tell a', I canna' tell a',[†]
And mony a mair that the deil may knaw.

The auld man went down,[‡] but Nicol his son
Ran away afore the fight was begun;
    And he run, and he run,
    And afore they were done,
There was many a Fetherston gat sic a stun,
As never was seen since the world begun.

I canna' tell a', I canna' tell a';
Some gat a skelp,[§] and some gat a claw;
But they gard the Fetherstons haud their jaw,[‖] [¶]
    Nicol, and Alick, and a'.
Some gat a hurt and some gat nane;
Some had harness, and some gat sta'en.[**]

    Ane gat a twist o' the craig,[††]
    Ane gat a bunch[‡‡] o' the wame;[§§]
    Symy Haw gat lam'd of a leg,
    And syne ran wallowing hame.[‖‖]

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[*] Pronounced *Awbony*.

[†] And what do ye ca', and what do ye ca'.—Various reading.

[‡] Was put down.—V. R.

[§] *Skelp*, slap.

[‖] Hold their jaw, a vulgar expression still in use.

[¶] This line wanting in another copy.

[**] Got stolen, or were plundered, a very likely termination of the fray.

[††] *Craig*, neck.

[‡‡] *Bunch*, punch.

[§§] *Wame*, belly.

[‖‖] *Wallowing*, bellowing.

Hoot, hoot, the auld man's slain outright!
Lay him now wi' his face down—he's a sorrowful sight.
Janet thou donot,[*]
I'll lay my best bonnet [†]
Thou gets a new gude-man afore it be night.

Hoo' away, lads, hoo' away, [‡]
We's a' be hangid if we stay.
Tak' up the dead man, and lay him ahint the bigging;[§]
Here's the Bailey o' Haltwhistle, [||]
Wi' his great bull's pizzle,
That sup'd up the broo', an syne —— in the piggin.[¶] [**]

LORD EURIE.

[Another of Mr. Surtees's ballads. The copy communicated to Sir Walter Scott, and printed as an ancient composition, may be seen in the "Minstrelsy," vol. i. p. 131. I print the following copy, with its tale-telling variations, from a loose paper in Mr. Surtees's handwriting.—Ed.]

Lord Eurie was as brave a man
As ever stood in his degree;
The king has sent him a broad letter,
All for his courage and loyalty.

Lord Eurie is of nobill blood,
A knightes son sooth to say;
He is heir to the Nevill and to the Percy,
And is married upon a Willoughby.

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[*] *Donot*, silly slut. The border bard calls her so because she was weeping for her husband; a loss which he seems to think might be soon repaired.

[†] Busk up thy bonnet,
Thou's get, &c.—V. R.

In July, 1807, Mr. Surtees, in a letter to his friend C. K. Sharpe, Esq. printed hereafter in the "Correspondence," speaks of the ballad, and gives this stanza as follows:

Hoot, hoot, auld Albany's slain outright,
Whatever come on it,
I'll lay my best bonnet
His wife gets a gude-man afore it be night.—V. R.

[‡] Howa, lads, howa.—V. R.

[§] Set him anent the biggin.—V. R.

[||] The bailiff of Haltwhistle seems to have arrived when the fray was over. This supporter of social order is treated with characteristic irreverence by the moss-trooping poet.

[¶] An iron-pot with two ears.

[**] That o'erset the trough, and syn, &c.—V. R.

A noble knight him bred to armes,
Sir Rafe Bulmer is the man I mean;
At Floddon field, as men do say,
No better captain there was seen.

He led the force of Bishoprike,
When Thomas Ruthall bare the sway;
The Scottish habs were stout and true,
But the English bowmen wan that day.

And since he has kept Berwick-upon-Tweed,
The town was never better kept I wot;
He maintain'd peace and order along the border,
And still was ready to prick the Scot.

The country then lay in great peace,
And grain and grass was sown and won;
Glendale and Bambrough may well remember
When Lord Eurie kept Berwick town.

And now he hath been with the queen's brother,
They have ridden rough-shod through Scotland of late—
They have harried the Mers and burned Dunbar,
And rapped loud at Edinburgh gate.

Now the king hath sent him a broad letter,
A Lord of Parliament to be—
It were well if every Englishman
Stood like Lord Eurie in his degree.

BARTRAM'S DIRGE.

[This Dirge is printed above, p. 85, as it was communicated to Sir Walter Scott, and as it stands in the "Minstrelsy," vol. i. p. 269. Up to the time when Mr. Surtees acknowledged himself to be author, as above stated (p. 86), I had no other suspicion of its authorship than what was afforded by the Dirge itself and the dexterity of its patchwork, the cloth of which appeared to me to be of precisely the same loom and material as that to which it was applied, and both to savour most strongly of a modern origin and of Mr. Surtees's handy-work. I stumbled also at the *Gray Friars*, for I knew of no establishment of that order in any district of Northumberland in which the scene could be laid. If the question had not been set at rest by direct admission, it would have been settled by the following variations, which I find among

Mr. Surtees's papers, some of which appear to surpass in beauty and simplicity the corresponding stanzas already before the public. Portions, it will be observed, are entirely new. N.B. For *broken*, in st. 2, p. 85, r. *birken*.]

They shot him dead on the Ninestane rigg,
Beside the headless cross;
And they left him lying in his blood,
Upon the Ninestane moss.

They made a bier of the birken boughs,
Of the sauf and the espin gray;
And they bore him to the Lady Chapel,
And watched him there all day.

They washed him in the Lady well,
His wounds so deep and sair;
And they plac'd a posy on his breast,
And a garland in his hair.

They row'd him in a lily sheet,
And bare him to his earth;
And the grey priests sang the dead man's mass,
As they passed the chapel garth.

They buried him at mirk midnight,
By the side of the Ninestane burn;
And they cover'd him o'er with the hather flower,
The gray moss, and the fern.

The birk tree grows aboon his grave,
——— and the espin gray;
His blood-hounds lie beside his feet,
That never shall wake the day.

They buried him when the bonny may
Was on the flow'ring thorn—
And she wak'd him till the forest gray
Of every leaf was lorn;

Till the rowan-tree of gramarye
Its scarlet clusters shed—
And the hollin green alone was seen,
With its berries glistening red.

They buried him when the Ninestane burn
Did o'er the pebbles greet,*
And she wak'd him till the water rose
And lav'd her lily feet.

They dug his grave but a bare foot deep,
With neither pick nor spade—
That the dew of Heaven might fall and dreep
On the mools † where he was laid.

SIR JOHN LE SPRING.

[This ballad was printed by Mr. Taylor in his Memoir (p. 166, above), with the following note:—

"See History of Durham, vol. i. p. 152, for a notice of the monumental effigy of a knight of the le Spring family, of which an engraving may be found (plate 2) in the same volume. It is probable that this effigy, when taken in connexion with the circumstance that the person whom it represents had been murdered, (see p. 145, *ib.*) and with the village tradition that it was for an amour, attracted the attention of Mr. Surtees in his school-days, and led to this beautiful ballad."

Of the ballad I have various copies before me. I print, however, from that which appears to have received Mr. Surtees's latest corrections.]

Pray for the soul of Sir John le Spring!
When the black monks sing, and the chantry bells ring.
Pray for the sprite of the murdered knight;
Pray for the rest of Sir John le Spring!

He fell not on the battling field,
Beneath St. George's banner bright,
Where the pealing cry of victory
Might cheer the soul of a dying knight.

He fought not where, before the Cross,
The waning crescent fled,
Where the martyr's palm and golden crown
Reward Christ's soldier dead.

---

* To *greet*, to weep.

† *Mools*, mold.

But at deep midnight, in the soft moonlight,
In his garden bower he lay,
And the dew of sleep did his eyelids steep,
In the arms of his leman gay;

At midnight hour, in that guilty bower,
Did his soul from his body fleet;
And, by murd'rous hand and bloody brand,
Was forced away from the bleeding clay,
To the dreadful Judgment-seat.

In the southern aisle his coat of mail
Hangs o'er his marble shrine;
And his tilting spear is rusting there,
His helm, and his gaberdine.

And aye the mass-priest sings his song,
And patters many a prayer;
And the chantry bell tolls loud and long;
And aye the lamp burns there.

But still when that guilty night returns,
On the eve of St. Barnaby bright,
The dying taper faintly burns,
With a wan and a wavering light:

And the clammy midnight dew breaks forth,
Like drops of agony,
From the marble dank; and the armour's clank
Affrights the priest on his knee.

For high o'er head, with rustling tread,
Unearthly footsteps pass;
For the spirits of air are gathering there,
And mock the holy mass.

Oh! sweeter the lowly peasant sleeps
Beneath the church-yard mold,
Where never a priest his vigil keeps,
Nor tells his beads for gold—

And softer the moon-light quivers there
  Than the dusky flames that burn,
In chancel damp, from vigil lamp,
  Before the warrior's urn.

Oh! duller the knell of the chiming bell,
  As it summons the priest to his vows,
Than the western wind, with its fitful swell,
  As it rustles amid the boughs.

Lordlings, mind how your vows you keep,
  And kiss no leman gay—
For he that sinks in sin to sleep
  May never rise to pray.

Judge not, sinner as thou art,
Commune with thy sinful heart,
  And watch, for thou know'st not the hour—
And to Jesus bright, and Mary of might,
Pray for the soul of the murder'd knight
  That died in his moonlight bower.

CLAXTON'S LAMENT.

[Robert (not Francis) Claxton, Esq. of Old Park, County Palatine, joined the Earls of Westmerland and Northumberland in their rebellion in 1569, and forfeited his estates accordingly. His life, however, was spared, and he died at Old Park in peace in 1587. In composing this ballad, Mr. Surtees has evidently had before him the "Rising in the North," in Percy's Ancient Songs, &c. i. 269, from which two stanzas are quoted by Sir Walter Scott in a letter printed above, p. 79. In one of the copies of this ballad in Mr. Surtees's handwriting, in addition to some various readings of trifling importance, there is a penultimate stanza (afterwards rejected) as follows:—

And woe to the mermaid's wily tongue,
  And woe to the fire was in her eye!
And woe for the witching spell she flung,
  That lur'd the north star from the sky!

A reference to his History (I. lxxvi.) explains the train of thought which was passing in Mr. Surtees's mind when this stanza was written. Speaking of the Rebellion of the Earls, "the following lines," says he, "describe the principal leaders of both parties, according to the quaint humour of the age, by allusions to their armorial devices. (Jamieson's Popular Ballads, ii. 210.)

"'I will tell you for troth what news I hear:
The Bull of the North is afraid of the Bear—
The Moon and the Star are fallen at stryfe;
I never knewe warre so strange in my life.
What made the Murrian's head so stoute
To seeke the Sheafe of Arrowes out?'

'The Bear is the well-known cognizance of Warwick; the Star is the crest of Sussex; the Crescent, the badge of Percy; and the Sheaf of Arrows, the crest of Bowes. In much the same style another ballad [his own composition] proceeds:—

"'Now the Percy's crescent is set in night,
And the Northern Bull the flight has ta'en,
And the Sheaf of Arrows is keen and bright,
And Barnard's walls are hard to gain.'

"One can hardly," continues he, "help contrasting the rude use which the nameless bard (in Jamieson's ballad) has made of these symbols with the beautiful imagery of Shakspeare:—

"Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a Mermaid, on a Dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.

MIDS. NIGHT'S DREAM."

Listen, English merchant brave,
To Francis Claxton, woful man!
Who once had lands and livings fair,
Most like an English gentleman.

But the flower is shed, and the spring is fled,
And he wanders alone at the close of the day;
And the sleety hail, in the moonshine pale,
Glistens at eve on his locks of grey.

To Wetherby the Earls are gone;
A message came, so fair and free,—
" Now swear thee, on the Holy Rood,
" I charge thee, Claxton, ride with me."

The Earl, he is my gracious Lord,—
The Queen, she is my liegeous Queen;
To stand upon the worser side
No Claxton yet was ever seen.

While thus in doubtful guise I stand,
Another message came so free,—
" Resolve thee, Claxton! out of hand,
" If thou wilt aught for love of me.

" We only stand to guard our own,
" Our lives are set in jeopardie;
" And if thou wilt not ride with us,
" Yet shall thy lands forfaulted be."

Now, foul befall the venom'd tongues
Have slander'd so such noble peers;
And brought such woe and misery
On silver hairs and failing years.

To Wetherby I needs must ride,
No better chance since I may see:
My eldest son is full of pride;
My second goes for love of me.

" Now bide at home, my eldest son;
" Thou art the heir of all my land."
" If I stay at home for land or fee,
" May I be branded in forehead and hand.

" The Percies are rising in the north;
" The Nevilles are gathering in the west;
" And Claxton's heir may bide at home,
" And hide him in the cushat's nest?"

" Now rest at home, my youngest son;
" Thy limbs are lithe, thy age is green."
" Nay, father, we'll to Wetherby,
" And never more at home be seen.

"We'll keep our bond to our noble Lord,
"We'll tine our faith to the Southern Queen;
"And, when all is lost, we'll cross the seas,
"And bid farewell to bow'r and green.

"Our tow'rs may stand till down they fall,
"That's all the help they'll get from me;
"False Southrons will be lords of all,
"But we'll ne'er hear it o'er the sea."

Now the Percies' crescent is set in blood,
And the Northern Bull his flight has ta'en,
And the Sheaf of Arrows are keen and bright,
And Barnard's walls are hard to gain.

The sun shone bright, and the birds sung sweet,
The day we left the North Countrie;
But cold is the wind, and sharp is the sleet,
That beat on the exile over the sea.

From some small hints these toys I did devise—
A Ballad that more folisch is than wise.

THE RECTOR'S WARNING.

[With respect to the following ballad, from the pen of Mr. Surtees (THE RECTOR'S WARNING), some prefatorial remarks are necessary.

In the course of my researches among the Sanctuary Records of the Convent of Durham, some time about the year 1815, I met with an entry, of which the following is a copy:—

"Vicesimo quinto die mensis Februarii, A.D. 1485, Jacobus Manfeeld, nuper de Wyclyff, gentilman, in propria persona venit ad ecclesiam S. Cuthberti Dunelm., et ibidem, pulsatis campanis, instanter peciit immunitatem dictæ ecclesiæ, et libertatem S. Cuthberti, pro eo quod ipse, juxta villam de Ovyngton in com. Ebor. circiter vicesimum sextum diem Januarii, ut credit, anno supradicto, simul cum aliis, in quendam dominum Rollandum Mebburne, capellanum, rectorem ecclesiæ de Wyclyff, insultum fecit, et eundem in corpore cum uno *le wallych-byll* felonicè percussit, et dedit ei plagam mortalem, ex qua incontinenter obiit; pro qua felonia idem Jacobus peciit immunitatem dictæ ecclesiæ. Præsentibus vicario de Kellow, Rogero Morland, et Nicholao Dixon, testibus ad hoc vocatis."—Reg. Dec. et Cap. Dunelm. iv. 226.

This discovery was interesting, as it so manifestly illustrated a village tale of which I had heard much, to my no small terror, when a boy, that there had frequently been seen in the night time, in a field at the edge of a wood between Ovington and Wycliffe, the ghost of a priest robed in a gown of rustling silk, with respect to whose name or cause of restlessness no tradition had been preserved. At my leisure I communicated my discovery of the record, and the particulars of the apparition, to Mr. Surtees, with the following ballad founded upon the two. My reluctance to place my composition before the public, is to a certain extent overcome by the necessity of such an introduction to Mr. Surtees's very characteristic ballad upon the same subject.

Sir Rowland, the priest, had to Ovyngton gone,
By a dying sinner to pray;
Sir Rowland, the priest, his cure * he had done,
And to Wycliffe was bending his way.

" Now stay thou thy speed, thou miserly priest,
For the hour of revenge it has come;
With book, candle, and bell, thou hast sent me to hell,
For a better this night I'll make room.

" It's true thy tithes I've never paid,
Thy threats I have always defied;
But now will I pay thee, thou greedy old priest,
And home on thy nag will I ride."

The priest he patter'd a Pater Noster,
One Ave and no more—
The wallych-bill was stout and sharp,
And soon was the struggle o'er.

'Twas the dead of night, in the pale moonlight,
When this murd'rous deed was done;
And still, when the eve of St. Wolstan returns,
Sir Rowland he *walks* in his gown.

---

* *Cure*, duty. " Mr. Gylpyn (rector of Houghton le Spring) did preach at one churche in Redsdale, wher ther was nayther mynister nor bell nor booke—and he sent the clarke to gyve warnyng he would preache—and in the meane tyme thare camme a man rydyng to the church style, havynge a dead chyld layd afore hym over hys saddyll cruche, and cryed of Mr. Gylpyn, not knowyng him, 'Come, parson, and doo the cure,' and layd downe the corse and went his waye, and Mr. Gylpyn did berye the childe."—Surt. Hist i. 170.

But long before the cock he did crow,
Swift on the wings of fear,
James Manfield had fled to St. Cuthbert's shrine,
To seek for safety there.

And when he reach'd St. Cuthbert's shrine,
He knock'd loud at the ring;
Then rose from his bed the penancer
To let James Manfield in.

"Ho, penancer," the murderer cried,
"I've done a deed of ill—
The rector of Wycliffe upon the Tees
I've slain with my wallych-bill.

"And now to thee for girth I've come,
Haste, ope the portal wide!
Let not to me, a woeful man,
This bounty be denied."

Here, shut from man, for many a day,
He starv'd on the meanest fare;
His bed was of stone with covering none,
His shirt of the coarsest hair.

And loud did he rave as the night it return'd,
When he handled that deadly steel,
For Sir Rowland the priest would give him no rest,
No comfort permit him to feel.

And in vain did he pray to St. Cuthbert for aid,
For days and for nights on his knee;
For the old murdered man still haunted him there,
Till he died in his agony.

Listen, oh! listen, ye gentry all—
Of high or low degree;
Forget not your dues to your spiritual guide,
If from evil ye would be free.

Soon afterwards, the Editor received from Mr. Surtees the following letter, with *his* ballad (to which he had given the name of "The Rector's Warning") inclosed. The ballad is here printed from the original copy, and as it was given by Mr. Taylor (v. p. 165). The copy sent by Mr. Surtees to Sir Walter Scott was printed by the latter in black letter "in good style" (p. 182 above), for one of the Scottish clubs, with the title of "DICCON THE RIEVER," but with omissions and alterations, probably by Scott himself.

Dear Raine,—You will perceive that your verses have conjured up another sprite of a lighter and more ludicrous description. I had begun to benote yours, of the early portion of which I highly approve, and see nothing to correct in the last stanza on the first page, as the parson would certainly be much more terrible wandering in his gown than without it. The ghost of a prebendary would be nothing without a wind-cutter and rose. He should even have creaking shoes. Of the latter part the lines sometime seem to be expletive, and might be strengthened. I fancy it would be rather the *wicket* than the wide *portal* at which Master James would glide in; and I have thought it quite incumbent on me to bestow half the monitory conclusion on the parson.

Go on, and write a ballad on Elvardus de Orde and his kettle of fish, and the poor fellow that could never again have both hands in the dish.*

Now observe, return my ballad before you leave Durham, for I have no copy; and it shall be revised and amended, and may, perhaps, some day bloom in a Durham garland. To-morrow for Croft, weather permitting; thence to York, perhaps to Hull.—R. S.]

THE RECTOR'S WARNING.

DEAR JAMES (*subaudi* RAINE),

You will see a thousand reasons of decorum,
  When you meet with any grave friends,
  That compass odd matters through by ends—
Not to lay this poieme before 'em:
  For a thousand things in a thousand places
  Want all circumstantial graces—
And this is but "A Lytill Geste
Of a Rector of Wyclyf, a Riever, and a Dorresme Preste."

---

* See North Durham, p. 249.

The Rector of Wyclyff had better have staid
  That weary night in his bed;
But he had been shriving a delicate maid,
  And sweetly her shrift had been sped.

And as he was riding o'er Gatherley Moor,
  Betwixt the thorn and the slae,
Bold Dickon the Riever, in Lincoln green,
  Came pricking the self-same way.

"Alight from thy beast, thou proud stone-priest,
  This verra hour we'll be even:
With book, candle, and bell, thou hast sent me to hell—
  I'll send thee to-night to heaven."

The priest he patter'd his Pater Noster,
  One Ave and no more—
The wallish-bill was stout and sharp,
  And soundly he paid the score.

It was dead midnight, and the stars hid their light,
  And the moon was behind a cloud,
And the wind whistled through the old hollow thorn,
  And the owlet was screeching loud.

But long before the grey-cock crew,
  Or the lav'rock left the wold,
On wings of fear the Riever flew
  To holy Cuthbert's hold.

He twirl'd at the pin—"Hollo within!
  I've ridden miles thirty and three—
One priest I have slain for little gain,
  And a harried man I think I be."

He twirl'd till he waken'd brother John—
  "O ho," the friar cried,
"We set light by these mad pranks on the Tees,
  So they keep the southern side."

"But had'st thou done so in Darneton Warde,
At the blue stone of the brigg,[*]
By'r lady, thou had'st far'd as hard
As Dallaval did for his pigge.[†]

"These rascals are neither streight nor strict,
They keep not St. Cuthbert's rule—
He that follows not Benedict,
I count him for a fule.

"These secular priests are vagabond beasts,
They feed at every man's stall;
This Rector, I trow, had bastards enow
For our prior and monks and all.

"Ho, Penancer! here's a jolly fellow
Has slain a Tees-water priest."
"Gramercy!" quoth he, "if the 'vowson be ours,
The damage will be but the least.

"But come thou in; to purge thy sin,
Here's scourge and sackcloth and hair."
Then he led him into the cold Galilee,
And set him with his ——— bare.

"For thy moody fit[‡] see here thou sit
Till the abbey clock strikes one,
For some penitent psalm thou may'st tax thy wit,
Or whistle if thou hast none."[§]

Dickon had ridden all day and all night,
And a harried man was he—
He feared the gallows, but never a sprite,
And he clos'd his weary e'e.

He dream'd that he lay by the bonny Tees,
In a meadow of clover suckling,
And he heard the bizzing of the bumble-bees,
That on the wing were roving.

---

[*] A blue stone upon Croft Bridge, the boundary between the counties of Durham and York.

[†] See Grose's Antiquities, vol. iii., and Richardson's Table Book, iii. 283.

[‡] "A gentleman whom in *my mood* I slew."—Two Gent. of Verona.—R. S.

[§] To whistle if you cannot sing is an allowed privilege of very ancient date; and the penitentiary probably knew his man when he offered the alternative to Richard, who could perhaps hardly lift a stave—wer't "his neck verse at the Haribee."—R. S.

And he saw the mill, and he saw the oak,
  And his mayd's bower on the hill;
But he could neither wend to play nor work,
  For a priest with a wallish-bill.

For went he west, or went he east,
  Or by north or south the hill,
Still he met with the cursed priest,
  Armed with the wallish-bill.

Then Dickon took he heart of grace —
  He was master of his trade :
" One have I sent to a better place,
  Of a second I'll not be afraid."

He lifted his staff with right good will,
  And soundly he laid it on —
He had luck the lanterne oil to spill,
  And he knock'd down friar John.

Listen ye gentry of every degree,
  Give his due to your ghostly guide—
And beware, proud priest, how you prick your beast
  Sorer than he can bide.

LORD DERWENTWATER'S " GOOD NIGHT."

[Lord Derwentwater's " Good Night," has been frequently mentioned in the correspondence between Mr. Surtees and Sir Walter Scott, as a composition founded by the former upon a Lament, of which a few lines only could be recovered. It appears, from p. 42, to have been sent by Mr. Surtees to Scott in its finished state in 1807, in order that a place might be assigned to it in a new edition of the " Minstrelsy." A new edition of the " Minstrelsy," however, not being immediately required, it was sent to Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, by whom it was published in his " Jacobite Relics," ii. 30. Upon whatever foundation the " Good Night " may rest, it is certain that every line here presented to the reader, as it is copied from Hogg's publication, proceeded from the pen of Mr. Surtees. The additional note was sent to Hogg at the same time.]

Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
  My fathers' ancient seat !
A stranger now must call thee his,
  Which gars my heart to greet.

Farewell each friendly, well-known face,
My heart has held so dear !
My tenants now must leave their lands,
Or hold their lives in fear.

No more along the banks of Tyne
I'll rove in autumn gray;
No more I'll hear at early dawn
The lav'rocks wake the day.
Then fare thee well, brave Witherington,
And Forster ever true;
Dear Shaftesbury and Errington,
Receive my last adieu.

And fare thee well, George Collingwood,
Since fate has put us down—
If thou and I have lost our lives,
Our king has lost his crown.
Farewell, farewell, my lady dear !
Ill, ill thou counseld'st me;
I never more may see the babe
That smiles upon thy knee.

And fare thee well, my bonny gray steed,
That carried me aye so free;
I wish I had been asleep in my bed
The last time I mounted thee.
The warning bell now bids me cease;
My trouble's nearly o'er—
Yon sun that rises from the sea,
Shall rise on me no more.

Albeit that here in London town
It is my fate to die,
O carry me to Northumberland
In my fathers' grave to lie.
There chant my solemn requiem
In Hexham's holy towers,
And let six maids of fair Tynedale
Scatter my grave with flowers.

And when the head that wears the crown
Shall be laid low like mine,
Some honest heart may then lament
For Radclyffe's fallen line.
Farewell to pleasant Dilston Hall,
My fathers' ancient seat!
A stranger now must call thee his,
Which gars my heart to greet.

As it seems to me, there is an hiatus at the end of the first twelve lines. There certainly needs some connexion to bring in "Then fare thee well, brave Witherington." The following lines may perhaps express nearly the sentiments that would have arisen in unison with the preceding ideas:—

And who shall deck the hawthorn bower
Where my fond childhood strayed?
And who, when spring shall bid it flower,
Shall sit beneath the shade?
With me the Radclyffes' name must end,
And seek the silent tomb;
And many a kinsman, many a friend,
With me must meet their doom.

"Shaftesbury" should have been written "Shafto."

AS I DOWN RABY PARK DID PASS.

[This ballad is printed by Mr. Taylor above, p. 87. See also p. 36 and p. 88. In another copy in Mr. Surtees's handwriting it stands as follows. The elegy is intended to refer to the consequences of the rebellion of 1569, and the forfeiture by the Earl of Westmerland of Raby and his other estates.]

As I down Raby Park did pass
I heard a fair maid weep and wail;
The chiefest of her song it was—
"Farewell the sweets of Langley-dale.

"The bonny mavis cheers his love,
The throstle-cock sings in the glen;
But I may never hope to rove
Within sweet Langley-dale again.

"The gowan blooms beside the brae,
The primrose shews its blossom pale;
But I must bid adieu for aye
To Wauchop burn and Langley-dale.

"Fair summer's days are gone and fled,
Youth's golden locks to silver turn;
Each northern floweret hangs its head,
By Langley-dale and Wauchop burn.

"False Southrons crop each lovely flower,
And throw their blossoms to the gale;
Our foes have spoilt the fairest bower—
Alas! for bonny Langley-dale."

THE VISITORS THREE.

[The following note and stanzas, from the pen of Mr. Surtees, were inserted by J. B. Taylor, Esq. in his edition of Hegge's Legend of St. Cuthbert, p. 6. 1816.]

Anne Swift (being daughter to Thomas Leaver, a noted preacher and master of Sherburn) died possessed of divers jewels, as may appear by her Inventory: amongst others "one figure of Sent Cudbert with jewels and ivory," a portion possibly of the plundered stores of the holy shrine at the dismal period of the Dissolution.

Before them lay a glittering store,
The Abbey's plundered wealth;
The garment of cost and the bowl emboss'd,
And the wassail cup of health.

And riches still from St. Cuthbert's shrine,
The chalice, the alm'ry and pix;
The image where gold and where ivory twine,
And the shatter'd crucifix.

And the Visitors three, with wicked glee,
  Sit feasting full and high;
And still, as they drink, they sit and think
  Of the devil and King Henery.

It is possible, when we consider the strength of early associations, that this very jewel, this precious image of *Sent Cudbert*, shewn on high days and holidays by the sage grandame to her little Robin [Robert Hegge was her grandson], may have implanted in his mind the first seeds of that goodly plant which afterwards bore this *aureus vere libellulus*, this truly Golden Legend of St. Cuthbert.

THE RIDLEY PEDIGREE.

[The following stanzas are appended by Mr. Surtees, by way of note, to a pedigree of the family of Ridley, of Willimotswick, co. Northumb. in a MS. copy of the Visitation of 1615. The estate of Musgrave Ridley, Esq. was sequestered by the Parliament on account of his loyalty to Charles I.]

When fell the Ridley's martial line,
  Lord William's antient towers;
Fair Ridley on the silver Tyne,
  And sweet Thorngrafton's bowers;

All felt the plunderer's cruel hand,
When legal rapine through the land
  Stalk'd forth with giant stride;
When loyalty, successless, bled,
And truth and honour vainly sped,
  Against misfortune's tide.

was some real annoyance in the situation from which he extracted his merriment, it was a relief to him to change it, and the transition from the Great North Road and the mail and its accompaniments to the lane-like bye-ways by which we passed through the quiet green-fields, hedge-rows, villages, and hamlets of Northamptonshire, seemed to awaken all that native and almost Shakesperean sense of enjoyment of what I may call old English scenery, which he so truly felt, and which he communicated so unconsciously to others. I dare say that many little incidents and passages in this our short journey together might, in some hands, and that without much elaboration, be worked up into anecdotes, traits of character, &c.; and, had it happened to me to have been thrown into his society on this occasion for the first time, they would hardly have failed to make a lasting impression, as, indeed, was the case with every thing that passed when I first met him, in making a call at the vicarage of Bishop Middleham, on the present Bishop of Exeter; but, at the period referred to, I had known him long and well, and no new or previously unknown parts of character emerged, although several were of course rendered more prominent; as an instance of this, which pleased and gratified, without, I must confess, much surprising me, I might, perhaps, mention the marked proofs of respect and regard for him, which appeared in the manner of Reginald Heber and some other distinguished men of that class, and of his own standing in the university, in whose society I saw him for a short time at Oxford. One could not but believe and know beforehand that, from the nature of things, he must have been so appreciated; but these evidences of the personal consideration in which he was held by such men, certainly placed in an unusually clear and strong light one trait of character (one merit it might be called, in writing of another, but not of him), to which those who had seen him only at Mainsforth, or in ordinary society, could not possibly do full justice; I mean that total absence of any thing like assumption or a self-complacent sense of superiority (whether on the ground of acquirements, intellect, social position, or any thing else), for which he was so remarkable.

"The opponent of our candidate was Sir John Nicholl. I certainly thought Heber the fitter man of the two, but my sole reason for taking the journey and voting at all was the interest which, I saw, Surtees took in his success. * * *

"I shall be quite anxious to see the memoir you mention as now in progress. Every friend of Surtees can recollect numerous sayings and doings which would be felt to be characteristic by those who knew him. The difficulty will be to trace such an outline or draw such a portrait as will convey any thing like a just idea of what he was, to those who knew him not. A few master-touches of a pen like his own might do this, but I despair of seeing it satisfactorily done by any one else. Is it not mournful to be writing on such a subject at all? Pray do your best to decypher this hasty scrawl. I have no room left to tell you any thing about Bossall.

"Believe me, always, my dear Mrs. Surtees, most truly yours,

"SAML. GAMLEN.

"*Mrs. Surtees, Mainsforth.*"

Now southward see their vessel steers,
The rocky coast along;
Where rushing waves in yawning caves *
Chaunt the wild ocean's song.

Around the cape their light skiff glides,
And anchors in the bay;
A savage landscape waste and wild
Beneath the moonbeam lay. †
The darkening wood, the rolling flood,
Shone silver'd in the ray.

There soon arose a hallow'd fane,
Where oft the taper'd rite,
Cheer'd, midst the melancholy main,‡
The fisher's lonely night.

But on those walls a Paynim foe
His reckless vengeance shed;
"When Denmark's ravens o'er the seas
Their gloomy black wings spread." §

Yet what that misbelieving band
Had raz'd with fire and sword,
In after age, with liberal hand,
The gallant Bruce restor'd.

What need to tell of Hilda's town,
Her ancient honour'd worth;
A royal charter'd borough-port,
Emporium of the North; ||

How chang'd, alas, how fallen now,
Amidst the wreck of years!
No more with many a turret crown'd
Her haughty crest she rears.

Her mole is nodding to its fall,
Her port a bed of sand;
And fall'n her haughty-crested towers
That aw'd both sea and land.

---

* Antra ubi Nympharum sedes vivoque sedilia saxo.

† For all beneath the moon.—K. Lear.

‡ Rogers's Pleasures of Memory.

§ Two lines from Mickle's Sorceress.

|| Hartlepool.

Then, gallant knight, be thine the task,
  Her glories to record;
A lot as bright as man can ask,
  Or history's page afford.

Thy ceaseless industry shall trace
  Each latent scatter'd gem,
Again the circling wreath to grace
  Of Hilda's diadem.

Be thine her honours to renew,
  Preserve her old renown;
And from her sons, a garland due,
  Receive a mural crown.

ODE TO A BLACK DOG WITH A LONG WHITE TAIL.

[The following discursive and unfinished stanzas occur in the folio volume of poetry, but with so many crossings out and alterations and various marginal readings, that it has been no easy task to place them in the consecutive shape in which I submit them to the reader. From the varying colour of the ink used at different periods, the Poem seems to have been altered and amended, from time to time, for at least twenty years; and how it might have terminated, or whether in its sequel matter would have been introduced touching upon the singular title which it bears, cannot be stated. Fragmentary and imperfect as it is, the reader will probably thank me for not withholding it. The notes (except otherwise accounted for) are by Mr. Surtees.]

Hail thou seat * of massy form!
  By some wight of olden time
  Wrought with imagery sublime;
Antique carv'd and high embost,
  With vine and ivy's trailing leaves;
Prey though now to many a worm,
  Midst a garret's lumber tost,
  Where her net Arachne weaves;
Soon shalt thou shew thy oil-yscoured face,
And to my study lend a reverend grace.

---

* Dr. Wrightson gave me the print of an old chair at Sedgefield, in which King Pepin formerly sat when churchwarden.

Oft in thee my grandsire sage
Burn or Dalton's depths profound
Trac'd to many a rustic round;
And if chance the darker page
Call'd for explanation sound,
Troll'd around the home-brew'd ale—
Straightway then each thirsty soul
Suck'd inspiration from the bowl.

Soon new lights, new   appear'd,
Each musty doubt was quickly clear'd;
Scolding huswives ceas'd to rail,
Contending parties drank away their rage,
And grim bum-bailiffs, pleas'd a while,
Grinn'd to his worship's wit a grim, applausive smile.*

Next in thee my grandam old †
The historic page unroll'd;
Each persecution dire would paint
Of ravish'd maid or murdered saint,
Of St. Bartholomew's bloody deeds,
And Henry stabb'd for changing creeds;
Then tell of Gallia's grand monarque,
Type of the regent of the dark;
And how poor Christians, scap'd from France,
Came pack'd like barrels of right Nantz;
Then sing the praise of good Queen Ann,
And Marlborough, immortal man!
Nor left unsung or said, I ween,
His warlike colleague, Prince Eugene;
Nor did she Blenheim's field forget,
Nor Blaregnies wood, nor Malplaquet;
Then lastly rais'd the glorious lay
To sing Culloden's dreadful fray;
How William, prince and hero sweet,
Crush'd foul rebellion under feet;
Tell how brave Balmerino bled,
And who cut off Lord Lovat's head.

---

* Cerberus ipse.

† Mrs. Elizabeth Surtees, of Bishop Middleham.

[Then soar'd as high as Noah's flood,
Talk'd of the   and Goshen wood,
As if she floated in the ark,
And talk'd with Japhet in the dark;
And she by memory could tell
The standards twelve of Israel.]
Prophecy's more awful page
Would next her musing mind engage;
For much of Nostradamic lore
The aged dame still kept in store;
Sagely conning Merlin's lines,
And Nixon's wonder-working signs—
How Lord Cholmley's garden wall
Sav'd the church by upward fall;
Of three-thumb'd millers' headless corses,
Eagles, ravens, kings, and horses:
But chief perus'd a learned wight
Of annual fame, Poor Robin hight,
Foretelling still the varying year
Of rain and snow and tempest drear;
And marking oft the final doom
Of Stuart, France, the Turk, and Rome—
Still ending with a pious pray'r
That Heaven our Church and State would spare;
For still, with mother Church agreed,
She fled from each new-fangled creed;*
Contented still to judge by proxy,
And hold submission orthodoxy—
Whatever was was right she reckon'd,
Fear'd God, and honoured George the Second.
Peace to thy ashes, gentle shade!
Soft be the turf where thou art laid.
Though many a prejudice confin'd
In narrow bounds thy humble mind,
Yet near thy low abode was seen
Sweet Charity with liberal mien,
And resignation, soft-ey'd power,
Submissive in affliction's hour

---

* Nihil adhuc de cane.

To own the awful will of God,
Bow the meek knee and kiss the rod.
Religion gilt with cheerful ray
The sober evening of thy day,
And, as thy course was nearer run,
Still brighter gleamed thy setting sun,
And, many a fleeting shadow past,
In seas of glory sinks at last !

Hail, Romance !————
Thee bright-eyed fancy long of yore
To chivalry, stern warrior, bore;
What time to far Asturias bound,
With guardian mountains compassed round,
From Spain and empire lost,
Pelayo led his veteran host.
There in Leon's inmost cave
Soothed the slumbers of the brave;
And oft in many an airy dream,
Bade days of future glory gleam,
Shewed heroic day,
And either India bow to Charles's sway.

Hence didst thou, Romance, inherit
All thy warrior father's spirit—
And oft the sportive child would wield
The pond'rous lance and massy shield;
On her fair brow the dazzling helm she placed,
And flung the baldric round her slender waist;
Oft sought each lovely flower of varied hue
That met the sun or drank the evening dew,
Sought the gay and gadding eglantine,
And cropped the tendrils of the mantling vine;
Then o'er her glittering arms her spoils she flung,
Or in fantastic wreaths her trophies hung,
Deck'd with gay wreaths Bellona's blood-stained car,
And bound in flowery chains the iron arm of war.

Aloft I soar o'er sprightly France,—
On wing of hippogriff sublime
Soar Romance's southern clime,

Round Paris hear the fearful din,
And see each arméd Paladin,
For Charlemagne the contest wage,
And check the Moor's barbaric rage;
Victorious press with spear or lance,
And Europe save in rescued France.
Or where the Christian armies gleam
Round besieged Jerusalem,
See murky demons hover o'er
Each gloomy pile and frowning tower,
And view the grove and wond'rous wood,
Where each torn branch distilled with blood,
Till bold Rinaldo's fearless arm
With spell-proof blade destroys the charm.
Or softly tread enchanted land,
Where fair Armida's magic wand
Bade bloom each sweet enchanted grove,
To win Rinaldo's wayward love.
Then homeward turn my willing course,
And trace Romance's northern source.
If Cambrian Geoffrey, fabler hoar,
The kings of Brutus' line explore,
From ancient Troy's sepulchral flame
How Brut to desert Albion came;
The transports of the jealous dame,
And fair Sabrina's maiden fame;
Or seek what old romantic verse
Doth Arthur's god-like deeds rehearse;
See him Morglay resistless wield,
And hear the din of Camlan's field;
Or rove where fancy fiction leads,
Through Avalon's enchanted meads—
With fair Isolta drop the tear,
And bend o'er gentle Tristram's bier;
Or list to Spenser's winding chime,
And gorgeous imagery sublime;
Inwove with   and colours clear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Nor let my rapt ear seldom meet
Shakespeare's magic warblings sweet,

By fountain-head or gushing brook,
Where no profaner eye doth look—
While Cynthia holds the middle sky,
The gallant fairy court espy;
With masque and antique pageantry,
See Oberon come sweeping by,
By gushing brook or fountain side,
Or chase the green sea's rolling tide—
Or view portrayed the aery band
That own the potent master's wand—
Each laughing elf and merry sprite,
That wanders through the summer night,
To seek for mortal lovers true
The western floweret's potent dew,
Or to the moonbeams dance their rounds
On the green ocean's utmost bounds;
Or, perched within the cowslip's bell,
The gentlest sprite sweet Ariel—
And see him chase the ebbing tide,
Or on the owlet's pinions ride—
And cull each flower of loveliest die,
That blooms beneath our northern sky.
Next upon the blasted heath,
There to meet with bold Macbeth,
And the weird sisters hand in hand,
      of the sea and land—
And mark the cauldron's depth profound,
When imps and sorcerers circle round—
To see the regal spectres pass
Darkly in the shadowy glass,
And bloody Banquo close the train,
The father of the regal strain.
Then [to] meet at dead of night,
The royal dame's unhousel'd sprite—
Then roam through Harwood's magic ground,
While choral warblings float around,
And echo tells the winding grove
Elfrida's constant faith and hapless love.
Or what, though rare, of later age,
Ennobled hath romance's page—

By winding Alne's romantic shore,
The lonely hermitage explore;
Or mark where Langhorne's genius keeps
The woodland grave where Owen sleeps—
Or list the bard of later fame,
Who tunes the harp of border frame
On the wild banks of Teviotdale,
And culls again each plaintive tale,
And builds once more each lofty rhyme
Of Scotia's old heroic clime—
Glenfinlas' inmost depths explore,
And list Menevia's sullen roar:
See where the mermaid cleaves the spray,
Before the bark of Colonsay,
Or weep where treacherous arts assail
The youthful lord of Liddisdale.
While border lances round him gleam,
Young Keeldar sinks within the stream.
But hark, in Yarrow's birchen bowers
His latest lay the minstrel pours—
The quivering moon uncertain throws
A double awe round old Melrose,
And o'er the waves wild billows knell
The dirge of lovely Rosabell.

* * * *

TRANSLATIONS.

[In p. 116, above, Mr. Surtees informs Sir Walter Scott that he had lately, at by-times, put a few of the ballads in the Guerras Civiles de Granada into slip-shod verse. Of those translations Mr. Taylor has published one in p. 117. I find the two which are here printed among Mr. Surtees's papers.]

Written by Mahomet Zegri Tudela, a Corduban shoe-maker, in the fourteenth century. The lady's real name was Elvira, of the family of Ovillo: and, on her marriage with Joseph Elmain Abenhumaga, poor Mahomet Tudela broke his neck out of a two-pair-of-stairs window.

Lovely Fayda, sweet enchantress!
Mistress of my willing soul,
Spite of all thy cruel coldness,
Still I feel thy fond control.

Nor thy scorn, nor all thy coldness,
Can repress my amorous care—
Love like mine, so deeply founded,
Hopes where reason would despair.

And though thou, dear cruel Fayda,
Still with scorn my love return,
Still for thee this faithful bosom
Shall with ceaseless ardour burn.

[This may be left out.]

Though thy heart be vain and fickle,
Mine is constant, still the same—
Still I'll love thee, still adore thee,
Though forbid to breathe thy name.

Spread thy flowers, thou blooming almond,
Softly on the southern gale—
Never o'er thy tender blossoms
May the bleak north wind prevail.

Once like thee my heart expanded
Bask'd in beauty's sunny ray—
Long ere eve the fiend of hatred
Swept the bloom of hope away.

[An expanded heart catching sun-beams—rem raram!]

Gentle river, gentle river,
Never more along thy tide,
Whilst the star of Venus rises,
Shall the happy lovers glide.

Thou hast witness'd Fayda's falsehood,
Thou hast heard the vows she swore,
As at dewy eve we wandered
Fondly on thy willowy shore.

Thou hast witness'd Fayda's falsehood,
How she smil'd and I believ'd—
Thou hast seen my fond heart breaking,
All its dearest hopes deceiv'd.

Sullen stream, may never maiden
  Strew for this with flowers thy wave;
Never more may Moorish beauty
  In thy crystal current lave!

Never more thy towers, Granada,
  Shall at morn salute my eye,
To some secret haunt retiring,
  Muza only seeks to die.

Explicit Muzæ lamentatio, &c.
Diræ in fluvium, &c.

EMMA ROBINSON.

[The following beautiful pieces may be fitly placed together, referring, as they do, to the same melancholy subject, the death of Miss Emma Robinson, the sister of Mrs. Surtees, who was born in 1795, and died in 1815. See p. 130, above.]

But June is, for a reason dear,
The heaviest month in all the year; *
    And better suits with me
November's wild and howling blast,
That only raves of pleasures past,
    And shakes the leafless tree.

That blasted oak upon the heath,
Its leaves once danced in every breath—
It drank the air, it drank the rill,
It shadow'd all the moorland hill,
And when the spring its veins did fill
    It flourish'd broad and free.

But storm and tempest, day by day,
Have rent each master limb away,
And now 'tis moss'd with age, and gray,
    All rugged, gnarl'd, and bare,
A lonely beacon on the waste,
In solitude and darkness plac'd,

---

* "But June is to our sovereign dear
The heaviest month in all the year."—
MARMION, Canto IV. st. xv.

When night is gathering fast:
If such the joys that age can bring,
How sweet the rose that dies in spring,
Before its bloom be past.

Lov'd flower, and must thou wither there,
Within thine earthly sepulchre?—
But time, that gives such griefs to feel,
Brings magic charms the breast to steel—
And my cold heart no longer glows
For others' joy, nor feels their woes,
E'er since in youth and beauty's bloom,
My Emma sought the dreary tomb.
Farewell to love, to joy, to pride!
For my heart froze when Emma died.
Then rest thee here, pale maid,
I would have had thee laid
Beneath a greener turf in forest bower,
Where still due homage had been paid
At ruddy dawn and evening's sweeter hour;
And I had strewn thy grave with many a flower.
But thou art gathered to paternal dust,
Within the church-yard's melancholy pale,
Where the long grass flags in the evening gale;
And I am bid to trust
To tales of other climes, of realms afar,
Beyond the bright sphere of the morning star,
Appointed only for the good and just;
Where thou, bright saint of mine, and angel now,
With amaranthine braid upon thy brow,
Tramplest the sapphire pavement of the sky,
Above the bending of heaven's golden bow,
Free'd from the dross of dull mortality.

[The termination, in another copy, stands as follows :]

But thou art gather'd to paternal dust,
Within the church-yard's melancholy wall,
And I am bid to trust
To tales of other climes, of realms afar,
Beyond the bright sphere of the morning star,

In heaven's empyreal hall,
Appointed only for the chaste and just;
Where thou, dear saint of mine, and angel now,
Tramplest the starry spheres and sapphire sky,
Above the bending of heaven's golden bow,
Freed from the dross of dull mortality;
Yet earthward still my earthly wailings flow,
And human tears still spring for human woe:
Aye, girl, if woe had booted, care, or cost,
Heaven had not won nor Earth so timely lost.
Help, angel Faith, extend thy silver wing,
And teach my guilty sin-clogg'd soul to soar
Where death, last enemy, has lost his sting,
And sin-bred doubt and sorrow are no more.

Is there any room at your head, Emma,
Is there any room at your feet?
Is there any room at your side, Emma,
Where I may sleep so sweet?

There's no room at my head, Robin,
There's no room at my feet;
My bed is dark and narrow now,
But oh! my sleep is sweet.

The cold turf is my coverlid,
And the mould is my winding sheet;
The dew it falls no sooner down,
But my resting place is wet.

And the morning sun with its earliest beams
Glistens upon my grave;
And then you see me in your dreams,
Whom all of you could not save.

I've often sat by your fire, Robin,
I've often sat on your knee:
Your ingle bright will bleeze to-night,
But it will not bleeze for me.

The wintry wind will o'er me rave,
The long and lonesome night;
And the snow and the sleet will freeze on my grave
When your hearth is bleezing bright.

There's no room at my head, Robin,
There's no room at my feet;
There's room but at my left side,
And that's for my minny sweet.

But pull a garland of the bonny birk,
And lay it on my breast;
And scatter the flowers of bonny spring-tide,
On her grave you lov'd the best.*

And, kind Robin, and, true Robin,
Take this counsel free;
If ever you love another sister,
Never love her as you lov'd me.

On Christmas eve my fire will blaze,
And my fire will blaze full bright;
But she is wrapped in clay so cold
That sat in its cheersome light;

And the snow and the sleet on her turf will freeze,
While many a heart is light;
But that Christmas eve, to me, believe,
Will be but a weary weight.

And did they call her senseless clay,
And did they say her life was fled;
And will they tear my child away,
And lay her with the cold cold dead?
Oh, could I see her grassy shrine,
And kiss the turf where she was laid!

---

* In another copy,

But plait a garland of the bonny birk,
And lay it upon my breast;
And strew my turf with spring-tide flowers,
And wish my soul good rest.

Then summer round her hallow'd tomb
  Should all its fairest honours shed;
And I would bid the violet bloom
  Above the mansion of the dead;

And I would teach the hawthorn there
  It's earliest blossoms to resign,
And strew with fond and soothing care
  The roses o'er her lowly shrine.

I DO REMEMBER AN APOTHECARY.

[See p. 148, above. Of the many copies of this and the following parody, I select for publication those which appear to have received Mr. Surtees's latest corrections. It was about the year 1806 that he thus amused himself by way of recreation.]

I do remember a strange man, a herald—
And hereabouts he dwells—whom late I noted
In parti-colour'd coat like a fool's jacket,
Or morrice-dancer's dress—musty his looks,
Like to a piece of ancient shrivell'd parchment,
Or an old pair of leather brogues twice turn'd;
And round the dusky room he did inhabit,
Whose wainscot seem'd as old as Noah's ark,
Were divers shapes of ugly, ill-form'd monsters,
Hung up on scutcheons like an old church aisle—
A blue boar rampant, and a griffin gules,
A gaping tyger, and a cat-o'-mountain,
What nature never form'd, nor madman dream'd,
Gorgons and hydras and chimæras dire;
And straight before him lay a dusty heap
Of ancient legers, books of evidence,
Old blazon'd pedigrees and antique rolls,
(Which made full oft the son beget the father,
And give to maiden ladies fruitful issue,)
Torn parish registers, probates, and testaments—
From which, with cunning art and sage contrivance,
He fairly culled divers pedigrees;

And next, by act of transmutation rare,
Did change his musty vellum into gold—
For straight comes in a gaudy city youth,
(Whose father, for oppression and vile cunning,
Lies roaring low in Limbo lake the while,)
And straight depositeth some forty guineas,
And after some few words of mystic import,
Of Mowbray, Howard, Vere, Plantagenet,
And other necromantic terms of art,
Most gravely utter'd by the smoke-dried sage,
He takes, in lieu of gold, the vellum roll,
With arms emblazon'd and Earl Marshal's signet,
And struts away, a well-born gentleman.
Observing this, I to myself did say,
"And if a man did need a coat of arms,
Here lives a caitiff that would sell him one."

TO DIE, OR NOT TO DIE.

To ride, or not to ride—that is the question—
Whether 'tis better in myself to bury
The noxious fumes of dank, distemper'd parchment,
And all the foul and indigested stuff
That I have cull'd from Wills and Registers,
Or ride to Auckland, and disembogue
The whole contents on antiquarian Sherwood!
The only man of all the line of Crozier *
With whom my soul may cómmune; for he knows
The reverence due to hoar antiquity,
Nor Dugdale scorns, nor Camden's learned page.

---

* See a pedigree of the family of Crosier, of Newbiggin, and its connection with the families of Surtees and Sherwood, Hist. Durh. iii. 310. To Mr. Sherwood, then a surgeon, &c. at Auckland, afterwards of Snow Hall, M.D., Mr. Surtees thus expresses his thanks in the Preface to the first volume of his History:—"It would be unpardonable to omit the name of Thomas Sherwood, Esq. without whose early and valued assistance the present work would never have been undertaken." See also above, p. 214, and Gent. Mag. for May, 1830.

No more—I mount—I ride—arrive, and hail
The man of numismatic lore. Well pleas'd
Issue we forth, with vent'rous steps to trace
The site of Pollard's ancient hall, or view
With raptur'd gaze each buttress, coigne, or frieze,
With sculpture fair adorn'd, or quaint device,
That marks yon pile, the peerless residence
Of mitred prelates in the elder time.
Nor intermit we converse high the while
Of Bowser, Garth, or Brockett's bastard heir;
Or pore on some illuminated roll
With borders rich and tressures counterflory,
Untwisting all the hidden chains that lie
In many a linkéd bout of pedigree—
Drawing from Christian names strange surmises,
And taking Bertram for Bartholomew,—*
Unless, perchance, the ruthless tailor comes,
Aye, there's the rub, with prophylactic shears,
And slices off a yard of pedigree,
E'en right through Gilbert, that stout Durhamite.
'Tis ridicule makes cowards of us all—
For who, that bears the port of decency,
Would, at a Barnard Castle cattle-show,
Speak of the president's great-grandmother,
Or, dining at the courtly prelate's table,
Toast old John Stow or Raphael Holinshed,
Or swear he was no friend to a reprint?
Rather would he sit still and talk of turnips,
And how the beasts that eat them did grow fat,
Or sing the glories of the Ketton ox,
Or other such most gross and terrene stuff
As gentlemen do hold discourse withall.

---

* The history of this and the following allusions, extending to the end of the parody, is now, it is feared, irrecoverable. It is only known that they are all founded on actual occurrences.

RUSTY MEDALS.

Oh! the antiquary's pleasure!
Rusty medals are his treasure;
Many a canker'd piece he pores on,
With heads of antient sons of —— on,
Antoninus, Galba, Trajan,
Many an ugly, grinning pagan,
Neither nose nor eyes remaining—
That's the field to shew his training.
He can run by scent and savour;
Knows an Otho by the flavour—
Patina, delicious rust,
Of reverend age the genuine crust,
Whether of verdant glossy hue,
Or jetty black, or brilliant blue,
In spite of every modern tarnish—
Well we know the ancient varnish:
For modern rust there's no enduring
The antiquary's skilful burin.
Deck'd by thee, each ancient queen is
Gay and blooming as a Venus;
Hussies neither I nor you know—
There's a Pallas, that's a Juno;
Here Faustina, royal harlot,
Commodus, a worthless varlet,
Caracalla, too, and Geta,
Rang'd in rows like Alpha Beta:
Here Severus comes so pat in,
Deck'd by Greece with barb'rous Latin,
Ὁ *Σεβαστος*, autocrator,
Names unknown to old senator.
Homeward turn thee, grand collector,
Here's a crown of the Protector,
James's silver, Queen Anne's copper,
Here's old Noll's tobacco-stopper,
Charles's glove, and Bradshaw's lac'd coat,
Great Czar Peter's flannel waistcoat.
Shut the drawers up, lock the door to,—
You've said more than I'd have swore to.

PALÆOPHILOS.

TO THE AUTHOR OF THE HISTORY OF NORTH DURHAM.

[I print this address at the risk of exciting a smile at my expense. Its playfulness and good humour illustrate the mind of its author, and I should be loth to withhold it. It was addressed to me in 1816, soon after I had undertaken the History of North Durham. William Burrell, of Broome Park, Esq. interested himself greatly in the success of my undertaking, and "Tom ilka day" was the honourable appellation of one of his ancestors: a name which implied that he was daily ready to turn out against the Scottish thieves who infested Northumberland. See Surtees, Hist. i. 166.]

Hail to the sage who in triumph advances!
Quitting the Wear for the gallanter Tweed—
Mounted by Burrell from Broom Park he prances,
New copper-bottom'd and flush'd with finances,
(He must have a nag, the gods have decreed)
To sing of old castles, and celebrate breed.

Hail to the sage from the Wansbeck and Blythe!
Hail to the sage from the Coquet and Esk!
Who saves all your flowrets from Time's rusty scythe,
And lays them up dried for use—in his desk.

Proud chiefs of the Border, hail your recorder—
Haggerston, Manners, Orde, Strangways, and Grey,
(Some of ye mingle—if mingle ye may,)
But good at the need, not for word but for deed,
Burrell of Broom Park is "Tom ilka day."

A herald all gules—and two other fules,
The one was a clerk, the other a squire,
And an artist who knows how to handle his tools,
The best of the crew—to give him his due—
Have resolv'd to drag Norhamshire out of the mire.

And as soon as old Christmas has lighted his pipe,
And hollies and bays are stuck in the church,
The clerk has determin'd to view you himself;
For he thinks that your matters for lancing are ripe.

You'll find him a—what was I going to say?
There's nobody cares for him here;
So, if he don't please,
Like a barrel of ale, empty or stale,
Kick him back to the Wear,
And we'll forward him home to the Tees.

A GRATULATION TO SIR CUTHBERT SHARP.

[Sir C. Sharp's History of Hartlepool was published in the year 1816, and a week or two afterwards I received from Mr. Surtees the following gratulation, to be communicated to the author. With the gratulation came a letter, from which the following is an extract:—"The Knight of St. Hilde has restored [Whitaker's] Craven, but in such dirty plight that I shall send it to George [Andrews] to get new boards. The inwards are not hurt. I will, however, nathelesse praise the knight, *ut in al. pagin.*, and if he will he may print it." Sir Cuthbert soon afterwards printed the address in black letter, upon an octavo page, and gave it to a few of his friends to bind with their copy of his book.]

To my
moche-honoured friend Syr Cuthberte Sharpe,
on y^e putting forth of his Boke.

Now, by St. Cudberte, tis a worthy werke,
And travail'd with rare payne and diligence,
That tells of Hilda and her auncient kirke;
Of Hengist, Hubba, and of all sithence
That peace or war have brought to Hilda's baye.
The Yorkist praise their Gent;* but I say nay,
For thou, by Holy Powle! out-Gentst them all,
(Algates to theirs thy matter be but small,)

---

* Thomas Gent, a laborious local antiquary, who died in 1778 at the age of 87, the author of Histories of York, Ripon, Hull, &c. Gent, whose Life and Correspondence have lately been published by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, was his own printer, and his works are much sought after, more for their quaintness and the rude character of his illustrations than from any intrinsic merit. To one of them is prefixed his portrait, in which he is represented in a loose robe, playing upon a violin. I quote the following scrap from an unpublished ballad:—

"Old Gent, of manners mild,
Historian, printer, music's child."

So lofty, yet so dulcet is thy strain,
Cheering with gentle art the duller way;
Oft interposing tale of lighter mirth,
  Like flowers that when swote April melts in rain,
Broider the sadder mantle of the earth,
  Filling with fresh delyght the jolly swain.
The gylded spurs were not bestowed in vain!
  Fit meed of industry and payneful hours.
Shame, double shame, befal the losel wight,
  That spends his days in pleasure's rosie bowers,
Nor values arts, nor haunts the Muse's train,
  Nor turns th' historic page, like Hilda's own trew knyght.

MUSINGS IN COLLINGWOOD STREET,

OR THE PROGRESS OF SIR CUTHBERT.

[Addressed to Sir Cuthbert Sharp during his temporary residence in Newcastle in 1817, during the time he was amusing himself in examining the parish registers of that town for genealogical purposes. A few copies of the "Musings" were printed by Sir Cuthbert and distributed among his friends.]

Here dwelt a wight, three months ago he came,
  Not quite to fortune or to fame unknown;
Cuthbert he hight, St. Hilda was his dame,
  And knighthood's sword had mark'd him for her own.

He was a man of special grave remark
  (Unless his features gave his brain the lie),
For underneath his penthouse, deep—not dark,
  Kindled a keen and penetrating eye.

Perchance in youth the revels he had led
  Within the princely bow'rs of Arundel,
Where Norfolk's Jockey jovial influence shed
  On all that staid beneath his witching spell.

Ne did Sir Cuthbert frown, ne frame rebuke
  (The modest muse the truth may nought excuse),
E'en at the levée of the jolly duke,
  Where lofty beauty sued in high-heel'd shoes.

Far had he journey'd, too, on foreign strond,
Amidst a whirling world at random thrown,
And in voluptuous, blood-stain'd Paris wonn'd,
When great Napoleon seiz'd the western throne.

And there perchance in durance had he laid,
But that in Erin, then a soldier trim,
By courteous deed one gallant friend he made,
And gain'd the faith of Naples' Joachim.*

[Here endeth the first fitte of Sir Cuthbert.]

[Here ensueth the second fitte.]

On wings of wind are fled those follies wild,
Like mists that vanish at the bright'ning day:
Antiquity has mark'd him for her child,
And strewn her flow'rs to cheer his lonely way.

Oft have we mark'd him in the long-drawn aisle
(With tatter'd banners hung and scutcheons dreary),
Tracing some half-worn name or gothic rhyme,
With truest pains and patience never weary.

Oft have we mark'd him, at the 'custom'd hour,
Push through the bustling throng of busy men,
Anxious, methinks, to reach St. Nich'las Tower,
And gain the vestry ere the clock struck ten.

For reckless pass'd he thro' the mingled tides,
That of their argosies and carracks dream—
So that sweet Arethuse still secret glides,
Nor deigns to mingle with salt Doris' stream.

Two morns we miss'd him at his wonted task,
Nor aught the priest nor aught the clerk could tell,
Nor had he roam'd by Tyne or Team to bask,
Nor had he sought St. Edmund's fair chapelle.

---

* Sir Cuthbert Sharp was, I believe, in his younger days, in the army, and, upon one occasion, whilst stationed in Ireland, had had an opportunity of doing an act of kindness to a nephew of Murat, which was afterwards seasonably repaid; for, having become a *detenu* in France upon the renewal of hostilities in 1803, he was set at liberty through Murat's influence.

The third—we learn'd that in the early stage
  To Mainsforth's flow'ry fields he'd ta'en his way;
There in green dell with necromancer sage,
  To count their hoard and part the glitt'ring prey.

Vovit R. S. 18 March, 1817.

PROLOGUE TO CHRONICON MIRABILE,

OR EXTRACTS FROM PARISH REGISTERS, BY SIR CUTHBERT SHARP.

[Sir C. Sharp states, in a note, that "the best lines of this playful effusion were written by the late Robert Surtees, Esq." The words in italics refer to extracts from Registers as printed by Sharp, a few of which I give in brackets in the notes. To the notes which were supplied by Mr. Surtees I affix the letter S. To those by Sir C. Sharp I give his initials.]

What mingled scenes our motley page displays,
Of human life the party-coloured maze!
Here weal and woe, birth, marriage, death, appear,
And various fortunes crowd the rolling year.
Here *infant* Riddells,* without name or sire,
In feeble wailings hopelessly expire.

* " ——— vagitus et ingens
Infantumque animæ flentes in limine primo."—Æn. vi. 426.

An endless succession of *infant Riddells* (without any other designation) occurs in the register of St. Nicholas, Newcastle. In the family of Riddell loyalty was hereditary. One of its gallant scions, Sir Thomas Riddell, was Recorder of Newcastle and Colonel of a regiment of foot in the service of the unfortunate Charles I. He died in exile at Antwerp, after selling nearly the whole of his estates for the use of the king. His grand-daughter, Margaret, on the forced abdication of James II., made a solemn vow never to wear either shoe or stocking until he was replaced on the throne of his ancestors; and, however painful the alternative must have been to a woman of delicacy, yet she religiously kept her vow, and to her dying day never could be prevailed upon to wear any other protection to her feet than a pair of sandals.—S.

Here the young blood some tale of horror thrills,
The fate of Brass, the *stob* of Andrew Mills.[*]
Here Ferdinando feels dark Fenwick's knife,[†]
And here the Knight of Holmside[‡] slays his wife.
Brave Timothy! by wedlock three times bound,
And thrice he snapt the chain the villain priest had wound.
Here fire and flood and storm and plague combine,
" And tenfold darkness broods above our line."[§]
Here Dryburn's[‖] fatal tree bears bitter fruit
(Of evil stem came ever evil shoot).
The bold moss-trooper feels the felon's pain,
And swart Egyptians[¶] die for sordid gain
Here, worse than plague, flood, fire, or witches' spell,
Nic. Ward was *smoor'd* in his father's own draw well.

Deem not devoid of elegance the wight
Who wastes in toils like these his taper's light,[**]
And, distant from the noisy haunts of mirth,
Now dries his musty folios on the hearth,
Now turns with trembling touch his tatter'd store,
And sifts the sand to gain the golden ore.
Not small the skill to fine away the dross,
The unwrought mass to polish and emboss—
Retrace each touch, and all the work refine,
Till the rich metal yield to the design.
Nor small the joy, with eager eye to catch
Some clinching date, or prove some dubious match,

---

[*] [" 1682, Jan. 26. John Brasse, Jane Brasse, and Elizabeth Brasse, the son and daughters of John Brasse of Ferry-hill, all three murdered in their father's house by one Andrew Mills, and were all then buryed."—*Merrington Reg.*] Mills was hung in chains. The gibbet was called *Andrew's stob.*—C. S.

[†] [" Mr. John Fenwick, of Rock, stab'd Mr. Fardinandoe Foster, Esq. parlyament man for Northumberland, the 2 Aug. 1701."—*St. Andrew's Reg. N.C.*]

[‡] Sir Timothy Whittingham, son of Dean Whittingham, is reputed to have slain three wives. " Dame Whittingham, murther'd by her husband, bur. 17 Ap. 1604." —*All Saints, N.C.*—C. S.

[§] Heber's Palestine.—S.

[‖] The place of execution near Durham.

[¶] [" Simson and four others hanged, being *Egyptians*, 1592."—*St. Nich. Durham.*]

[**] How pleasing wears the wintry night,
Spent with the old illustrious dead.—*Akenside.* S.

To solve each doubt, make stubborn facts agree,
Untwist the linked bouts of pedigree;
And on a point where *Garter's* self might err,
Quote, fearless quote, the parish register.
And fairer palms Antiquity displays
To lure the student to her winding ways—
For him she strews the mountain path with flowers,
And decks with fresher green her faded bowers;
And oft she leads by tracts long since forgot,
To some sequester'd grove, some long-lost spot,
Some green oasis mid the desert sand,
Where gushing waters bless a burning land,
Calypso's * isle, by silver seas embrac'd,
Her forests tow'ring o'er the wat'ry waste.

When erst wide-wasting Harry's scept'red hand,
Laid spire and cloister prostrate through the land;
When Minster chimes rang their own funeral knells,
And monks, like bees, died smother'd in their cells—
As o'er the land the baleful simoom came,
And abbey ledgers crackled in the flame;
Then, like the spear of Thetis' godlike son,
Whose rust † could cure the ills its edge had done;
Cromwell, who sternly govern'd poop and helm,
Bade registers be kept throughout the realm.
Then each incumbent gat him grey goose quill,
And "boke of pergamene," and wrote his fill.
No longer tape-worm lines ‡ deform each stem,
But sprouting cadets fill the folio's hem.
From tower to town, in good or evil case,
With ease the branching progeny we trace—

---

* The name of this retired nymph "not obvious, not obtrusive she," is derived from καλύπτω, to *conceal*, to *hide*; and she evidently means nothing more than the veiled goddess of antiquity personified; she is also termed δῖα Θεάων and πότνια, to signify the refined and elevated nature of the studies over which she presides.—S.

† See with what appropriate feeling the antiquary recommends *rust* as the panacea for every disorder.—S.

‡ A *thin* pedigree in antiquarian language is thus denominated.—S.

From blacksmiths knights,* from merchants peers extract,
And quote the register for every fact.
Ere registers—to prove a man of age,
Took depositions that would fill a page,
Old gaffer greybeards stammer'd all they knew,
What one believ'd, another swore was true.
One said that "varra neet" a tempest blew,
Unroof'd his stye; a second had a token—
Playing at quarter-staff his head was broken;
Two days before a third man went a fishing,
To Beamondlough, and brought a lordly dish in,
For good Lord Scroop, of grayling, pike, and eels;
And a fourth witness sat and cool'd his heels,
Because his hostess to the church was gone
To be a gossip for our little Joan;†
Where Dick from Flanders laid down all the law,
And drown'd with *ower-sea-cracks* the parson's saw.‡
The unerring register solves every doubt,
And when the squire's of age, the murder's out.

A NEW YEAR'S GIFT TO SIR CUDBERTE,

HIS MAJESTY'S CUSTOMER AT THE PORT OF SUNDERLAND.

[That this entertaining effusion may be the better understood, the reader must be informed that Sir Cuthbert Sharp never omitted his genealogical pursuits, even in the midst of his official duties as Collector of Customs; that Sir Francis Freeling, the Secretary of the Post Office, at all times most liberally extended his unlimited privilege of franking to literary men, most certainly to us northern antiquaries; and that when the address was written Mr. Surtees was upon a visit at Hendon, near Sunderland.]

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* The Coles of Gateshead, originally blacksmiths, afterwards knights, baronets, and finally owners of Brancepath Castle.—C. S.

† Probation of the age of Henry Lord Scroop, literally.—S.

‡ Probation of age of Joan Dolphanby. Dick from ower-seas was over *loud* for the chaplain, scattering his *transmarinos rumores*.—S.

December's morn is dark and grim—
Yet I will cross the moor [*] to him,
And scale the *custom'd* stair.
Steep are the steps, and dark the road,
Which leads to that sublime abode
A wizard wonneth there.
Collector of Customs, collector of dates,
Inspector of records, *purveyor of mates*—
Martin, Skepper, and Hildyard, thou'st married them all,
Excepting a help-mate for poor Tommy Hall;
And pity it is that a man of his rank
Should stand in a pedigree matched to a blank =....
St. Hilda's Sir Cudberte ! thou sittest in glory,
High over *Comptrol* in the front attic story;
Thy room is hung round with the Wear navigation,
Mingled oddly with scraps of "The Oulde Visitacion." [†]
Bonds for *coals*, and for weddings, writs of seisin and livery,
Ships' licences, probates, and *notes of delivery.*
Fair Lydia and Phœbe.[‡] *The master makes oath*,
By holy St. Bede, thou hast married them both;
That his cargo consisteth (I think it is all but
A certainty now that John Hall married Talbot);
Of molasses and rum; and we've had the odd luck
To connect all the Strathmores and Tempests with Duck,
And to prove that Dame Fortune (her wild frolics such are),
Shower'd wealth on a squire and an earl from a butcher;
Direct from Jamaica, his bill of health clean,
The pedigree's entered in Vincent—fifteen,
Crew, master, and mate, ten men and a boy,
Grant to Walton of Shaklock, by St. George, Norroy;
And then running on in harmonious jumble,
Affidavits and pedigrees jostle and jumble;
And letters *official*—and notes to Sir Francis,
All scribbled in genealogical trances;

---

[*] The moor of Sunderland, an uninclosed piece of ground between Hendon and the town itself.

[†] The Heraldic Visitation of the county Palatine of Durham by Flower, Norroy, in 1575.

[‡] Lydia and Phœbe, the name of a ship.

Enclosing epistles to plague some poor vicar,
(You'll find that a frank makes them always come quicker);
And their secrets they seldom are shy of revealing,
When they see on the cover thy magic—F. FREELING.
'Tis said there's a boke where is truly set down,
The state of all offices under the crown—
Home, Colonies, Indies, War, Customs, Excise,
The lazy, the diligent, stupid, and wise;
If the boke be a true one, and if one could see,
I'd just make an extract, dear Cudberte, of thee.

January 1*st.* 1829.

THE BELLS.

[I print this amusing composition from the original in Mr. Surtees's handwriting, from Sir Cuthbert Sharp's copy, and from a later transcript in the folio volume of poems. It must be stated that, besides the copy sent to Mr. Bell, copies were obtained from Mr. Surtees by Mr. J. B. Taylor and Sir C. Sharp, all of which differ slightly from each other. Ralph Spearman, Esq. upon whom and his ancestors the ballad chiefly turns, resided at Eachwick Hall in Northumberland; and Mr. John Bell, to whom it was addressed on the 31 Jan. 1817, through Sir Cuthbert Sharp, was at that time a bookseller on the Quay-side in Newcastle, and the publisher of a valuable volume of local Ballads, &c. in 1812. He is now a land-surveyor in Gateshead, and the collector-in-chief of everything curious and rare, of a local character, good, bad, and indifferent, between the Tees and the Tweed.]

Dear Sir—Your bells, which are always ringing in my ears, have at last jingled themselves into a rustic rhyme, which may perhaps deserve admission into some future series of your Northern Bards.

For Master Bell,
att his chambers on
the Quay-side,
in Newcastle-on-Tyne.

Blythe Jocky ! take the humble wreath I bring
(Of wild flowers blooming in this winter's spring)

To grace thy woodland sires—nor do thou scorn
To hear the name thy ancestors have borne;
For though smooth Southron tongues, with guileful lore,
Salute thee John—yet know it is no more
Than Jock and honest Jocky were before.
Long may'st thou live, of antiquarian lore
The true deposit—or of knightly Peter,
Convict of clipping—whom I labour sore
To bring into the middle of my metre—
What else is decenter and sweeter?
Yet richer far than is that coaly ore,
Which old Tyne wafts along his crowded shore,
Certes Newcastle owneth two things rare,
And, so grim death mote listen to my prayer,
Thine and St. Nicholas' clappers he would spare.

Adam Bell, Clem o' the Clough, and William o' Cloudeslie,
Each was an archer good enough;
But the best of all the three,
Was Adam Bell, as histories tell—chief of his ancestry.

His merry lads in Inglewood grew up like saplings tall;
Son after sire as brave as good, I cannot name them all;
And still, through woods and forests too, their whistling arrows flew,
By holt and law, by hill and shaw, the gallant deer they slew.

Seek'st thou for monumental stone,
For sculptur'd arch or trophied shrine,
Where art has all her wonders shewn,
To grace some old time-honour'd line?

Nor sculptur'd stone, nor trophied shrine,
Becomes the woodland hunters' grave;
Dark Inglewood, in forest gloom,
Bade her broad oaks above them wave.

And many a spring her flowers has strewn,
Where rest the coursers of the deer;
And autumn many a leaf has thrown,
To whirl in restless eddies there.

Yet, seek thou Carlisle's western clime,
And see thou pace her lofty nave;
Then, kneeling, spell the gothic rhyme
Inscrib'd on reverend prelate's grave! *

From border side this bedesman came,
Some belted clansman was his sire;
Thus, oft the brightest, purest, flame
Bursts from the turf-heap's smouldering fire.

Dark Inglewood hath felt the axe,
And bow'd her honours sere and gray;
Her forest chase hath pay'd the tax,
That tree and brute and man must pay.

Yet thence one stately sapling, straight,
Remov'd and set with careful thought,
Rich ruddy blossoms blazing bright,
And golden apples fairly brought.

At Belsis † grew this goodly graft,
And flourish'd long as free as fair;
And bourgeon'd forth its flowers and leaf,
That woo'd the summer's genial air.

And on this stately slender tree,
A baldric bright was flung;
Whereon, within a sable field,
Three silver bells were hung.

From Belsis Eachwick's lords we trace,
By virtuous and true descent;
And hence old Fenwick's martial race,
With Belsis' Bell is closely blent.

---

* Richard Bell, a monk of Durham, Prior of Finchale, &c. and eventually Bishop of Carlisle in 1478. He died in 1496, in the 86th year of his age. For numerous particulars respecting him and his history, and his carrying off of numerous articles of value from Durham, see THE PRIORY OF FINCHALE, by the Surtees Society, pref. p. xxviii. His grave-stone, an effigy in brass with an inscription, still remains in the chancel of the cathedral of Carlisle.

† See a pedigree of Bell of Bellasis in Hodgson's Northumberland, pt. II. vol. ii. p. 291.

Hence, too, thy stock, kind Aspramont,
  Nor do thou blush aloft to bear,
Upon thy ermine chevron bright,
  The true-blue bells so passing fair.*

Dear Ralph, of Eachwick honour'd lord,
  Sound head, true tongue, warm heart;
Of ancient honour, present worth,
  The type in every part.

When I forget thee, friendly Ralph,
  And all thy storied lore;
Then shall I lose the better half
  Of memory's treasured store.

And thou, in antiquarian cell,
  O'erlooking Tyne's rich tide!
Long may'st thou see thy blue bells three
  Play sportful on its side.

Cherish that generous spark of thine,
  Above low thoughts of trade;
And from antiquity's rich mine,
  Be all thy toils repaid.

LETTER TO THE EDITOR.

[From this letter some extracts were given by Mr. Taylor, p. 127 above, when writing of the death of Miss Emma Robinson, the sister of Mrs. Surtees. I place the whole before the reader, according to my promise. It may be stated that it was written by Mr. Surtees in reply to a letter from me giving an account, in Barnabæan style, of a visit to Mortham Tower and Rokeby, in the company of Mr. Sherwood.]

Dear Raine,—Many thanks for your Rokeby epistle, which has awakened in me the sacred flame of Barnabæan poesy. Mr. Tate leaves the Crown for Richmond to-morrow. He is very anxious about poor ——— under this banking business; but of that I can tell him nothing more than the papers tell me. We shall be here a fortnight longer, and I think the change of place and scene has done much for them all. My wife is essentially better, and very ill she was.

---

* Ralph Spearman, of Eachwick, bears, by grant, on the chevron of his paternal coat, three bells, to commemorate his maternal descent from the Bells. This, together with the allusion to Fenwick and Aspramont, will be understood on referring to Surtees's Durham, i. 94.

I am glad you have seen Sherwood; he has much antiquarian lore bottled up against a meeting with such a man as you, and much general information.

Yours very sincerely,
R. S.

Lower Harrogate, Aug. 1, 1815.

I left a small parcel of *Numismata* from Matthew Young. I think you must *keep* till my return.

Pluvialis Iacobe!
Docte, generose, probe,
In quem, facio affidavit,
Totus Barnabas migravit; *
Ego, vilis poetaster,
Quem nascentem nullus aster
Respexit lumine benigno,
(Mercurius non ex quovis ligno,)
Inconcinnas grates fundo
Pro tuo carmine jucundo:
Quantitates nihil curo;
Versus aliunde furor,
Tum compono metro meo,
(Sine dactylo vel spondæo)
Titubanti—Barnabæo.
Mirum bibimus hic rivum,
Sulfur deglutimus vivum—
Scintillans lympha, sed nec munda,
Fœtet quantum Stygis unda,
Grave quantum os Averni,
Vel quantum nigra faux Inferni.

* Lepidum sal, purum merum
Barnabam designat verum.

Doctus Tatius * hic residet,
Ad Coronam,† prandet, ridet,
Spargit sales cum cachinno,
Lepido ore et concinno—
Ubique carus inter bonos,
Rubei montis præsens honos.

Amœnis spatior in hortis, ‡
Sæpe lacrymis obortis,
Nam præ oculis, quicquid ago,
Tristis vertitur imago.
Emma, nomen jam amarum,
Mœstum semper, semper charum!
Heu quam subitâ procellâ
Mea periit puella!
Rosa velut matutina
Carpta vesperi pruina—
Heu decus fugax et inane
Vitæ umbratilis et vanæ!
Ergo cespes tegit illam,
Tenuem versam in favillam—
Et violas et rosam vernam
Dilectam sparsi super urnam:
Dis florem meum spoliavit,
Et genas pulvere fœdavit. §

---

* Of Mr. Tate somewhat has been said above, p. 128. On the 5th March, 1817, I find him writing to Mr. Surtees in the following playful way, when communicating the beautiful poem, written in Richmond Churchyard, by Herbert Knowles, one of his pupils, which may be found in Clarkson's History of Richmond, and in the Quarterly Review, in a Review by Mr. Southey.

" ——— what comes next? Marry, not much to a good antiquary. Perfectly convinced of my descent in a right line from *Titus Tatius*, King of the Sabines, with no deficiency of evidence whatever but the want of *arms, registers, deeds, and demesnes*, I am now going on a different scent, and only wish James Raine to find me out of *gentleman's degree* in North Durham, from whence my grandfather, a *maltster*, migrated about 70 or 80 years ago. Such is my modest ambition.

" Truly yours, Js. Tate."

† Hospitium Coronæ ymagine insignitum.

‡ See Gent. Mag. for June, 1840, p. 599.

§ The sweet melancholy mood in which Mr. Surtees could talk and write of death, and connect it, as above, with

" ——— your never withering banks of flowers,"

may be fitly illustrated by an extract from his History, ii. 392:—

Vale vale Iacobe,
Docte sacerdos et probe—
Amicis felix et amore,
Sorte vivas lætiore!

" In Witton Gilbert Church," says he, " is preserved the almost obsolete custom of hanging up funeral garlands. A good account of this pretty observance may be found in the Gent. Mag. for 1747. Am I wrong in supposing that this elegant mark of respect was chiefly, if not solely, reserved for females who died in their virginity ?

" ' A garland fresh and fair
  Of lilies there was made,
In token of virginity,
  And on her coffin laid.'—PERCY, iii. 150.

" The custom of placing flowers in the coffin with the deceased, is still preserved in many villages in the North :

" ' And lavender is passing sweet,
  And so's the rosemary;
And yet they deck the winding-sheet
  Beneath the dark yew tree.'

" The practice was once probably general. Gay, whose pastorals are known to represent the real rustic manners of his time, describes most exactly both the flower-strewing and the virgin's garland. The antiquary may deduce the custom from Greece or Rome or Jerusalem, at his pleasure; but it is, strictly speaking, neither of Jewish nor Gentile nor Christian origin, but rooted in the very feelings of human nature—*et fungar inani munere.*

" ' Here's a few flowers, but about midnight more;
The herbs that have on them cold dew o' the night
Are strewings fitt'st for graves.'—CYMBELINE.

" ' ——————— with fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale primrose, nor
The azur'd harebell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine.' "—IBID.

Here Mr. Surtees introduces in a note the ten lines referred to above, without any mention of their author, and proceeds :—

" What needs refer to Collins (Dirge in Cymbeline), Langhorne (Fable of the Wall-flower), or Mason (Elegy in a Churchyard in South Wales). And forget not poor Kirke White, who bids the rosemary ' scatter round his tomb a sweet decaying smell.'

" Let Cowley close the garland : —

" Hic sparge flores, sparge breves rosas—
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus,
Herbisque odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem."

THE VICARAGE SEQUESTERED.

[The vicarage of Bishop Middleham, of which parish Mainsforth constitutes a township, is in the gift of the Lord Chancellor, and for a year or two antecedently to the year 1813, being without a vicar, was held in sequestration. During the vacancy Mr. Surtees communicated to the Gentleman's Magazine the following verses. See No. for Feb. 1812, p. 158. I find them also in manuscript, with the reverse of the picture fully drawn; but, as the latter was withheld by Mr. Surtees, it must remain in manuscript. In a copy of the whole before me, I observe after the line ending with the word "pilgrimage," the following variations:—

Such be the man, and oh ! ye friendly fates,
Grant one boon more, let mortals call him Gates.
And when stern death our vicar lays his paws on,
To fill his place, Heaven send us Joseph Dawson.
Such is the priest we choose—the man we dread
I paint with trembling hand and aching head ;
And fear our humble parish may be curs'd,
To see the portrait I have drawn revers'd.

* * * *

I would merely add, in the words of Mr. Surtees, Hist. ii. 12, that the Rev. Gilfrid Gates here spoken of, was "curate of Monkwearmouth, many years curate of Trimdon, and sometime of Bishop Middleham, in all situations highly respected;" and that "Joseph Dawson, having been curate of Sedgefield, afterwards became rector of Edmondbiers and curate of Muggleswick."]

Our vicarage, though small, is snug and warm,
Two hundred clear—Heav'n keep the Church from harm!
Were mine the gift, from all the cassock'd tribe,
I'd choose the humble man that I'll describe:
A plain good priest, scarce for a rector fit,
With common sense, small learning, and less wit;
Who never studied heathen Greek at college,
But wise in that which passeth worldly knowledge;
Well skill'd a village flock in peace to keep,
And better pleas'd to feed than shear his sheep;
With simple cunning and persuasive art,
Before he preach the word to win the heart;

With decent mirth to temper pious labours,
And manners—not to shame his country neighbours;
One who perhaps, long tost on life's rough ocean,
Has sometimes ask'd, but never reach'd promotion;
And, wearied out with tugging at the oar,
Would gladly anchor on some friendly shore;
Well pleas'd with us to pass declining age,
And end in peace his earthly pilgrimage.
And when he falls may still a priest succeed,
To lead the flock as ———'s * self would lead;
So shall our humble parish ne'er be curs'd,
To see the portrait I have drawn revers'd.

R. SURTEES.

DINSDALE SPA.

[It has been mentioned above (p. 16), that Mr. Surtees, when a young man, about the year 1804, went to drink the Dinsdale water for the benefit of his health. Among his papers I find a poem descriptive of Dinsdale and its neighbourhood, which must have been written at a still earlier period, mention being made of George Allan, of Grange, the eminent antiquary, as then alive. Mr. Allan died in the year 1800. The following stanzas may be given as a specimen.]

The country around,
None can sweeter be found,
To ride or to walk in a morning;
The river of Tees,
Which is shaded by trees,
Each view of the landscape adorning.

* * *

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* "The reader may fill the blank with the name of his own parish priest, if he is on good terms with him, or with that of any other non-eminent divine."—GENT. MAG. Feb. 1812, p. 158.

There's the rectory house,[*]
As snug as a mouse,
But the church has got never a steeple;
The moated old hall
To ruin doth fall,
Though inhabited once by great people.[†]

As the river you trace,
Sockburn comes in its place,
Where Conyers dwelled so trusty;
Who a serpent did dish up,
That had else ate a bishop;
But now his old faulchion's grown rusty.[‡]

* * *

At Ketton you'll find
A landlord most kind,
Charles pushes the bottle round freely;
He bred a great ox,
Which he kept in a box,
And sent it to travel genteelly.[§]

At Barmton, his brother
Is just such another,
For sucking the gentry completely;
A few flowing cups
Will let all the tups;
Then who would not fuddle them neatly?

---

[*] Dinsdale.

[†] The family of Surtees of Dinsdale, v. p. 211.

[‡] The tenure of Sockburn by the service of the faulchion is well known.

[§] In this and the following stanza allusion is made to the two brothers of the name of Colling, the one residing at Ketton and the other at Barmton, the chief cattle breeders in the North of their day: v. p. 53. Every one has heard of the Ketton or Durham ox, which was exhibited, from town to town, throughout the kingdom for nearly six years, and weighed at its death, in 1807, 220 stones. Day, the exhibitor, to whom the animal had been sold by Mr. Colling, refused to take 2000*l*. for his bargain. At the Ketton sale, in 1810, the bull Comet was sold for 1000 guineas. See Surtees, Hist. Durh. iii. 330 and 414.

The museum at Grange
Abounds in things strange,
Each bird and each beast that is rarest;
But of all the things rare
To my mind, I declare,
George Allan himself is the queerest.

Of Buxton to tell,
Compared with this well,
I hold would be nonsense completely;
No water is sure
To perform such a cure,
And none ever tasted so sweetly.

* * *

Old maids that are kizen'd,
And coddled and wizen'd,
Will look as if mother to Cupid;
The well can repair
All wear and all tear,
And put sense into sculls that are stupid.

* * *

If advice you would seek,
You may see Johnny Pyake,*
He'll give you directions that's proper;
He comes here once a week
For patients to seek,
On a trundle-a—d meer with a crupper.

* * *

---

* Peacock; so pronounced. Dr. Peacock was an eminent medical practitioner at Darlington, and was the first to bring the Spa into general notice. He was the author of a treatise on its water.

HARROGATE.

[Date uncertain, but sometime before 1807.]

On Harrogate's bleak hills and barren plains,
Where dreary winter everlasting reigns,
Climes unenliven'd by the solar ray,
Where mist and drizzling rain usurp the day;
Or, wildly sweeping from the Arctic shore,
With madd'ning howls continued tempests roar;
Where'er I roam, what dreary prospects rise!
The mist-clad hill, black moor, and frowning skies.
With pensive, solitary steps I stray,
And waste in vain complaint the tedious day.
Here vegetation all his laws suspends,
And o'er the heath the sick'ning furze-bush bends,
Whilst in rude harden'd clods the steril soil
Still mocks the farmer's unproductive toil.
Here not a bough can warmth or shade afford,
Save the drear fir-trees of the Scottish lord! Rosslyn.
Sad scenes, where not one songster of the grove
E'er tun'd a strain to melody or love—
Whence, if a jackass meet with sudden death,
The half-starv'd ravens blacken all the heath;
Whilst with harsh croakings mix'd, shrill plovers swell
Their notes, and scream around the Tewit well.
Illustrious Wedderburne! thy soul sublime
Fix'd for retreat on this congenial clime,
Whilst, not forgetful of thy country dear,
Thou found'st another bleaker Scotland here:

* * * *

Can I forget the great, the awful day,
When at the Granby, rang'd in long array,
Around the ordinary's smoaking board,
Aghast I view'd each ——————— squire and lord;
And, doom'd to carve for all the hungry race,
Up to the ears in butter, oil, and *sace*,

Through beef and mutton hew my smoking way,
Whilst quiv'ring fowls and ducklings round me lay—
Dissected limbs, in wild confusion hurl'd,
And here a wing and there a leg was twirl'd;
While fat and gravy stiffen'd every plate—
And still I carv'd, and still ———— ate;
While not a syllable might dare impede
The proper bus'ness of the day—to feed.

* * * *

Thus, till with fumes from sleepy port o'erspread,
Each o'er his emptied pint inclines his head;
And snores away the tedious interval
Till Michael's bell to tea and coffee call.
Then whist, dull whist, walks his accustom'd round;
Till once again the bell, with cheerful sound,
To supper summons. With keen appetite
Each northern hero hails the new delight—
Through gooseberry pie and jelly wins his way,
And tart and custard own ———— sway.
Then from the grateful punch the steam ascends,
And in a second doze the evening ends.

On these, my Muse, no more prolong the strain—
Borne on light pinions, soar above the plain,
Then to the vale descend with slack'ning wing,
And hover vent'rous o'er the sulph'rous spring.
Yet here, though shelter'd from the keener breath
That sweeps resistless o'er the naked heath,
Yet hope not here that Flora's train expand,
Or Ceres' bounty decks the sterile land.
Too soon betray'd to trust the northern sky,
The vernal primrose opens but to die:
The polyanthus withers on its bed,
And half-blown roses hang their drooping head;
Whilst, on the gale its golden honours cast,
The gay laburnum bends before the blast.

Think not, my Muse, a hundred tongues can tell
Who first, who last, approached the steaming well—

Divines and ladies, mountebanks and peers,
Pale chalk-fac'd girls, and waddling dowagers.
With hobbling gait and aldermanic paunch,
Fresh from the turtle feast and smoking haunch,
Yon son of commerce hies from Mersey's strand,
And grasps a quart pot in his ample hand:
The powerful lymph pervades the loaded cells
Of bloated fulness, and the pest expels:
His heavy frame of the loose surfeit drains,
And drives a purer torrent through his veins:
With lighter steps, disgorg'd, he bends him home,
And hopes the glories of the haunch to come.

* * * *

Next mark yon parasite, with artful leer,
Who bows obsequious to the gouty peer,
Without one thought, one action, of his own—
A needy cur that begs the half-pick'd bone;
Content to live a mere dependent tool,
And catch reflected sunshine from a fool.
Mark yon advent'rer of Hibernian race;
His heart all adamant, all brass his face;
To shame inur'd, and callous to disgrace:
Driv'n with dishonour from his native land,
He seeks Britannia's hospitable strand,
With hopes renew'd erects his haughty crest,
And points his conquests at the female breast;
Seeks some rich, inexperienced maiden's hand,
Or eyes the wealthy widow's jointure-land;
With native art and lover's passion feigns,
And talks of am'rous fires and fancied pains;
Tells of his Irish bogs and wide domains,
And Roderick's blood that revels in his veins,
Whilst rank and honour, honesty and sense,
Are all supplied by matchless impudence.
But if unequal fate the bride denies,
His second hope, the ratling dice he tries;
To desp'rate play the wealthy heir provokes,
Whilst sudden ruin marks the nodding oaks.
But I, whom neither pleasure, pride, nor gain,
Allur'd to quit my happy native plain,

Nor yet prepar'd to sacrifice, for these,
My musing indolence and careless ease,
Who court no heiress, seek no wealthy bride,
Who pay no tax to insolence or pride—
Who strive to call no lordly Scot my friend,
Too free to flatter and too proud to bend,
Whom shew delights not, and whom crowds offend—
At distance here my alien footsteps stray;
Pensive I muse, and waste the livelong day;
And oft implore the fairy Fancy's aid,
Once more to waft me to my native shade.
Her car the fairy lends, with traces fine,
Soft as the silkworm spins her golden twine,
And rainbow colours deck'd—once more I rove
Where Skerne slow wanders through the ozier grove;
Again I trace the haunts of former hours,
Where laughing spring entwines his hawthorn bowers;
Or loveliest June her blushing roses showers.
So fancy wills—and scatters o'er the view
Her orient tints and lights of golden hue.
Ah, scarce beheld, the transient vision fades,
Vanish the wild-rose bow'rs and hawthorn glades;
And for the fairy's sweet creative reign
The blasted heath usurps its wide domain.

HARROGATE.

ADDRESSED TO SIR CUTHBERT SHARP, IN AUTUMN, 1833.

[I transcribe these lines from the original, in the book which Sir Cuthbert Sharp had devoted to Mr. Surtees's communications. Sir Cuthbert has written upon it with a sorrowing pen—"The last paper I received from Mr. Surtees."]

Seated in Baron Bolland's chair,
Once more I breathe sulphureous air.
On Tuesday slept at Leeming Lane,
And at Crown lodgings once again.
Here's none we know, and none we care for—
There's neither reason why nor wherefore.

The only dame that we know ought on,
Set off this morning—Lady Broughton.
The Crown is full of Cap^s and Majors—
Old, bilious, weather-beaten stagers.
Of ladies but a slight display,
And not a Venus nor a Fay.
The air's serene, the sky delightful,
But as to fashion all is frightful.
A sad decaying autumn-time,
Leaf, flower, and fruit, all past their prime.

AUTUMN.

[The following beautiful pieces are perfect as far as they go, and were probably intended by Mr. Surtees to take their place in a more extended poem.]

Our autumn fields are with pale gentian set,
And the calathian glowing violet;
With purple heath our hills are cover'd o'er,
And the wild bees hum round their thymy store.
Grass of Parnassus in our bogs doth thrive,
Whose pale white flowers may with the snowdrop strive.
With grassy stripes each tender leaf is veined,
And lucid orbs on silver threads sustained;
Nor envy thou the Persian's jasmine glades,
His groves of orange and his lilac shades,
Whilst the broad beech and branching oak agree
To twine a nobler canopy for thee.

But chiefly let me seek the brown hill's breast,
When the soft wind sits seated in the west;
When the dry herbage yields a wholesome bed,
And the tall pines are waving over head.
But when the south wind moans amidst the grove
With louder sighs, then let me love to rove
Beneath the tall pines' monumental shade,
And list the music by the wild winds made.
Whilst the nesh hazles, bending in the blast,
A chequer'd light on the green alleys cast.

THE CLARENCE RAILWAY.

[Mr. Surtees, as it has been more than once stated, was strongly opposed to the above undertaking, from which he anticipated much annoyance, and hence the following stanzas. The line, as it was originally planned, was intended to run at no great distance from his pleasure grounds, but when, from regard for his feelings, it was diverted to the other side of the Skerne, he in a great measure withdrew his opposition.]

I gazed upon the low and quiet vale
Where Skerne slow wanders through the marshland green,
And lovely seem'd the tram-road dimly seen,
Breaking by fits the dull plantation's screen—
Whilst mov'd majestic, on his track of rail,
The steam-horse—clouds involve his haughty crest,
Whilst struggling sighs and flashing flames between,
Betray the fires that scorch his troubled breast.

Ah me ! that thing so seeming angel-fair,
That glides along his own enchanted ground,
That traverses the fields like gentle air,
Diffusing Eden-odours all around,
Should in deep guile and malice so abound.
Woe ! woe to him who, haply unaware,
Permits him pass his old paternal bound,
But treble woe to them who rear'd this black infernal mound !
Ah, little think the caitiffs as they wend,
Along destruction's slippery downward way,
To what grim shore their gliding railways tend—
How soon for them shall fade the golden day !
—— and —— ——[1] ——[2] and ——[*]
([1]. [2]. These are attorneis, and can shew the way)

---

[*] Of one of the gentlemen mentioned in this line an anecdote must be told. Mr. Surtees one day, in a company of which he was one, was emarking that a friend of his once possessed the greater part of the Romances which are enumerated as having been in the possession of Don Quixote, when the gentleman inquired with some earnestness, how they had come into his friend's possession, and whether he had bought them of the Don's executors.

On my brave steam-horse—to the yawning brink
Of ruin, self-impelled—a crash !—they sink !
Hark, hark, I hear old ———'s guineas chink !
They shoot the gulf—a wide and yawning chasm,
* * * *

MY THREE AND TWENTIETH YEAR.

So soon has age, the subtle thief of time,
Stolen unperceived my three-and-twentieth year—
Yet death nor judgment seemeth not more near;
Nor nearer seem I to that starry clime
Which shall endure when space and time are past :
But this vain Now for ever seems to last.

The steady pulse still beats with wonted force,
And youth and health still speed the laughing hours;
Whilst undismay'd we steer our giddy course
O'er life's vast sea, from truth and reason wide,
Nor heed the storm that far at distance lowers,
Though many a bark as stout and trim as ours
Lies deep ingulf'd beneath the treach'rous tide.
When o'er the shatter'd wreck the billows close,
The smoothéd sea no trace of danger shews.

And all is silent but the warning voice
Of Truth, which inly cries that night, dark night,
When none can work, comes on, and shall endure
Till that last morn when Truth and Justice bright,
On Prophecy and Scripture founded sure,
Shall break the silent darkness of the tomb,
And the Dread Judge in middle air shall seal our final doom.

LINES ON THE MARRIAGE OF A FRIEND, Dec. 1824.

On Hardwick's fading groves and leafless bowers,
Pour, dark December, pour thy chillest showers!
Let wild winds rage and beating storms increase,
But all within be happiness and peace!
Though icy chains the slumb'ring lake invest,
Oh! let no winter pierce the bridegroom's breast:
Through sun or shade on you may smiling fate
With lengthen'd train of heartfelt blessings wait.

A gleam of sunshine, whilst I storms rehearse,
Breaks in and puts an end to all my verse;
For you may think these lines in proper form
Were meant to be deliver'd in a storm.
But placid and serene the day has past,
And long I trust your sunny hours may last.

TO D. G.

[If Mr. Surtees had been permitted to live a few years longer, what would have been his delight in two small volumes of "Poetry by Dora Greenwell."]

Dear lass, I need not wish thee health,
  For that is pictur'd in thy face;
I will not wish thee store of wealth,
  Tis needless; for there is that grace,
That mild, that modest frankness there,
Which well may warm some English heart,
And win without the help of art.
  I love to see in thy blue eyes,
  The kind, the generous spirit rise,
That warmed thy sires; 'tis Greenwell all;
Dear daughter of the ancient hall!
  Oh! when transported, lovely flower,
  To bloom in some gay southern bower,
  Still dream of hill and brook and vale—
  Forget not thou thy native vale!

ON A FLY.

And what's a fly? a gilded thing,
That scorns the soil that gave it birth:
Soars for a while, on painted wing,
Then mingles with its parent earth.

But, wait for May's enliv'ning fire,
Once more the beauteous fly shall spring;
And gallant, as his short-liv'd sire,
Sweep o'er the mead on frolic's wing.

OCTOBER, 1829.

[After much gloomy weather there was on the 19 October, in the above year, (the day of the consecration of the Chapel of Ferry Hill, by Bishop Van Mildert,) a glorious burst of sunshine, and the woods of Mainsforth appeared in all the variously-tinted beauty of Autumn. The lines were improvised upon the terrace.]

Leaves of all tints that glisten'd in the ray,
Touch'd by the beams of Autumn's brightest day;
The red leaf trembling on the cherry spray,
The yellow chestnut, and the sallow gray,
One splendid sheet of glories brief display.

TO A SERVANT ON HER WEDDING DAY.

Dear Bessy, when from you I part,
I bid farewell to kind and true;
But John's a noble honest heart,
And you the change shall never rue.

But, Bessy, should misfortune's wand
Bid all thy fairy prospects fly;
The roses from your cheek command,
And bid the tear-drop dim your eye,

Believe these lines, by friendship penn'd,
By heartfelt kindness, Bessy dear!
In me you'll find a constant friend,
Not changing with the changing year.

Oct. 23, 1830.

JOHN TAYLOR.

[John Taylor, Esq. a resident in London, from whom Mr. Surtees received much genealogical assistance in the third and fourth volumes of his History, died suddenly in Edinburgh, in August, 1822, and was buried in the churchyard of the West Kirk, where no stone was allowed to be placed as a record of his name. A tablet, to which the following stanzas allude, was afterwards erected by three of his friends, in the church of Whickham, the parish of his nativity. This painful subject will recur in the "Letters."]

In Scottish earth, from kindred dust removed,
Sleep the cold relicks of the friend we loved;
A simple stone, to point where Taylor lies,
The rigid Presbyterian law denies!

Here, then, from cold neglect to save his name,
We place this tablet to his modest fame.
A funeral wreath, which friendly hands entwine,
To droop and wither on an empty shrine.

THE GRAVE OF CARLO.

[See above, p. 141.]

NECROMANCY.

[The following lines were hastily written one morning after breakfast, and placed in the hands of Christopher Blackett, Esq. of Wylam, then upon a visit at Mainsforth. The disclosures said to have been made to Lord Prudhoe (now Duke of Northumberland) by an Egyptian seer, were then the subject of general conversation. See the Quarterly Review, No. CXVIII, p. 203. The imposture has since been fully exposed. The late Duke of Northumberland, the brother of Lord Prudhoe, was, at the time the lines were written, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. Mr. Blackett had invited Mr. Surtees to accompany him to Stanwick, where Lord Prudhoe was then residing.]

No, Blackett,
I'll not to Stanwick.

* * * * *

Let him to Dublin, and instruct Duke Hugh
In these dark mysteries—aye tell his Grace,
The Viceroy of yon wayward western isle,
There are more wonders by old Nilus' wave
Than his philosophy has ever dreamed on.

Dark land of Misraim! though thy rule be past,
A misty halo still invests thy brow,
Which dims all later glories. Greece and Rome
To thee are children, toys of yesterday.
I fear thee, Egypt, with thy dim traditions,
Deriv'd, perchance, from times when erring angels
Held dalliance with the maids of middle earth,
And taught them spells and talismans to lure
Their starry lovers from the nether sky.
Such secrets, grav'd on monumental brass,
Cham from the flood preserv'd, with guilty care;
Then rais'd his Thebes, and stored his treasures there.
Long years have rolled, yet still by Nilus' flood,
Though dimly felt and darkly understood,
Remain some traces of the magic lore
That warr'd in vain with Amram's sons of yore,
Strange invocations made to powers unknown
Recall the Pharaoh to his faded throne,
And at his beck their airy forms ascend,
And paint the buried dead, the distant friend.
Ask then for one from Britain's sea-girt shore,
Ask for the comrade thou shalt see no more.

Thou canst not *see*, but hear yon child express
The form, the lineament, the gait, the dress;
The trembling wizard scarce himself can tell
Whence springs the influence of the waning spell.

Mainsforth.

A NEW SONG TO AN OLD TUNE.

[Written during the election for the county of Durham, in 1820, when J. G. Lambton, Esq. (afterwards Earl of Durham) was a candidate.]

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
Since the Lambtons first dwelt upon Wear;
The darkness of ages has roll'd o'er the source,
But the current flows limpid and clear.

Ere great Edward with lilies emblazon'd his shield,
Ere the feathers were won by proud Wales,
Ere the battle was struck on Hastings' fell field,
Or our cliffs saw the Norman white sails,

Independent and free, for bright honour renown'd,
The Lambtons still dwelt upon Wear;
And the name that to-day by our efforts is crown'd
Our ancestors valued as dear.

Unbedizen'd with stars, with titles undeck'd,
Uninfluenc'd by pension or place,
The torrent of venal corruption they check'd,
And their country was proud of the race.

Embalm'd in our hearts the remembrance shall live,
For the bright path of honour they run;
And who that remembers the father would give
A vote that would injure the son?

Each, dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which descends to OUR LAMBTON we see;
For his child he'll preserve it, unsullied by fame,
And it still from a spot shall be free!

THE COLOURS.

Colours of more varied hue
Than Iris' purfled scarf can shew.

[The following stanzas refer to the memorable election for the county of Northumberland in the summer of 1826. The contest lasted from the 20th of June to the 6th of July. The candidates were the Hon. Henry Thomas Liddell, of Eslington, Matthew Bell, Esq. of Wolsington, Thomas Wentworth Beaumont, Esq. of Bywell, and Lord Viscount Howick. The two former were elected. The stanzas, as they were not written for a party purpose, were not published till after the end of the contest.]

O'er Northumbria's hill and dale,
Far and wide the summons flew;
Dallying with the summer gale,
Four gay banners court the view.

Where bright beauty's glance is beaming,
Lasses' love and lads' delight;
See young LIDDELL's colours streaming,
In a flood of *Pink and White.*

Unstain'd and true, see deep *True Blue,*
With lighter tints combine,
For honest BELL, the triumph swell,
And deck the coaly Tyne.

From Hexham's towers, from Bywell's bowers,
From Allen's wilder shade,
Whilst BEAUMONT'S name loud bands proclaim,
Glints forth "*The White Cockade.*"

From mountains rough, old *Blue and Buff*,
That oft has won the day,
Is loath to yield, untried, the field,
And waves once more for GREY.

" *Two* must win, though *Four* may woo;
Mingle while ye mingle may;
Pink and White, and Buff and Blue,
In a medley strange and gay.

" Gay fleeting colours shift and blend
Beneath the sunbeam bright;
Two *may* last to six years' end,
And two *must* fade ere night."

'Twas thus Northumbria's genius spoke,
And cast a pitying glance behind,
As from old Alnwick's bowers she broke,
And mounted on the eddying wind.

She wav'd on high the bonny Bell,
And Liddell's red rose streak'd with pale;
The Blue and Buff, and the White Cockade
She scatter'd on the rising gale.

BALLAD FOR THE TIMES, 1822.

Now the markets are down, and the corn it is cheap,
And the poor silly shepherd can scarce sell his sheep;
And for to keep cattle and for to grow corn,
You had better go take a mad bull by the horn.

And the great squire Coke cannot get any rent
To pay for the int'rest of the money he had* lent;
And all the plough'd land must be laid down to grass,
And many will be broke before that comes to pass.

---

* *Had* is here not the sign of a verb but the verb itself.

The squires talk of ten and of twenty per cent.;
I am sure they had better give up all their rent;
For with taxes and cesses and rates to the poor,
The farmer can hardly keep Wolf* from the door.

And for any thing I see, that's like to appear,
We may all go a begging for a merry new year.

VALENTINE TO A GENTLEMAN.

[This and the two Valentines by which it is succeeded were addressed in three successive years to Paul Anderson, Esq. who at that time resided in the village of Mainsforth. They were sent by post from a distance, and their author was in general the first person before whom they were unsuspectingly laid as they were received. Mr. Anderson was in due time informed of their writer.]

Dear Paul! so neat, so spruce, so smart,
I must reveal my grief;
You've stole a simple maiden's heart,
You dear deluding thief!

I've thought you oft a little blind,
Yet, when you know my anguish,
I'm sure your heart is far too kind
To let a damsel languish.

I ask not wealth, I ask not power,
For you I'd scorn them all;
Content to dwell in rural bower,
The happy bride of Paul.

With you I'll ted the new mown hay,
When June sheds bright its reign;
With you I'll brave the sultry day,
When fields are gold with grain.

And when the peaceful day is past,
In useful rustic toil,
How sweet to spread your humble board,
And cheer you with my smile.

---

* A pun upon the name of Mr. Wolfe, who was in that year the gaoler at Durham.

A husband true, a loyal wife,
  Each frown of fate we'll weather;
We'll share the sunny hours of life,
  And brave its storms together.

And when at last my Paul shall die,
  I'll yield my latest breath;
Beneath one flowery sod we'll lie,
  United e'en in death.

Valentine Eve, Feb. 1821.

VALENTINE.

Dear Paul, yon lovely vernal morn,
  Why didst thou wring my maiden bosom?
The may had left the woodland thorn,
  The rose was in its opening blossom.

Blue shone the lift, green was the glade,
  The lav'rock lilted in the sky;
And, hid beneath its osier shade,
  Yon lonely brook ran murm'ring by.

Should cold neglect midst such a scene
  Fall chill on frank and kindly heart;
Should pride, should interest, come between?
  Say, did'st thou play a manly part?

Though maiden coyness speech denies,
  Yet burning blushes spread my cheek;
You might have trusted to my eyes;
  For sure I think those eyes could speak.

Oh! I am chang'd, and wintry looks
  O'ercast my summer noon;
I wander oft by frozen brooks,
  Beneath the cold pale moon.

And ask the streams I roam along
If they a maid can see,
On all the banks they glide among,
So sad, so fond as me?

And wilt thou spend the noonday prime
In yonder lone sequestered dell?
Nor waste a thought on her whose crime,
Whose error, was to love too well.

Dear Paul, you fated vernal day,
Why did you wring my virgin bosom?
You threw the opening bud away;
Say, will you scorn the full-blown blossom?

Dear Paul, believe these lines are not in jest,
Your image lives within my faithful breast.
For you I feel both love and gratitude,
And I am richer than when last you woo'd.

Sylvia.

Dear lass, for you I have not penn'd
This lovely Valentine;
But to your hands I do commend
These simple lines of mine,
That you, in some disguised scrawl,
May write it out and send,
To wound the heart of Paul.

VALENTINE.

Now by St. Valentine ! my heart is bold
To tell thee, Paul, I love thee ! for thy smile
Bids love expand, yet bids but to beguile—
As yonder crocus striving to unfold
It's emerald leaves and cloth of courtly gold,
In February's short and shining ray
Inclosed, pines, and dies, in the cold doubtful ray.

Too much of sordid care, of worldly gain,
I fear has held thee, yet thou toil'st in vain,
And all to chaff is turned the promised golden grain;
May shall release thee from thy vulgar toil,
Then farewell glebe and rent, and thankless soil!
'Tis hard for man to toil in land accurs't,
But harder still for woman to speak first.

And must I, Paul, endure with withering heart
Dark stormy March, and April's changeful sky,
Ere May, mild beaming, with her halcyon eye,
To my heart's hope shall her new warmth impart?
Dear Paul, I'll meet thee, nor regret my doom,
If thou at length wilt bid my lasting summer bloom.
R. S., 1823.

VALENTINE.

I ask not, dear nymph, a return to my love,
Such presumption my thoughts ne'er attain,
I ask but a smile of compassion to prove,
Nor e'en wish for my heart back again.

But bend not those eyes, that so softly can charm,
With such scorn and such coldness on me:
That brow of its terror, in pity, disarm,
For one who is dying for thee.

From the store of thy charms but a little impart,
A wretch from destruction to save—
Disappointment and sorrow are breaking my heart,—
And the sexton is digging my grave.

Is the woodbine less sweet, though a kiss she bestows,
As the zephyr flies wantonly by;
If the sun shed a beam on the blush of the rose,
Is his lustre less bright in the sky?

Though the lily that droops by the rivulet's side,
  From the stream life and fragrance inhale,
Are its murmurs less sweet, or less pure is its tide,
  As it flows midst the flow'rs of the vale ?

Then grant me, dear nymph, for sweet Venus's sake,
  But a smile, but a glance from thine eye :
From thee not a charm, not a grace will it take,
  And to me 'twill be rapture and joy.

VALENTINE.

The gallant ship adown the bay,
  A corslet form'd of living snow,
And dash'd aside the foaming spray,
  Till rainbow gleam'd around her prow.

On India's waves that flag must wave,
  And face the sultry tropic-breeze:
Protect the bravest of the brave,
  Ye powers who rule the southern seas!

Some fairer maid may woo thee there,
With diamond eye and jetty hair;
Yet will thy heart prefer to those,
Fair England's pale and modest rose.

T'were sweet in India's burning soil,
  To see the fair-eyed daisy springing—
T'were heaven, when clos'd the sultry toil,
  To hear the English lav'rock singing !

I dread not all their dusky charms,
To lure my soldier from my arms—
While honour, truth, and love combine,
To wreathe an English Valentine.

Feb. 14*th*, 1825.

HENDON.

[The three following poems refer to the same subject. There are others in manuscript. To quote two lines from Lady O'Neill's Ode on the Poppy—

> "The rose or thorn *his* numbers crown'd,
> As Venus smil'd or Venus frown'd."]

When last this favour'd spot I trac'd,
Whilst Spring disclosed her gayest pride,
By nature's sweet profusion grac'd,
A blooming Eden open'd wide.

'Twas Annie's presence bade each flower
With brighter lustre gem the ground,
Love from her eyes essay'd his pow'r,
And shed his softest lights around.*

But now, o'er all the dreary plain,
Their absent queen the wood-nymphs mourn,
Whilst summer weeps her shorten'd reign,
And rosy-chaplet rudely torn.†

I only view the barren shore,
The leafless grove, the frowning skies;
Fair fancy's magic dream is o'er,
For ah! the sweet enchantress flies.

Three circling summers now are flown,
Since thus the wood-nymphs heard me groan,
(The wood-nymphs then, sir, dwelt at Hendon,
But now they're fled you may depend on,)
Condemn'd to vex my heart and brains,
For one who laugh'd at all my pains—
And whils't such dismal looks I put on,
Ne'er valu'd all my sighs a button.
Well, sir, three circling summers fled,
The self-same spot again I tread;
And once again my cruel dear
From Hendon flies and leaves me here—

---

* Pleasures of Memory.

† Milton. Warton.

But on my life, as I'm a true man,
I see no change in man nor woman—
Nor can I spy throughout the garden,
One alteration worth a farthing.
No less the gay carnation glows,
And not a dew-drop leaves the rose:
Each flower retains its wonted hue;
The trees look green, the sky looks blue—
Or now and then a little black,
And so we get a thunder-crack;—
But so we should, if she came back.
And as I walk along the shore,
Things seem the same they did before.
The fields, I think, look'd never greener.
Our pond, indeed, has been known cleaner—
But that's entirely want of mowing,
And none at all of Annie's doing.
But as to Naiads midst the sedges,
Or Dryads howling under hedges,
The only one I've had a glimpse on,
If you'll believe me, is Miss S———n.
Why then, I think, it stands to reason,
That Annie never changed the season;
For when I said the trees were blighted,
I only meant my love was slighted—
And when I curs'd both land and sea,
I meant that Annie frown'd on me.
But now my senses are come back;
I know again both white and black,
And, without aid of almanack,
Can days and weeks and months remember,
And not take July for November—
But have some mod'rate judgment, whether
It rains or blows, or is fine weather;
And though, perhaps, not quite sound within,
No longer take her for St. Swithin.
But that 'twas Cupid's bow and quiver,
Had touch'd my brains as well as liver,
And made me think no scene was pleasant,
Unless the maid I lov'd was present.

But now that, with much time and trouble,
I've learn'd that life is all a bubble;
All outward shew, and nothing sound in't,
And happiness not to be found in't;
And that you can't have all you cry for,
I think it wrong such things to die for:
And, though necessity's no merit,
If I can't cure, I'll learn to bear it;
And, grateful to be sav'd from pressure
Of actual ills, surrender pleasure,
For hopeless joys no longer hanker,
But drop in calm content my anchor.
Sit verbum Sapientis satis,
" Omnia plena vanitatis."*

WINTER.

Stern winter has shatter'd the bloom of the year,
The leaves of the forest are strewn on the ground:
No more, cloth'd in verdure, the meadows appear,
No more with soft music the woodlands resound.†

I mourn, but I mourn not the change of the year,
For again we shall hail the glad triumph of spring;
Again in soft verdure the meads shall appear,
And again with gay music the woodlands shall ring.

I mourn for the joys that are ended in night,
For the bliss that my bosom must never know more;
When Annie's soft presence inspir'd such delight,
That I thought it was heaven to gaze and adore.

---

* Below, on the left hand of the page, is a rude sketch in red ink of a vine laden with grapes, and a fox raising himself on his hind feet, and attempting to reach one of the bunches. In the branches are the words, "*Sour grapes*," with "*R. S. fecit*," below. On the right hand is a fox, with the words, "*Sour, very sour*," proceeding from his mouth, running away at full speed towards a rough sketch of a house intended to represent Mainsforth.

† Beattie.

How soft from her eyes the sweet poison of love
  O'er each power of my mind unsuspectedly stole;
Whilst passion each fear, every doubt to remove,
  The vain opiate of hope diffus'd through my soul.

The pilgrim who bends to some far distant land
  Is content if he bear but a bead from the shrine;
And a trifle bestow'd by Annie's lov'd hand,
  Would have cherish'd a passion as faithful as mine.

No relic I boast, not a look, not a kiss,
  Not a wave of her hand, not a lock from her hair;
Keen anguish succeeds the weak dawning of bliss,
  And rapture and hope sadden into despair.

And shall then another possess those lov'd charms,
  Gaze uncheck'd on those eyes while in raptures they speak:
Enfold, unreprov'd, thy soft form in his arms,
  And rifle the roses that stray on thy cheek!

Ah! grant then, kind Heaven, ah! grant my last prayer;
  May I never view the reciprocal bliss;
For refuge I'll fly to the fiend of despair,
  And madness shall save from a torment like this.

ON THE BEACH AT DOVER.

Not always clouds obscure the sky;
  His beams not always Phœbus shrouds;
Again before his lustre fly
  Dispersing mists and scattering clouds.

Not always hoary winter binds
  In chains of ice the torpid stream;
Again its way the rivulet winds,
  And sparkles in the solar beam.

Nor shall eternal sorrow bind
  To endless grief the human breast,
Or ceaseless passion haunt the mind
  Of conscious rectitude possest.

All is not lost, though she be lost,
For whom my heart such anguish bore:
By love, by fate, by fortune crost,
Still life has happier hours in store.

Still youth and health and strength remain;
Hope soars yon distant scenes among;
Nor wants the Muses' soothing strain,
And liquid melody of song.

Then fare her well, the blooming fair,
Fulfill'd be all her heart's desire;
Still for her bliss I'll breathe a prayer,
And love her with a brother's fire.

And fare thee well, my native isle,
Farewell to Albion's sea-girt shore;
Till peace on passion's victim smile,
I tread thy verdant vales no more.

On Gallia's vine-clad hills I'll stray,
Or where the foaming Danube flows;
Whilst changing scenes beguile the way,
My heart shall love its amorous woes.

Yet, ah, when distant far I roam,
Condemn'd from all I love to part:
One thought shall rest on thee and home,
One rising sigh still rend my heart.

Ah, still this tumult in my heart,
Ah, long-lov'd maid, ah, still too dear;
Still hopeless passion burns confest,
Still springs th' involuntary tear.

LETTERS.

I.

To C. K. SHARPE, Esq.* Christ Church, Oxford.

Dear Sharpe, Mainsforth, Nov. 12, 1803.

I was only a few days in London after I saw you, and my acquaintance at the Heralds' Office † was in the country; so I left him your papers, and only a few days ago received the following account:—

Your coat of four quarters stands thus :

Or, a chevron between three leopard's heads sable, is the bearing of Sir . . . . Wheler, Bart. of Lemington-Hastings, co. Warwick, of whom the first Baronet was Sir William Wheler, of Westminster, Knt. created 1660, Aug. 11.

> [The arms of Wentworth Earl of Strafford reverse the above coat, being, Sable, a chevron between three leopard's heads or. Newport, Earl of Bradford, bore, Argent, a chevron gules between three leopard's heads sable.]

The second quarter is, Or, four fusils in fesse gules, and no such bearing is registered. Argent, five fusils in fesse gules, is Bosvile of Yorkshire. Gules, four fusils in fesse argent, is Lord Carteret. Argent, three fusils in fesse gules, Montague. And several others differing in colours, but none like yours.

The third coat is not entered, nor can I tell what it can be called, as there are two kinds of yellow in it, or rather one is orange; and in heraldry only one kind, called Or, is admitted. I believe painters often disfigured arms by ignorance; and it is possible some of these may be assumed arms, never proved or entered by the heralds.

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* Vide pp. 8, 67, above.

† John Atkinson, Esq. mentioned by name in the postscript.

The fourth is, Or, a chevron sable, fretted or, inter three delves or turves sable; and here again the fretting is orange-coloured, and the ground yellow. This exact coat not to be found. The one nearest it is, Argent, a chevron gules, fretty or, between three delves sable, borne by Sir Thomas Delves, of Dodington in Cheshire, as Baronet, 1621, quartered by Sir . . . . Broughton, of Staffordshire, Baronet, now living. This is all the information I have got as to your first coat; and either the arms are not English, or else improperly blazoned, or assumed without authority.

Your other is certainly the exact ancient arms of Coleville, of Northumberland and Yorkshire, a very respectable family formerly, of whom Shakespear makes one prisoner to Sir John Falstaff in Hen. IV. The arms are different from those of the Scotch Baron, Colevile. An heiress of James Colevile of Whitehouse, County Palatine of Durham, about the beginning of the last century, married an Earl of Tankerville, and had several children. The quartering is, Estriveis, a very old baron long since extinct. He has returned me the description or blazon of these last, but if you wish for more particulars, let me know; or, if you will again send me these last arms, should I meet with anything I'll send it to you.

I should have seen you at Hoddam this year, but was prevented by a great deal of trouble and nonsense of volunteering, &c. I direct to Oxford, as I suppose you are now there. I hope S———n has got through some of his difficulties, though, poor man, I fancy he will always have a tolerable commodity of trouble of the same nature. I remain yours sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

Should you be in London, and make use of my name to Mr. Atkinson, Somerset Herald, Heralds' Office, he'll do anything he can for you, and let you search any books you like, or Brisco would go with you to him; and he is in No. 2, Stone Buildings, Lincoln's Inn.

II.

To C. K. SHARPE, Esq. Hoddam Castle.

Dear Sharpe, Mainsforth, Oct. 20, 1804.

I am afraid it will not be in my power to leave home this autumn, as I am engaged in considerable perplexity as a trustee for some of my friends, whose circumstances have been embarrassed. I would have written sooner, but hoped that the beginning of this month I should have been at liberty, and intended to have spent a few weeks in Cumberland and Scotland. Brisco has been here, and went to Carlisle or Crofton last week, and I was sorry I could not accompany him. He said if he had a couple of days to spare he would see you; so it is not improbable you may see a lean, Don Quixotic figure (for he is thinner than ever) ride up to the walls of your castle and demand admittance. I have not been much in the way of obtaining any books, but have left a commission with Todd at York to lay hands on Lord Dundee, should he meet with it. It was in his catalogue two years ago, bound up with an account of some witchcraft at Glenluce, and the dealings of a malignant spirit (I suppose a Presbyterian one) in Ayrshire. Perhaps you have obtained Dundee or the other books by this time. I have lately renewed an acquaintance with a curious kind of character whom I knew many years ago, who is now resident in London, and he seems to me as being a very probable person to delight in a search for any out-of-the-way productions, and if you have been still unsuccessful, or wish to procure any other antique pamphlets, &c., if you will name them, I'll write to him as for myself, and I think it may be a very good channel, as he has, I know, a great indefatigability and a natural love for the occult sciences, and, being by profession an author, is of course in the habit of frequenting booksellers' shops.

I have got by me a thin volume in quarto, containing "The Laws and Acts of the First Parliament of Charles II. held at Edinburgh 1661, 1 Jan. collected from the Rolls by Sir Archd. Primrose." Most of these acts are merely things of course to restore matters to the old channel. But some of them contain the names of commissioners for raising sums, &c. in different counties. I do not see your name in Dumfries, but there are those of Grierson, Queensberry, Maxwell, &c. and there are some notices of private acts, ratifications, &c. which may give a little light into the state of particular families, but nothing very interesting; and you may probably *(illegible)* possess it included in some larger collection: however, if you choose, it is much at your service, and I'll either reserve it for you, or send it, as you choose. Together with it are bound up some of Oliver Cromwell's English Ordinances, 1654. I have never met with anything else relative to Scotland since I saw you, and have only to apologise for troubling you so long about trifles.

If you should travel southwards, and can take this in your way, you will find me here, I think, till towards the spring, May, and June, when I shall probably be in London, and hope in the course of the summer we shall meet. If you have ever any heraldic queries, I shall always be glad and able to procure you as much information as the English College of Arms affords, or to be of use to your researches in any other way, except in any design you may entertain of restoring the Pope or the Pretender, which I shall always most certainly oppose; but you may write a[bout it] as much as you choose, as I am convinced that the more the matter is inquired into, even by the most partial asserter of *Jure Divino*, the more will the beauty and holiness of the Whig cause be made manifest. You perceive I have shewn my cloven foot at parting; but believe me, *usque ad sceptra et aras*, yours sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

I have constructed a new room for my books, and have, in consequence, brought down stairs into the room in which the books before were two couple of Ancestors, both very ugly and frightful. I don't think they yield to Lady Southesk one bit, particularly the ladies.

III.

To

SIR, [About 1804.*]

A small quarto has lately fallen in my way, entitled, "British and Outlandish Prophecies; by Thomas Pugh, gentleman, 1658." The predictions which pass under the names of Merlin and Taliessin are given in the original Welsh, and translated into English, quatrain by quatrain.

It is well known that these Prophecies all point at the restoration of the sceptre to the royal blood of Wales, and that their scope has been supposed to be fulfilled by the elevation of the House of Tudor. They have also, at various times and under various titles, been re-published to support the respective pretensions of the Regent Albany, James I., Charles II., and the later princes of the unfortunate House of Stewart. Mr. Pugh has, however, with considerable ingenuity, pressed them into the service of his Protectoral Highness Oliver Cromwell, whose descent is traced from the British Princes of Powys. Charles is called the White King, the Mouldwarp, the Red Lyon, the Fleur-de-lis, the Red Rose, &c. &c. Cromwell is styled the Black Eagle, the Red Fox, the Bright Pearl of Owen, the Welsh Prince, &c.

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* Intended, apparently, for some magazine, or other periodical publication.

> "And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
> As puts me from my faith."—Hen. IV. iii. 1.

These are the British Prophecies. The "Outlandish" consist of Extracts from the Sibyls, St. Vincent, the Abbots of Werde and Cluny, St. Brigide, Nostradame, Savanarola, Grebner, Bridlington, &c. These also are applied to the Protector, whose death happened the very year this volume saw the light.

All ages have imagined their own times more extraordinary than the preceding, and a fanciful imagination might discover, in the following extracts, traces of events now passing on the stage of Europe :—

> "Jesse Rosa sanguis Bruti
> Portat crucem Jesu Christi."

"After the first eagle shall come a second with one head (for he shall be Emperor of the East and West united in one), having three score feet, for his empire shall consist of sixty kingdoms, with the colour and spite of a panther, the craft of a fox, the fierceness of a lyon.—This is either the Turk or the Roman Emperor whom the Pope shall create: whom Severus called the Black Eagle of Ligurgie, of whom Nostradame foretelleth that he shall be 'born near Italy.'"—Sibyl Erythr. p. 163.

"The nation without an head shall bear rule in those daies, and shall afterwards adhere unto the great eagle."—Sibyl Cumæa, *ibm.*

"Wolfius allegeth that when a king shall reign, twice made king, beloved both in word and deed, a certain strong man shall pluck the lilies out of the French garden, the king himself shall fall, and his people, both clergy and laity, shall perish by the sword, plague, famine, and fire."

"Blood-sheddings shall molest Brabant, Flanders, Zealand, Holland; in those daies the lilly shall wither."—Paracels. 161.

IV.

To C. K. SHARPE, Esq., Hoddam Castle.

Dear Sharpe, Mainsforth, Dec. 31, 1805.

I never was so much concerned in my life before for a Scotch nobleman as I am for Lord Dundee. To save you a long story, I told you a short one (Anglicè A LIE), saying, if I recollect, that the book was procured by a bookseller, whereas in fact it was a friend or acquaintance of mine (I don't know which to call him) who was my schoolfellow, and with whom I have since, at times, had an interrupted degree of communication, whom I desired to find it out if possible. He is (but I am not very sure of anything I say concerning him, not having seen him for twelve years), I believe, an author for the booksellers, writes in newspapers and magazines, and historical compilations; a man of some ability and good acquirements, but obliged, by penury, to a scrambling literary life. Though we had no constant intercourse, I have at times been of service to him, and he has always been ready to return the obligation, and him I employed, and he wrote to me as before stated, &c.; and I desired him to send it to you, giving a proper direction, near Ecclefechan, Carlisle—by Carlisle mail. I have had no dealing with him since, but have written on receipt of yours, to inquire and expedite; but my reason for telling you all this is, that in case you should be in London, and Dundee not previously arrive, you may, if you think proper, either send a message to, or see him. His direction is Ralph Fell, 23, Winchester Street, Pentonville. I believe he is a Whig, and was once a democrat, but in regard to Lord Dundee I think he would nevertheless be faithful, and not persecute paper nor calveskin, and as it has not arrived, I apprehend it is on some account, which I cannot discover, still in his hands. He is a man who can give you good information of booksellers likely to hold curious articles, and is perfectly acquainted with all the trade, and I seriously believe he would oblige any friend of mine to the utmost of his power, remembering on your part to treat him quasi gentleman. I here take opportunity to observe that your pecuniary obligations to me are as follows: Lord Balcarras, 3*s.* 6*d.*; Lord Dundee nothing at all, for Fell is just that kind of man that if I desire him to get me a thing of the kind he would be offended if I offered to accept it otherwise than as a present, and this is quite between him and me only. So the above sum need not press on your mind; but in regard to other reasons which may induce you to see me, I shall hope you will give as much weight as possible to them. I should have been at Hoddam last autumn, but was extremely ill for a length of time, so as quite to confine me to home, being your whoreson slow fever and ague. I shall not be from home I think till towards April, when I speculate on a journey to Oxford; but if you can think it of consequence to deviate so far out of your track, I shall be most happy to see you here. The roads, &c. you know, and have travelled, so I need not explain those circumstances. I will come for you, should the weather be suitable for such conveyance, with gig and whiskey to any point of the road you may choose. Betham, whom you have been supplying, took me by surprise with his first vol. English, or I could have illustrated and corrected some families in that part of his work very materially. In the latter part, and in Scotland, I am much at a loss, and should like to see a good Scotch baronetage, and all the Hodges and Tam-a-Kirkpatricks in goodly rows. I by no means want a fellow-feeling for your registral researches. My own topographical labours for this county require equally minute attention, and now and then a curious refreshing anecdote repays a world of trouble. I think if I go to London in the spring, it will be chiefly almost to search in the Heralds' Office and the Prerogative Court, for explanatory wills. While I think of it, if you are in London and wish to see the stores of the Heralds' Office (there is a . . . . . I don't know if a ring or not, taken from James IV. by Lord Surrey at Floddon), only use my name to William Radclyffe, Esq. Rouge Croix Pursuivant, who has chambers near the gateway in the Heralds' Office (Benet's Hill, just by St. Paul's), and he'll shew you the whole *con amore*, both out of regard to me and the venerable study of antiquities. Should he be absent, John Atkinson, Somerset Herald, will be equally attentive; but I mention Radclyffe as being more scientific. The other will be quite as willing to serve you, and you may have what extracts you will on the strength of my name. You will see the ancient Court of Honour and Chivalry, the marshal's staves, &c. Next door is a refiner of sugars, and it is ten to one the whole office is sometime consumed by fire from that execrable cause.

R. S

The seed arrived very safe. Many thanks.

I believe I had your former letter, and remember searching for Afra or Africa, Lady of the Isle of Man, but could find nothing to the purpose.

V.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, Oct. 8, 1806.

I return you many thanks for your friend's pedigree, which I have sent you back by a safe conveyance. I was in some hopes I might have seen you here in the assize week. Whenever it is in your power to spend a day with me, I shall be truly happy to see you. I am, dear Sir, yours very sincerely,

R. Surtees.

VI.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, Jan. 26, 1807.

Will you permit me to inquire of you on behalf of W. Scott, author of the Lay of the Last Minstrel, whether you have in your possession any MSS. of your late uncle, relative to Border Poetry, and if so, whether amongst them you have ever met with two ballads; the one "Musgrave's Good-night,"* the last poetical and dying speech and confession of one Musgrave, executed as a border free-booter at Carlisle; the other, to which Mr. Scott attaches more importance, a piece of rude poetry in a very irregular stanza, with an outrageously wild chorus, entitled, "The Raid of Rookhope" (Rookhope in Northumberland, not in Weardale), giving a curious account of several of the Northumberland clans. As he formerly saw both these in Mr. Ritson's hands (who did not at that time offer him copies, from an intention of himself editing some work inclusive of them), he applied to me, knowing I was in some degree acquainted with Mr. Ritson, to learn any probable account of the hands into which they might be supposed to have fallen. He wishes, if recoverable, to enrich with them a future edition of his Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, and I was naturally led to apply to you for information on the subject, if any exists. Musgrave I verily think I myself copied for him at his desire from the Pepysian Collection, Cambridge, but cannot speak accurately. I feel happy in any opportunity of renewing, even by letter, my acquaintance with you. I go little from home, and have never been at Stockton. Should business or leisure lead you this way, your company would at all times be a sincere pleasure to me. I am, dear Sir, your very obliged servant,

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* See pp. 35, 58.

† See p. 35, &c.

R. SURTEES.

VII.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

DEAR SIR, Mainsforth, Feb. 4, 1807.

I feel myself much obliged by your attention to my request on behalf of Mr. Scott. Though that gentleman entitles the ballad he inquires after the "Raid of Rookhope," and says he conceives it to refer to the district of Tyndale, in Northumberland; yet, I have little doubt that the piece in your possession is the identical one in question, for a person ignorant of the topography, and quoting memoriter, might easily make some mistake; and from your account it appears that the ballad does in fact relate to the freebooters of Tynedale. As the plan of his work does not seem to be strictly confined to border contests between the Scotch and English, but also to be intended to include intestine feuds, &c. between clans of the same nation resident near the borders, I have no doubt that your permission to insert the Rookhope ballad, such as it is, in his next edition would be esteemed as a favour, and if at your leisure you would favour me with a copy of it I will take care to transmit it, and if not too troublesome a request I should also feel obliged to you for a transcript of "Plumpton Park." As soon as I hear from you I will write to Mr. Scott. Your note on the "Lykewake Dirge," will be a very desirable illustration. I have no doubt in case he have any letters or other memorials of your uncle Ritson that he will have great pleasure in communicating them, or in obtaining for you anything to which he can have access. I will mention Lord Woodhouselee, with whom I know him to be acquainted, and should any probable source of obtaining interesting information occur to you, I am certain that he would pay the utmost attention to any application from you. In the mean while I will take care to mention the subject to him as soon as I hear from you. The little intercourse I had with your uncle myself was personal, and I have only one letter in my hands, desiring access and liberty of transcribing (which I procured him) to the Inner Temple Library, for what purpose is not expressed, nor do I remember. I am, dear Sir, with sincere regard and respect, your very obliged servant,

R. SURTEES.

VIII.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

DEAR SIR, Mainsforth, Feb. 13, 1807.

I feel extremely obliged to you for the two copies of Rookhope, one of which I have this day sent to Edinburgh, and shall retain the other as a great curiosity. I have stated fully and in your own words your intention of doing justice to the memory of your relative, and have given Mr. Scott your direction, at the same time offering to transmit any thing myself that he may wish through that means to communicate.

I lament that my acquaintance with Mr. Ritson * (which was during the three or four last years of his life) was, as I before stated, entirely personal. But I am ready to testify either in word or in print that the impression I received of his character, as far as my own knowledge of him extended, was that of extreme friendship and readiness to communicate any knowledge in his power with the utmost liberality and kindness. My services done for him never extended further than copying or obtaining copies and collations of a few old ballads and metrical compositions at Cambridge and Oxford, in return for which he always exerted himself to the utmost of his power to give me assistance from his own collections, or point out where I might meet with the requisite information on any subject (chiefly of topography) which interested me. The antiquarian stores of the British Museum, which he had been long accustomed to range in, were rendered doubly useful to me from his assistance. His irritability of temper and occasional sallies of passion seemed to me (and many an hour spent in his company I remember with pleasure) always directed against the offence rather than the offender. To literary imposition as tending to perplex the path of inquiry he gave no quarter, and, as his own veracity and fidelity were conspicuous, he was the less able to conceive the motives that could lead others to literary frauds. But his animadversions always seemed to me to be strictly confined to the fact in question, and I have heard him in particular speak with the utmost candour of Bishop Percy, allow him a hundred good qualities, but end (and very

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* Page 139, &c.

properly) with a severe animadversion on his unwarrantable liberties in the alteration of pieces which he professes to give as genuine. I should not have troubled you with all this had I not been somewhat surprised and not a little hurt to find that Ritson had enemies, who would endeavour to represent him as unkind, ferocious, or unsocial. I see no reviews, read no books of controversy, seldom any of criticism, as I never apply to a note till I cannot get any further with the text, and I have little wish to exchange the productions of former ages for the little I see of the effusions of the present day. I know, therefore, little of what has been said of Ritson, but I should say of him that he was irritable, strongly attached to historical and literary veracity in transcription or composition, and of course inveterate against the breach of it, but one who on every other point could, I should have imagined, scarce have created an enemy. In his modest and retired walk of life his speculative opinions could I think offend no one. He was as unobtrusive in regard to a world, which as to any practical point he scarce mingled with, as could be conceived, and in his literary pursuits he was always ready to give and ready to acknowledge assistance. To what he did not perfectly know he never pretended. To the humble and unassuming he was uniformly friendly, and an enemy, I verily believe, only to imposition and impudence. I have given you my sentiments, which have sprung from the occasion *currente calamo et fervente animo*, for Ritson's memory I love and respect, and if you can point out any way in which I can assist your plan of collection or biography, it will always be an office I shall perform with pleasure. I remain, your very obedient servant,

R. SURTEES.

You will receive the deeds signed herewith.

IX.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

DEAR SIR, Hendon, near Sunderland, Feb. 28, 1807.

I inclose you a few letters of Mr. Ritson's to Mr. Scott; and I send you Mr. Scott's letter inclosing them (which I will beg you to preserve for me), that you may have his additional testimony as to Ritson's freedom in giving and receiving information. He does not mention any application to Lord Woodhouselee or others, but his letter you will see is written in haste, and I will again mention the subject as I have some future occasion for correspondence with him. I presume you received the deed safe. I send this direct by the mail from Sunderland, and hope in a short time to be at Stockton and spend a few hours with you. When you have done with them I will send the letters back to Edinbro' with some other things. I am, with sincere respect, your very obliged,

R. SURTEES.

X.

To C. K. SHARPE, Esq.

DEAR SHARPE, Mainsforth, May 3, 1807.

I have been tempted (on the chance of your being at Hoddam) to send you Brand's * Catalogue of Books, now on sale (May 6 to June 17th) in London. It contains many articles which may seem of interest to you in your Scotch researches.

4255. Dundee, &c. This book constitutes my chief reason for troubling you with the catalogue, as I know not whether you are already provided with it or not. There is, I believe, a great mania amongst collectors at present, and an auction-room is not the place to buy scarce tracts cheap; but, if you choose to go to any particular price for any article, and will write a line to Benj. Uphill, bookseller, 2, May's Buildings, St. Martin's Lane, London, he will, I dare say, execute any commission faithfully for you at the sale. This I mention lest you should be at a loss for an agent on the occasion. You will, I think, be amused with some of the titles of old tracts. I have reason to think most of Brand's books were very dirty, and in general in slovenly condition, so if you are attached to bindings take that into consideration. I send you also a MS. book which fell by accident into my hands lately, entitled "Secret History of the Church of Scotland," &c. by one John Kirkton.† It seems written on the wrong side, and complains bitterly of poor folk being forced to go to hear "ane sinful and ignorant curate." So, if it is of any import or curiosity, and not (which it probably may) a mere transcript of some printed book already in your possession, you must say *Fas est ab hoste doceri.*

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* The Rev. J. Brand, author of a History of Newcastle, Secretary of the Society of Antiquaries, &c.

† The MS., as we shall see, was for a while lost on the road. It was printed by Mr. Sharpe in 1817, together with an account of the murder of Archbishop Sharp, by Russell.

I sent your parcel directed near Ecclefechan, Carlisle, to Greta Bridge, whence I hope it would go by the Glasgow mail; but lest it should not make its appearance, I thought it safest to send a letter by the post to inform you of it. You should have had the catalogue sooner, but it arrived here when I was from home, and I only got it two days ago.

This point dismissed; what chance have I of ever seeing you here this summer, or at what future time may I look for you? I have certainly as little claim as any one, either to a visit or a letter from you, as I am of all men both the worst visitor and correspondent, nor do I think it will be in my power this spring or summer to leave home; but, should you be travelling to or from the South, it would be a most sincere gratification to me if I could induce you to take this road for once, and I can promise you conveyance to any place or places you choose to see, in a safe gig and steady horse and careful driver. I have never seen Brisco since his marriage, which I think you would hear of, nor do I know whether he is in London or in the country. I do not think he resides much in Cumberland, otherwise you may perhaps see him crossing the border. As for myself, I am quite rooted to the soil. Three employments, gardening, planting trees, and topographical collections, are my chief occupations, and I neither meddle with volunteers nor elections. If you come here you will find every thing very quiet, even though it were in the middle of a contest for county and city, which is just now on the point of commencing, unless one of our candidates, Sir H. Vane, be swallowed up in the sea between Portpatrick and Donaghadie.*

When you feel perfectly at leisure to bestow a line on one who, though you do not often hear of him, seldom forgets you, I shall be glad to learn where you are and what, whether a Scottish squire or an English divine, and particularly whether I may have any hope of seeing you here. I am yours, very sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

XI.

To MISS A. ROBINSON, MIDDLE HENDON, SUNDERLAND.†

DEAR ANNE, Mainsforth, May 24, 1807.

I had your mother's letter yesterday, and have also heard of you from Mr. Eden, whom I have twice seen here. I am writing to you in the midst of applications from candidates, voters and canvassers, and therefore you must not expect any thing very consistent from me. From peculiar circumstances that have arisen, I have taken so great an interest in the present contest that I shall scarcely leave this part of the country till the termination of it. So when you hear of the members being chaired, you may begin to get a cool room ready for me; and, meanwhile two or three dozen of strait-waistcoats for myself and some of my friends will be the best thing you can send us. In this parish of Middleham we are nearly all polled off, and consequently are now a political *caput mortuum*, but we still continue smoking like the crater of a volcano after an eruption. This day or to-morrow, probably, Lord Darlington's determination (who could foresee the strange events of last Wednesday?) will be known, which will have great, perhaps irresistible, influence in deciding the thing one way or other. The best news after all, independent of all parties, is that every thing is carried on with great peace and composure and with very little personal ill-temper. Our poor dear Vicar has been practising on horseback again, and sprained his ancle, and is for the present *hors du combat*, unable to reach Durham. I mean, however, with great liberality, though of the opposite party, to take him to Durham in the gig to vote on Monday or Tuesday if the poll continues. * * * To conclude this in the true electioneering spirit, I send you the latest state of the poll (even Sir Henry's warmest friends did not expect the pulse of independence to beat so high), and an election squib, which I select on account of a tolerable pun:—

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* See the next letter.

† Afterwards Mrs. Surtees.

Sat. Evening.	Single Votes.	Split.	Total.
Vane, Tempest . . .	374	189	563
Milbanke . . .	51	523	574
Ellison . . .	24	372	396

Stockton Ward polled, Vane, 93; Milbanke, 77; Ellison, 10. In Chester, Ellison and Vane, equal; Milbanke, first. In Darlington, Vane, first.

Whilst Whigs and Tories join with lawless might,
And coalitions base their force unite;
In spite of all their art and lies and malice,
Still volunteering Plumpers fill our tallies ;
And strange to say no voter will complain,
Should all our efforts terminate in Vane.

That you may not think me quite irretrievably crazy, I inform you that Smales, like a wise man who foresaw the storm, and could not tell how long it would last, has got all the parchment part of the transaction finished. * * Moreover, I have such a fine blow of anemonies and ranunculus and just going to poll (? blow) that I think I would venture a contest with Mr. Arlot. Your thistle thrives tolerably.

P.S. Sunday evening, 6 o'clock. *The Election is over.* I have just had a letter to say Mr. Ellison has resigned all pretensions. I am, however, so tired and fatigued that I must take a day or two's cooling before I can appear. I can safely say that I have not asked a vote; but all in this parish have been on one side, except the Vicar and Clerk, and they have behaved with great liberality. I wish all in this county had done the same. I fear they have excited a lasting odium by their interference. Wm. Smith my cousin, your late neighbour, is here to vote, in right of his house in Durham.

XII.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, June 8, 1807.

I have had no earlier opportunity of sending the inclosed letter. Mr. Scott's own epistle will explain why it did not come with the others. I have not heard since from him, nor do I know whether he has yet returned to Scotland. When I see him or write to him, I will again mention the probability of other documents being in the possession of Lord Woodhouselee or others. If you have perfectly finished all extracts or copies of the papers I formerly transmitted, Mr. Smales will convey them safe to me. If not, I will find an opportunity of getting them all together. Should you be at Durham at the assizes, I should hope for your company here for a day, or at any other time when in your power. I am yours sincerely, in haste,

R. Surtees.

XIII.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

Dear Sir, Tuesday, 9 June, 1807.

I am vexed you should have had the trouble of sending so far. I thought Smales would stay over to-day at Stockton to meet the Ords on business. I wish I could convey your wishes to Mr. Scott. At present I know not where he is, in London or in Edinburgh. I certainly expected him on his return. I wished for the papers back because I apprehended he might call here unexpectedly, and in that view I shall beg leave, for a short time, to retain your Border Ballads, that he may inspect them. If I do not hear soon from him, I shall write to Edinburgh on the supposition he is returned. I hope it may be in my power to see you at Stockton soon, but my time is a little uncertain at present. I am going to Harrogate towards the end of the month, probably *viâ* Stockton, but shall return before the assizes. I am, &c.

R. S.

XIV.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, June 14, 1807.

I have just this moment had a letter from Mr. Scott, apologising (on account of election and law business) for not calling here on his way home. I mention this on account of your law question, as you may now, I suppose, address him, Castle Street, Edinburgh. I will, if you will permit me, retain your papers in hand till I receive an answer from him whether a transcript of any part would be of service, and I will mention your request as to the translation of Les Souvenirs, &c. As soon as I hear from him, I will take care to return the papers safe to you, as I can transcribe any part wanted, or collate such as are printed. I think I shall have some papers coming in a short time from another friend at Edinburgh, and, if so, will desire Mr. Scott to leave the desired translation with my friend there, to send with them. I am, with many obligations, yours very sincerely,

R. Surtees.

XV.

To C. K. SHARPE, Esq.

Dear Sharpe, July, 1807.

I am extremely vexed that you have not received Kirkton, as I fear, from the lapse of time, it is lost. What inquiry can be made shall, and the entry in the books referred to. It must be lost through mere carelessness, as I think few guards, drivers, or book-keepers, would conceive a *penchant* for it. If I recover it, or gain any intelligence of it, I'll write to you.

I will now proceed, after this lamentable *hiatus literarius*, to touch on a few other points mentioned in your most amusing and enlivening epistle.

* * * *

Lesley's letter to Sir Peter Riddell (lay impropriator of the Hospital of St. Edmund's, Gateshead, a steady loyalist and ancestor to the Roman Catholic families of Riddell of Swinburn Castle and Cheeseburn Grange, co. Northumberland, still dwelling in the Catholic odour of sanctity and the more temporal blessing of large estates,) found its way first into a Newcastle newspaper. The original, or what is termed such, but which I suspect to be a waggish imposture (perhaps of date not much less ancient than the supposed transaction) is now in the hands of William Ward Jackson, of Normanby, Esq. Yorkshire (gentleman commoner of Christ Church), whose father was once a dealer in corn, hops, &c. in Newcastle, and rescued said letter from a parcel of waste paper or the wrapping of a parcel which came to him in the way of business. He shewed it to an uncle of mine, Ambler, a lawyer, Recorder of Durham, a man of great wit and humour, who sent a copy to the Editor of the Newcastle paper, and bid Jackson preserve it as an inestimable treasure. It appears to be half of a letter-back torn off, pale ink, no seal, strong, coarse hand.* In Rushworth's Historical Collections you may see, under the article of the siege of Newcastle, much authentic anecdote of the Scotch army or leaguer, as it was called; also of the march of the Scotch army through the county of Durham, the petition of the poor distressed inhabitants of the bishopric for national relief, &c. Riddell was a merchant of Newcastle, a man (as many other Newcastle merchants have been and are) of ancient family and extended property. He has a fine monument in St. Nicholas' Church, Newcastle.

My Topographical Collections go on leisurely, as amusement at vacant hours and during summer strolls. Froissart's extract I have as far as relates to the subject. I wish they would publish the original French and also Berners' translation, instead of modernizing it. The name of Kirkpatrick I also had as one of the prisoners mentioned in an old monastic roll at Durham. If ever I come *sub prælo*, I will take care to do due honours to the name, and will *mak' all sicker*. Of pic-nics I know little, neither how far they may suit Briscoe's aptitudes. My intercourse with him by letter is very occasional, nor have I ever seen his little wife; little I hear she is, and, in point of money, *multum in parvo*. Marriot, I hear, is at present better, but I always fear the insidious flatterings of consumption. A better man I believe lives not. I hear constantly of him (though not from him) by some friends of my wife's. Aye, stare as you will—my wife's; for know that I, Robert Surtees, was married (not a fortnight of my wedded life is yet elapsed) on the ——— (I have shamefully forgot the date), to Miss Anne Robinson, of Hendon, Durham, to the great satisfaction of myself and all parties concerned, and in the forty-seventh year of George the Third (what year of Henry the Ninth ?), and of my courtship the sixth, I having made love to her, as girl or woman, ever since she was fifteen (which will, added to six, give you her age to a trifle), but one cross accident or other, lingering illness, death of a sister, &c. have prevented our junction this two years. I am now, as far as sublunary transactions can be depended on, moored for life in quiet retirement, as far from pic-nic as old Nick; and, if you will come to see us, we'll go to Durham and fight over the battle of Nevil's Cross. I can shew you every spot, and will give you a coin of James the Fourth, found under Durham Bridge, which the cathedral sexton, therefore, with great plausibility, supposes was found in the breeches of King David (if he wore any) when taken prisoner. As to my wife, you'll find her quiet and gentle, and very hospitable, with sufficient good sense and beauty for the spouse of any country squire in the kingdom.

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* See above, p. 14.

With Walter Scott I have some occasional intercourse by letter, and he sent me Hogg's delightful Poems. I like his Legends, and I like his loyalty and his Scottish patriotism—" Where never Roman eagle flew," &c.

When Marmion is published you'll see, in a note, a very wild border raid-song or war-whoop, reciting a fray between two Tynedale families, which I procured from recitation. It has a strong dash of coarse humour in it, *e. g.*

Hoot, hoot, auld Albany's slain outright [*pronounced* outreet.]
    Whatever come on it,
    I'll lay my best bonnet
His wife gets a gudeman afore it be night.

It also mentions "the Bailey of Haltwhistle, &c." *

I write this from Harrogate, where I shall be for a few days to come: then at home all the autumn.

R. SURTEES.

The cymbelaria lives, but can scarce be said to flourish. It is not equal to Oxford.

XVI.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

DEAR SIR, Mainsforth, Jan. 23, 1808.

I have returned you the two volumes you sent, which I think very superior to the performances generally included under the name of Novel. The characters are most excellently supported: the variety of scenes introduced, the inhabitants of the old Welsh castle, the Dean and his Lady, &c. are all such as would, in manufacturing hands, have been spun out into as many volumes as your friend gives us chapters. He can never want new sources of composition. More of this when we meet. At present we are not immediately likely to do so, as, in consequence of a brother of my wife's going abroad, our departure for London, which was intended for March or April, is fixed for next week. We shall probably be absent six weeks. If I can collate any MSS. for you, or make any attempts to procure any, relative to your uncle or his works or Shakespeare, let me know and I'll do my best. Direct at Charles Page's, Esq. 79, Upper Guildford Street. I inclose a letter of your uncle's which I could never before find, though I mentioned it to you. I have not yet heard from W. Scott, but Marmion, I think, is published. If it arrives in my absence I have desired it might be sent to you as soon as one friend in this neighbourhood has seen it. When I hear from him I will remember your request. I am, yours, with sincere regard,

R. SURTEES.

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* See p. 237.

XVII.

To Mrs. SURTEES.*

Dear Anne, March, 1808.

I have been, you will perceive, weak and wicked enough to send for you to-day. I will lend you out another time again, but I really cannot spare you longer now. I have been all last night more unwell than I ever was, I think, since I have been under your care, and I have been obliged to be Simpsonized, and am still in durance. My stomach has been revenging itself upon my bowels for all the affronts it has suffered in London, and between them I have had a weary time, and thought of Anne, Mainsforth and [here is a greyhound in outline].

I really would not ask you to come home, but that I am all the worse for being solitary. It is not now as formerly. I am used to you, and can't leave you off. Mrs. Page has been very good to me, and sent me broth and offered me a fowl for dinner, which I reserve for you to-morrow. I hope I shall get better now, but am not to go out to-morrow unless I improve, and I wish to have you with me in the evening; but, if you like to stay and dine at Streatham, I do not wish you to come here in the morning. I don't like being ill in London at all. There is a letter from Miss Ambler. The school does not go on very well, for she has all the labour * * * Tom Taylor walks about Middleham, and old Nixon's ghost at Mainsforth; John Rowntree saw it. I hope to see you to-night, and am (not daring to send my respects to your friends at Streatham, whom I am robbing) yours, in earnest, longing and pining,

R. Surtees.

Thursday Morning, 2 o'clock.

I will write a line to you at night before I go to bed; perhaps I may not be up in the morning. I shall send the chaise soon, that the horses may rest if you choose to come to dinner.

9 o'clock, Thursday.

I am going to bed, I hope to sleep; faint and weary. I have been quieter lately, and hope I shall be better to-morrow, but I feel so desolate here that I must desire to see you. If I do but know that you are coming at night it will be a comfort to me; but I thought to send the chaise early, that Marg^{t}. might use it after; but she will have Mr. Nash's if she goes out, so don't let that hurry you away sooner than you wish; Henry will wait your time, and I don't want him here. There is a dinner in the house for me if they can either boil or roast it. My broth to day was Ormond manufacture, but it was no matter to me, as it happened, what it was. I am told not to go out, but staying in does me no good as to general condition. I believe all are well in Guildford Street.

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* See p. 154.

[Here stands upon the letter a pen-and-ink sketch of Mainsforth and a dog scampering on the lawn, with Marble Hill and the fish-pond in the back-ground.]

XVIII.

To C. K. SHARPE, Esq.

Dear Sharpe, London, Mar. 14, 1808.

I have for some time felt the pangs of conscience, on account of your letter still unanswered. For the whole time since its date, however, I have not to answer. It just arrived after I had left home, and has pursued me to London by a rather circuitous route. We have been here some time, and shall be till the beginning or middle of May, and if you will give me any commissions for you I will execute them to the best of my ability, either as to books, prints, or extracts from any of the MS. repositories here. Have you got Dundee? I saw it in a catalogue the other day, but, on inquiry, it was sold. I thank you for your Durham extract, which is new to me and most curiously absurd. I go on collecting and collecting, but as to publishing, I fear dealing with printers and engravers worse than critics. If they mauled your volume of poems, what will they do with a heavy volume of topography, full of uncouth names, law-latin, and old English, a noble field for errata? I got your poems,* and have been most highly gratified, not less by the poetry than notes. Your account of the overloading Holyrood House Chapel is the most satisfactory account that could have been given; Julian of the Bower is sweetly pretty, and the Countess of Roxburgh most delightfully arch, and reminds me so much of Charles Sharpe, that I long for Christ Church again, notwithstanding the appendages of Carey and a long list of frightful spectres that rise in review at the name. It strongly reminds me of a lady whom you were determined to call Lady Southesk, and who, perhaps, now enjoys the title. I was extremely struck with the lines on Guise. Amidst some strange conceits, they possess, at least in your version, a romantic air of sorrow that is not always found in attempts of the same kind, either of the *temps passé* or present; but the *bas de soie incarnat* in the note, which set the French son of a b—— a-crying, is exquisite.

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* Metrical Legends and other Poems. Lond. 1807. 8vo.

I wish you would give us a few more translations of the best pieces of Boccace, in the style of your Lorenzo and Isabella. They remind me of Dryden's Tales and Translations, which were always peculiar favourites with me. These kind of stories are, I think, much better in verse than in roundabout half-poetic prose.

You ask me about the Duke of Bucks, and I will refer you for a very particular account of his death and other circumstances of interest to the Gentleman's Magazine for 1786, vol. i. for March, page 203, et seq. where there is an original letter of Lord Arran's, who attended him on his death-bed, and two other letters concerning him. One gives the register of his burial at Kirby Moorside:—

"Gorges vilaus Lord dooke of bookingam, buried Ap. 17, 1687."

This letter is signed "W. C." I suppose Wm. Comber, Rector of Kirby Moorside, and a very aged man, grandson to Dean Comber of Durham, 100 years ago. The account referred to at p. 19 of the same volume is evidently false. You know that the Duke's estate, Helmsley (which his father got by the Earl of Rutland's daughter), now Duncombe Park, was purchased by Sir Anthony Duncombe, Knt. who is said to have embezzled King James the Second's money, which he held as private treasurer or cofferer at the Revolution, "and Helmsley once, &c. slides to a scrivener or a city knight," to wit, Duncombe, whose descendants still hold it, and have behaved as much like gentlemen as any Norman among them all.

I cannot part with you without thanking you for your hit at Peerage mongers, and I assure you, in my department of Durham, if ever it sees light, I shall cover no wine or oil-casks with fur or ermine.

Do write to tell me what I can do for you here? What Scottish knight shall I hunt for, "Quem virum aut heroa?" I have not yet seen Marmion. There is a copy lying for me at Mainsforth, but it is scarce out here yet. Cannot you come and visit us at Mainsforth this summer? You shall have ease and quiet, and some of my father's best drawings at your discretion. We shall be at home all the summer. Believe me, with sincere regard for the Castellan of Hoddam and all his liege subjects, yours,

R Surtees.

XIX.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

DEAR SIR. Upper Guildford Street, 15 Mar. 1808.

I write to you *in forma pauperis*, as money will not buy what I ask, to desire, if in your power, that you would oblige me with a copy of the Raid of Rookhope for a gentleman here, who has all your uncle's publications except that one (John Delafield Phelps, of Gloucestershire, and of Lincoln's Inn, Esq.). He did not personally know Mr. Ritson, but I hope to be able by his means to come at some documents for you, and even not improbably to cajole and dulcify Mr. Douce, with whom Phelps has considerable acquaintance. He was as much surprised as I was at his behaviour, but he promises to take the *mollia tempora fandi*, and I hope he will still procure from him some documents. The publication I ask for will certainly propitiate the literary gods, and, though I do not doubt Mr. Phelps's disinterested good will, will, I think, ensure him by way of retainer; and, if you can, send a copy. In case you want one, I will get mine copied in MS. (as I do not care much what form I have a thing in), and return it to you. I cannot direct any friend where to find it, or would have sent for that. I have spoken to Heber, and he thinks he has some letters of Ritson's, if not destroyed; but he is a man of all others the least to be relied on for accuracy of search, and I despair of any other than accidental treasure-trove. I will try through different agents what I can do with all the persons you mention. I know none of them myself. My stay here will be prolonged till May, and if you can give me any new hints how to be of use to you, I shall be happy to execute them to the best of my ability. If you can send a Rookhope, don't mind postage, but inclose it to me. You shall have mine when I return home. Pray what is the Bishopric Garland, a thing said to be so called, and sold amongst the late Shakespearian Reed's collection this winter? said in catalogue to be by your uncle, and printed at Stockton-on-Tees. Is it the few sheets of Rookhope, &c. or something else? I cannot trace into whose hands it passed from the sale catalogue, being paid for at the time—ten shillings, and marked "money," in which case the name is not inserted I hope you have the Marmion by this time. I had a letter from Scott, advertising me that it was sent to Mainsforth, and I desired Miss Ambler to forward it to you when it arrived. You may keep it till I return. I have scarce seen it, it is in such request here. It contains much fine description of feudal times, castles, &c., and some beautiful bursts of poetry, but on the whole I think by no means equal to the Lay, and it seems in some measure put together hastily. I am yours very sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

Is Graves's Cleveland out yet? Mr. Phelps is now on the Western circuit, or would have probably attacked Douce, by sap or storm. He returns in a fortnight, and I hope we shall effect something.

XX.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

DEAR SIR, April, 1808.

Will you have the goodness to send Marmion direct to Bishop Auckland when you have read it, directed to Mr. Sherwood there. He has just written to know if I have yet got it. If there is no direct conveyance to Auckland, be so good as to send it to Mainsforth, and say on the cover "To be sent to Mr. Sherwood." My friends are not yet returned from the Western circuit, but I hope soon to make an attack in your favour. The books will prove battering-rams. I can scarce save the post, and am sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

XXI.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

DEAR SIR, Mainsforth, June 30, 1808.

I take an opportunity by Mr. Jackson's servant, who is waiting at the door, to inform you of my return home, and to say I shall be happy to see you here at any time, and shall not be from home. I have not as yet, but am in strong hope of procuring you, materials from two quarters, Heber, and more from W. Scott, who may probably be here in a short time, and will bring your papers with him, which I am sorry have been detained so long. Uncivil Douce is most ferocious, I hear, and will do nothing. You must subpœna him. I am, in haste, yours, &c.

R. SURTEES.

XXII.

To Mrs. SURTEES.

Dear Annie, [Carlisle,] Monday morning, [Autumn, 1808.]

I spent yesterday one of the pleasantest days of my life with John Atkinson,* and good family. John is much better, and wanted me to stay with him, and thinks some time to get as far as Mainsforth. I saw a beautiful wild country; and Low House, where we dined, is just the very centre of a bason of rude hills, exactly on the brink of the Eden, in a thick tuft of oak-wood, and in the inside of the house every thing plain and comfortable. This morning Henry,† though better, (is) not yet out of the house, but he sat up some hours yesterday evening without any return of cold or hot fit, but he is almost too weak to stand, and I think we cannot get away these two days, and perhaps then he must come in the coach. If we stay I shall see John again. I have this morning, Monday, an invitation to go to see ———, and will tell you how I fare before I finish this. The weather is clear, cold, and showery, with wind, and the hills thick. Bishop Goodenough is not very popular, having the ill luck to succeed Vernon, who was much beloved. This man seems more contracted; but he is little known yet. One of the prebendaries here, who are not like Durham prebendaries, when the bishop came to be inducted, said, "A's sure I seen thy fyace before: did'nt thou tought scule about Turnham Green, and skelpt bairns?" Dr. G. was a schoolmaster at Ealing, and owed his bishopric to educating the Duke of Portland's children.

Tuesday. Dear Anne,—I hope we shall be able to set off to-morrow and get to Appleby, and if Henry is well enough shall take two days more to reach home, coming down the Tees—so hope to be at Mainsforth about Friday or Saturday; shall come either by B^{d}castle or by Gretabridge. This day is so rainy we could not have come at any rate, and the weather looks very broken. The harvest is only beginning. This is a delightful clean peaceable town, and the people very civil and quiet. I drove over solo yesterday to ———, and found ——— pale and melancholy. He says he is very unwell and weak, and I think seems quite to shut himself up, having been only once in Carlisle these six weeks, and visits no one whatever. There is a brother of his wife's there, a ——— sort of man, an officer, whom ——— has little to say to. He pressed me much to stay, but I think his little insipid lady was in a fright lest you were at Carlisle; however, she was very civil. I would not stay five o'clock dinner nor sleep, but got ——— to come and see Carlisle, and gave him a beefsteak and a bottle of port at my house at the Bush, and shewed him the abbey, the castle, &c. He perpetually avoided this street and that street, because there was some one he did not wish to see, &c. &c.; all a kind of morbid shyness. He has half-promised to leave his dame a-while, and ride over to Mainsforth for a month, and thinks he wants sea-bathing. I said he might go to Hendon, but he dare not intrude, &c. and is inclined for the Inn at Seaton. I really think he looks very deplorable. He is to come in again to-day, and take a drive with me to Rose Castle, if the rain permits. I'll tell you more when we meet. I think he has got into a less prosperous state than when he was heir apparent, with a great coat and a small stock of clothes, with no money in his pockets. They keep four very fine carriage-horses, great appearance of state, &c. but he says, "Gad, sir, I'll take my horse and ride some fine morning, and send a box by the coach." I think he is in bad hands, or rather no hands at all. Atkinson was to meet us here to-day, but it rains, and he is an invalid.

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* Somerset Herald, above mentioned.

† Henry Shields; vide p. 17.

P.S.—Your letter just arrived, and the wafer made me fear a black letter. I shall hope to be at Mainsforth on Friday if weather permits, and shall forward Henry per coach if ill. My good horse is so gentle a Turk* may drive him. As ——— and I came into Carlisle, the belt that holds the shafts broke, and one of them fell quite down:

And our good horse, that was neither white nor black,
Stood still without any harness upon his back.

He was as quiet as a lamb, and stood still till we got a rope to tie the shafts up, and so came to Carlisle, like a great calf with a cord round him. I have a little cold, but am very well and spirited. Yours sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

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* A name which Mr. Surtees frequently applied to himself.

XXIII.

To Mrs. SURTEES.

Dear Anne, Mainsforth, 1 June, 1809, Thursday.

I came home yesterday fearing it should rain to-day, and the event proved the wisdom thereof, for, since three o'clock yesterday till the present two to-day, it has never ceased pouring down in floods. I never saw so much wet stand here in summer. The laburnum bloom is drenched, the columbines have their necks broken, and a large juniper is weighed down with the load of water. The carrs are flooded, so to-morrow we shall see Edward Smith's damages by his neighbours' not draining very satisfactorily. I left all well at Hendon * * * * Your mother reads Cœlebs. Every body praises it, and few will practise it.

It has rained all day, and so I should have been unable to wander on the banks of the Nidd, but must have sat in the cage and heard the Bilton nightingales from morn till eve.

I shall send home the Dean and Chapter books early next week, and shall then give my hand and my mind a holiday, and read Divinity, Greek, and Latin poetry for a month, besides what I meet of rare or new at Hargrove's* antique desk. There is an iron chest full of obsolete papers placed at my disposal at Charles Spearman's at Thornley, and I shall send the cart for them. Do not be afraid. They are, I am sure, not such as will occupy much time—title-deeds, &c., of which three parts in four are formal, and not like Hunter's Essence and Extract.† Here we have the whole carcass, and I shall only suck the blood. I gave Charles a call for the purpose on coming home. He is brisk, and thoughtless, and good-tempered as ever. Mr. Thurlow is coming to Houghton speedily. Davison the clerk has been, and is, very consumptively ill. Having not had a letter this day to answer, I shall send this to reach you before you leave Bilton, as I expect. The rain stands every where, except on our walk. There are puddles on the grass plot, and leaves are beat off the plane-trees. It has never ceased, and still pours at five o'clock. Mr. Baker has sent me a note to ask some questions about Stockton, and to say the stall is not yet given away. Dr. Bell has got Sherburn surely. Good lack, have you heard that ——— has been delivered of a young chaplain? I hope he will be as good as his father. God send it. * * * * *. I have had no communication from Middleham, except by Bradley, who came here, he says, for fun. Old Crosby's widow is somewhat better, but can never do anything again to help herself. I feel uncertain when to come to Harrogate; not next week I think. I mean, if well, which I am now, to go to Durham on topographical business for a few days. I am, &c.

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* Mr. Hargrove, a bookseller in Harrogate, and the author of a History of Knaresborough and the neighbourhood, which is still popular.

† Allusion is here made to the topographical collections of Christopher Hunter, M.D. in the Library of the Dean and Chapter of Durham.—For a memoir of Hunter, see Nichols's Literary Anecdotes, vol. viii. p. 282.

R. SURTEES.

Mrs. Surtees, John Watson's, Esq.
Bilton Park, Knaresborough.

I am perfectly mad (quietly) for news from Portugal.

XXIV.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

DEAR SIR, Mainsforth, Oct. 23, 1809.

I hope you will receive your papers safe by the carrier. I have perused your answer with the most minute attention, and can find no possible objection to it. I obeyed the injunction contained in some sapient author, I forget whom, directing in a doubtful case to identify as much as possible one's self with the adversary, to adopt his ideas, and I think he adds, if possible, to look like him, which I did not attempt. * * * * Weber* has made three or four gross genealogical blunders, and it seems his Glossary is not very perfect. I mean (writing to Scott), to transmit a few corrections. Would you wish (or not) to have any of your glossarial corrections communicated? Believe me, sincerely yours,

R. SURTEES.

A new edition of the Border Minstrelsy is in the press much enlarged. I enclose 1*l.* 9*s.* for paper, which suits well. I shall be constantly at home as far as I know till Christmas, and shall be glad to see you, whether you come with a premeditated design, or drop from the clouds—whether malice aforethought, or chance-medley.

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* In his "Floddon Field," see p. 97, above.

XXV.

ROUGH COPY OF A LETTER TO SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(See above, p. 81. The following particulars were not sent.)

1809.

Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of Hell to trace.

From such a title what can you expect but ghosts and goblins damn'd? A collection far inferior to the romantic diablerie of Scotland, but which, such as it is, you should have received sooner had not Rookhope been in the hands of a friend at some distance.

THE BROWN MAN OF THE MUIRS.

(As in p. 81.)

THE WORM OF LAMBTON.

(As above, p. 82, only after the paragraph, p. 84, ending with "the sheets," we have)

In a pedigree of Lambton, compiled or copied by Fras. Myddleton, of Offerton, Esquire, a relative of the family, now in the possession of Mr. Wharton, of Old Park, is inserted the following marginal note, which, from the style of spelling, seems taken from some older record:—"Johan Lambeton, that slewe the Worme, was Knight of Rhoodes and Lord of Lambeton and Wod-Apilton after y^{e} dethe of fower brothers sans esshewe male. His son Robert Lampton was drowned at the New Brigg," *i.e.* a bridge near Chester. Now, though this John is not to be identified in the pedigree (which is a very loose and imperfect one), yet, that he certainly did exist, and at a very convenient time for slaying the Worm, is proved by the following records, viz. the will of Eliz. Lambton, widow, 1439, 27 August, who mentions her son John Lambton, "miles," and the will of Robert Lambton, Esquire, son of said Eliz. who leaves "Johanni Lambton militi de Rhodes fratri meo v£." From this Robert nine lineal descents would, I think, extend to Henry Lambton, Esq. who died 1761: of these, Sir William Lambton, Knt. was killed at Marston Moor; another of the Lambtons fell at Baugy with Thomas Duke of Clarence—a Sir John Lambton.

In the old garden house, &c. [p. 84, to the end.]

We have, you see, three Worms belonging to Durham—Conyers's and Pollard's, both of which have Faulchion evidence, and this of Lambton.

I think I remember, when a boy, being shewn, at Lambton, something that was called a piece of the worm's skin. This is not now exhibited.

Hilton Castle, the ancient baronial residence of that family, is haunted by a being called the "Cold Lad of Hilton," * supposed to be the spectre of one of the family who killed himself. This being inhabits a small room under the stair-case where, I suppose, the deed was committed. He had full possession of the house several years after the death of the last Baron Hilton, but has been lately exorcised by the hospitality of the present occupant Simon Temple, Esq. who came in the fortunate crisis to prevent the demolition of this fine structure, which was already condemned to be taken down for the materials. The death of the last Baron (a title the family have held from immemorial custom, not as peers of parliament but barons of the bishopric, or, possibly, as descendants of very ancient territorial lords) was predicted by a greyhound with a collar of gold (inscribed with magical characters, illegible to all but the Baron), which rushed into the dining-room without being previously seen, and, neglecting the rest of the company, fawned upon the Baron, who, to the great surprise of all present, declared that his father, who had been dead 25 years, sent the dog to him, &c. &c. *et veritatem comprobavit eventus.* The dog disappeared before morning, as unaccountably as it came.

Raby Castle is haunted by a spirit of later date than the above, viz. the wife of the first Lord B———d. She is said, in her life-time, to have exasperated her husband † against her son, and to have attempted to set fire to the Castle. She now walks about the battlements with brass knitting-needles, and goes by the appellation of Old Hellcat.

I cannot say "Locus est et pluribus umbris," yet I cannot omit to mention one beautiful and innocent apparition ‡ (which interests me as much as any proud perturbed spirit that stalks along the battlements of Raby or Brancepath), that of a young woman of Cornforth, a village two miles hence, who, in the homely phrase of the country, *put herself down for love*, and whose spirit, clad in white, sometimes glides harmlessly along the village footpath at evening, and by day hovers around a ruined dove-cot frequented by wood-pigeons, the scene of her earthly appointments with her traitor lover, in the form of a milk-white dove, distinguished from its companions by three distinct crimson spots on the breast. An old farmer of the neighbourhood assures me he has seen her in the latter shape twenty times, and that her appearance was considered as an harbinger of serene weather and a fruitful harvest. Her false lover—he who won maiden's breast, ruined, and left her—drowned himself some years after in a brook called the Floatbeck, and is buried at Stobcross, where four ways meet, with a stake through his body.

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* See his Hist. of Durham, II. p. 5.

† See Vernon's Reports, vol. ii. p. 733; where it is said that in 1714, Lord B. out of displeasure at his son, began to unroof Raby, and was stopped by an injunction from the Chancellor. —S.

‡ See p. 235 above.

I will only add at present on the subject that the most generally received idea of the appearance of a spiritual being in this neighbourhood is that of the apparition of a dying person manifesting itself at the moment of its departure to a friend at an indefinite distance. This is called the " waft " of the deceased. But it is not always confined to the human form, a strange cat or dog, a hare crossing the road, &c. are sometimes, from coincidence of time, supposed to be the waft of an expiring friend. With the nature of the Barguest you seem to be acquainted, and to have had later news from him than myself. At Newcastle he was a friendly dæmon, devoted to the service of the whole community; swam the river for a midwife; did the work of the servants; and, in short, performed all the offices of a public brownie. I have, indeed, heard that he now and then gave a drunkard or night wanderer a severe fright by rolling before them like a ball of fire, staring with saucer-eyes, &c. The last notable conjurer we had in this neighbourhood was one Catcheside. He once, very appropriately, laid the spirit of a scolding wife under the wheel of a water-mill. His other exploits were more in the common routine.

[On the same sheet is BERTRAM'S DIRGE *(versio altera)*.]

(See above, p. 240.)

XXVI.

To Mrs. SURTEES.

Dear Anne, York, Friday, June 1, 1810.

I cannot yet exactly see the end of my labours, but hope to be at home on Wednesday, or perhaps Tuesday night, but do not expect me till I come, and don't send Mary away if she behaves anything tolerable. I got here early on Tuesday to dinner, and, commencing my searches that day and continuing them with much vigour all Wednesday, I had a very bad night, and on Thursday morning prescribed for myself a journey to Beverley, which has agreed very well. I slept at the Tiger about ten hours, and have been much gratified by the sight of Beverley, which is one of the cleanest, neatest, most gentleman-like towns I ever saw. The Minster is light and graceful, *à la York*, and larger than I expected; but I chiefly admired some tombs of the Percies, of which the elegant Gothic work thrown into light arches exceeds all I ever saw. I went also to see your grandfather's * monument in St. Margaret's, and took a copy of it. It is very neat and not injured by damp, as your mother thought. I called this morning on Miss Raguenau, who took it very well, and I told her all the family history. She did not know of Anthony Ward's death, nor many other circumstances. She seemed very affectionate to all your family. Mr. J. was not at home. I also gave Mr. ——— a call, but knew beforehand he was out. He lives in a great house with high brick wall, and in just such another dwells Mr. Ellison. The walks about Beverley are something slightly like college walks, more of Cambridge than Oxford, by the side of a dull sluggish water. There is a fine moor with green pasture, whin, and furze. Beverley, however, smiles like a flower in the desert, for from thence to York is the barest, heathiest, dullest, ugliest continuation of flats and formal swells I ever saw. In coming back I struck off to the Bridlington road, which is better. I think that part of the country is the least pleasing of Yorkshire I ever saw; it is like * * * * * * * I had no wish to see Hull, so returned hither by six this evening, after dining on eggs and milk and bread at Barnby. I must devote to-morrow to searches, but the worst is past, and I have met some very civil clergymen who have, I hope, during my absence prevented a good deal of labour. Of the result I cannot yet speak. I have seen nothing decisive, but much incline to think Mr. ———'s claims just, yet I should feel sorely distress'd to eject Mr. ———'s family. This is a bit of Turk.* I have found several registers defective, and one important one burned in the Civil Wars as appears by rec. . . . I have bought some new books and some pretty poetry. Walter and his Dog † are in all the windows. I have a little cold, but am otherwise well since my Beverley sleep, and will promise you not to tire myself again, and to rest like a decent Christian on Sunday. I think to come home by the Tontine. I have had no time to see the Byerses yet. I must haste to save the post, and rest in hope to see you soon, which I most earnestly long and desire, and am at times very home-sick. Henry walks himself into a fever and don't sleep better than me. The gig-horse behaves best of the three, and is much admired. It was York Races Tuesday and Wednesday, and all the Local Militia here to add to the confusion. ——— is here and going to be married I think, for he has got a fine house, and his sisters are with him—silver spoons, toasting-fork, and what not. I met him in the street and must dine with them. They are very civil, and offered me a bed. I was very sick the day I went away; quite sick at Northallerton, but got to Thirsk and walked two miles into the country to a church, and so mended a little. Yours sincerely,

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* See p. 189, note.

R. Surtees.

XXVII.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, Nov. 2, 1810.

An engagement which I have for the latter end of next week induces me rather to wish to see you here the week after; and, as I have no intention of making a slave of you, and am positively determined not to permit myself to be enslaved, I beg you will set off with an intention of staying as long as your business permits without any morbid fears on the subject of captivity. I have recovered the Magazine with the account of Cowper, and shall retain it as an additional bonus to conquer any fears you may have as to not enjoying the benefit of an *habeas corpus*. On Thursday the 15th I shall expect you. My wife joins in remembrance. I am, yours sincerely,

R. Surtees.

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* The name which Mr. Surtees occasionally applied to himself when speaking or writing to Mrs. Surtees.

† A well-known portrait of Sir Walter Scott.

XXVIII.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

Dear Frank, Mainsforth, Dec. 10, 1810.

I have just got Chastelain, which I send; your uncle's copy and Scott's translation. I have recovered together with it my copy of Rookhope and other papers. Scott calls it his "worthless doggrell," and adds, you must, if you publish it, give him an opportunity "of considering it in proof." In truth, I wonder any man could translate such a matter. I should like to see what Campbell made of it. Yours sincerely,

R. S.

Should you not (which I think probable) publish Scott's Chastelain, give me leave to see it again. There are a few stanzas I wish to copy. Why will you not repeat and lengthen your visit here? You cannot answer this satisfactorily, except by putting in personal appearance: bail will not be taken. My wife desires remembrance.

XXIX.

To JOHN NICHOLS, Esq.*

Dear Sir, [Before 1812.]

You have, perhaps, almost lost recollection of me, though I have not forgot your attention whilst I was in London. I live so far from all persons capable of giving me any light as to the labours of the press, &c. that I must once more solicit your assistance in that line. I send up herewith part of a Latin record, which runs to great length, and is, as it were, the Domesday of our province.† I would wish you to print a folio page of it (the size of Hutchins's Dorsetshire) in a small type, as you would use for appendix, notes, &c. in order that I may judge what room the whole will occupy; and if you will fill the other side with the inclosed pedigree and notes to it, arranged in such a form as you best approve, it will be a further guide to me to ascertain how much of my MS. will be contained in a portion of letter-press. Be so good, when you send the printed sheet, as to return the pedigree. The other MS. may remain in your custody. The printed sheet inclosing the pedigree will come altogether in a double letter; and, if you will let me know what I shall then be indebted to you, I will desire a friend to discharge it. I hope to see you in the spring, and arrange a plan for editing the first portion of my collections; and am, with sincere respect, your obedient servant,

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* This is the commencement of a long and honourable correspondence, chiefly upon matters of business, extending over twenty years, between Mr. Surtees and the Messrs. Nichols, the printers of his History of Durham. This letter is addressed to John Nichols, Esq. who died in 1826. See hereafter. To his son J. B. Nichols, Esq. the Editor is indebted for copies of such of Mr. Surtees's letters as occur in these pages.

† The Boldon Buke, which will shortly be published under the auspices of the Surtees Society.

R. Surtees.

Direct—Robt. Surtees, Esq. Mainsforth, Rushyford, Durham.
There is no haste required. Let me have it at your leisure.

XXX.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, 7 Jan. 1812.

You have, I fear, forgot your promise to spend a few days here; not exceeding six nor under three; at this dismal season, when snow and icicles make good company, and better cheer than Ritson indulged in, desirable.

I know of no engagement to draw me from home; only for your own comfort, if you see the Lambton hounds advertised to be at Sedgefield, avoid that particular time, as we shall have some chance then of our house being filled before you arrive, garrets excepted, which are uniformly at your service, but you may, at present, be sure of a first floor.*

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* Mr. Surtees was no sportsman. He once, in his younger days, went out and shot a brace of partridges, but the friend who accompanied him, seeing his heedlessness, gave him so many earnest lessons respecting the due care of his gun, that, dreading an accident, he went out no more. The birds he sent to Dr. Wrightson, of Sedgefield, the gentleman who gave him King Pepin's vestry-chair (p. 260). In fox-hunting he took still less pleasure ; but it was his custom when the hounds were stationed at Sedgefield to give beds to his friends as above alluded to, and when the *meet* was in his woods at Mainsforth he always invited the *field* to breakfast. This custom Mrs. Surtees carefully keeps up, and frequently, during the hunting season, rejoices in a table of red-coats.

Have you seen anything of my draftsman, Green?[*] His importunities and cravings have thrown him into a little disgrace with me, and I think he dare not write. I again say, I beg you will not supply him, as he certainly has a knack of outrunning the constable.

I am at some loss for a few dates relative to the Coxhoe estate, and it strikes me as possible that your office papers may contain some abstract of that property, as I recollect Rowntree was employed. In days of yore, of which no abstract sings, Coxhoe was the possession of the Blakistons of Blakiston, and about 1630, of Christopher Blakiston, a younger son. By intermarriages with the Kennets and Mackenzies, it slid into the possession of a Scotish Earl of Seaforth, attainted 1715, and afterwards created a Marquis, by Ritson's liege sovereign James III. The heirs of Earl Seaforth, I am informed *(voce populi)*, sold to John Burdon, Esq., but I do not learn the names of the parties conveying, nor the date when, which leaves a hiatus, though certainly not *maxime deflend'*.[†] Let me hear from you; and believe me yours sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

XXXI.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

DEAR SIR, Mainsforth, May 3, 1812.

I trust you have not forgotten, though you have delayed, your visit to us. As my servant is going to Stockton to-morrow, I take this opportunity of jogging your memory.

In a letter of W. Scott's, of late date, he says, "Have you heard of Mr. Park's intention to re-publish Ritson's works?" or words to such effect. Now, if this be so (but this query is my whole evidence), I think you should have heard of his intention. Believe me yours sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

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[*] See p. 17.

[†] See Hist. of Durham, i. 70-72.

XXXII.

To The EDITOR.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, 3 Nov. 1812.

I feel myself much obliged by your communications relative to Battlefield * and the Prior's coffin.† As to the former, I observe a MS. note of Mr. Gyll's places it where you do, but I never saw any drawing of it, and shall be gratified by a sight of yours when convenient. I have no copy of the inscription on the prior's stone, nor did I know it existed. I fancy these monuments were scattered very wide after the Dissolution, for Dean Whittingham and his chapter were active iconoclasts. When the old chapter-house was pulled down, several inscriptions were found relating to the sepulture of early Priors. I got a very imperfect account of them, and I believe they were all buried under the new floor. I shall be very happy at any time to shew you my collections in this way; and am, with much respect, your very obedient,

R. Surtees.

XXXIII.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, June 5, 1814.

A very distressing cause prevents my being at present master of my own time. Four weeks ago, my wife's youngest sister, Emma Robinson, burst a blood-vessel, and has ever since been in a state of great danger. I left Hendon on Saturday for the second time since this happened, and have this day had a letter to say Emma is exactly as I left her, that is, confined to bed or to a couch, without strength or appetite. I did not purpose staying here more than a night or two, and can so little answer for my time that, desirous as I am of seeing you, I dare not make you risk the disappointment of finding me unavoidably absent. The best thing I can do is to let you know our situation in a short time, which must be either better or worse. I fear

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* A foolish name given by Cade to Barford Chapel, opposite to Gainford, on the southern side of the Tees, and made use of by me in my letter, to which the above is a reply.

† The ridged coffin-lid of an early Prior of Durham in the churchyard of the South Bailey.

the worst. I have a hundred volumes, or more, waiting for new backs, which none but your honest bookbinder shall give them, and that not till I have had your special direction and advice on an actual view. Believe me yours very sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

XXXIV.

To the REV. JOHN HODGSON, HEWORTH.*

DEAR SIR, Mainsforth, Sept. 8, 1814.

After such a long detention (occasioned by my wishing to compile the account of Seaham with the papers before me), I return Sir John Swinburne's charters with many thanks both to yourself and him. I regret that I can at present only find one of the Swinburne Charters, which I mentioned in addition, but the other will cast up when it is not sought for, and you will see a scrap which states the effect of it.

I should be truly happy to have a visit from you here and shew you my collection, for the purpose of your selecting anything useful for Northumberland; and, if you at any time give me notice of any particular point here or in the Treasury at Durham, which you wish to investigate, I will see what my own multifarious papers or the Records afford. Amongst these Seaham Deeds, I observe a notorious personage called John Aydrocken or Aydrunken (a name denoting perpetual ebriety), and whose son, Jordan fil. Joh. Aydr'k'n (as the son of such a father well might), was obliged to dispose of all his property.

With best wishes, believe me yours very sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

XXXV.

To MRS. SURTEES.†

DEAR ANNE,

The coach in which I embarked ran no further than Newcastle, and I had a great deal of contrivance to get to Alnwick, going one stage in a chaise, and when I got there the town was so full—sessions and ball—I could neither get a bed nor a chaise. At last the landlord put me into a return chaise from Belford, and there I got, near twelve at night. Next day to Bambrough, and met Lord Barrington and Jackson * riding to see a farm. I went on, found Mr. Samuel shooting rabbits—got breakfast, and amused myself very well about the castle, which is a truly grand impressive place as ever I saw in my life. The walls, of very great extent, rise from an isolated crag, and the only road up is hewn through the rock. The Farne Isles are all scattered in front, and the sea-view unbounded. Yesterday Jackson, Sam. Barrington, and I rode with a guide through two arms of the sea at ebb-tide, and then sailed a mile to Holy Island, which is, after all, were it not for its history, a poor, shabby place. We were both hot and cold, but I got off pretty well. To-day I have [been] riding betwixt churches to see a Danish camp at Spindleston. There are a number of curiosities here. The castle is the grandest thing conceivable, but the country is abominably bare and uninteresting—all one regular declivity to the coast, and all in tillage, and literally not a tree in sight. Some of the neighbours have dined here, and two young officers from Spain, quite lads, Grey and Forster, of this place. Lord Barrington goes off on Tuesday, but offers me the castle as long as I like to stay. However, I shall probably set off for home to-morrow or Tuesday, and Lord B. will lend me a horse which is to go to Sedgefield; so John will ride him, and I shall ride Anthony home or most of the way, if the weather permit, and shall, I think, go to Hendon for two nights, so don't expect me till you see me. I hope you are well, and not alone. Jackson is going to see farms further north with a neighbour here, and leaves us this evening. He got here on Thursday night, only one night before me. I was too late to reach Bambrough on Thursday, as it would have been past twelve o'clock. Lord B. is going almost immediately to London with Sam. who is ordered to Jersey. I have been very tolerable well, a little sickish now and then, and shall be heartily glad to get home. John and Anthony are both well, the former steady, the latter much admired, and went belly-deep in the sea with me, behaving much better than any of the other horses. Yours very sincerely,

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* The author of the History of Northumberland, a man for whom Mr. Surtees always entertained the most sincere and even affectionate regard.

† This and the following letter are undated. They were written, however, in the autumn of 1814.

R. SURTEES.

Three o'clock, Sunday. You should have this on Monday.

Lord Barrington has given me a promise of his interest for educating one of the Fells.

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* The college friend mentioned above, p. 6, a contributor of some valuable anecdotes to the Memoir.

XXXVI.

To Mrs. SURTEES.

Dear Anne,
Felton, 8 o'clock Monday.
(Postmark *Morpeth.*)

I am now under full sail homewards. This morning at ten o'clock Sam. and I went in a coble to the Farne Islands. The sea was delightful, nearly calm, and the voyage, three miles, safe, pleasant, and expeditious. We ran across in twenty minutes to the House Island, the largest of the seventeen, where St. Cuthbert lived, and if I was disappointed with Holy Island, which is but a dirty fishing town, I was repaid for it at Farne. The extent is 12 or 14 acres, six of them good grass, which fattens sheep and kyloes; the rest rock and crag. The whole face towards Bambrough is a noble black rock formed in pillars or columns, and beautifully encrusted with moss and lichens of most splendid colours. Indeed I begin to think St. Cuthbert had a very good taste, and were the island mine I would have a room or two fitted up, and go backward and forward till I got drowned. St. Cuthbert's house and chapel are much as represented in Grose (at Hendon), a heavy square tower, and a low chapel with vaults (which they call St. Cuthbert's wine-cellar), and a fine spring of fresh water. I gathered on the island, sea thrift, the orange mushroom, viper's bugloss, pimpernel, and many mosses which I did not understand. It is not the season for eggs. I could not get you one. The birds all hatch in June and July, and then fly away. I have got two of the sea-urchins if they do not smash in John's pocket. There are two light-houses on the island, which Sam. amused himself with, whilst I wandered all round the rocks and heard legends from the fishermen. No one inhabits the island but the men who watch the lights and their families. St. Cuthbert's churn is a great hole in the black rock like a well, and the sea rushing into it beneath, boils up in a storm so high that it is seen from Bambrough, but the saint only churns in bad weather. We saw a few handsome black and white birds of different duck-kinds, &c. but not many. We were half an hour in rowing back, against tide, and after a little beef and bread I took leave of my kind host, mounted Anthony, and here I am 26 miles from royal Bambrough, in as neat a country inn as I could desire. What I shall do to-morrow I cannot say. I expect to feel a little stiff, and perhaps y-galled, but I shall probably get to Newcastle, and have several thoughts that it is my duty to come straight home, which I should certainly do, did I think you were alone. It will be a ride to Hendon, a job for me another time. Lord B.'s horse is to be delivered at Sedgefield. At any rate you will probably see me on Thursday, should I go to Hendon to-morrow night, which I think could be accomplished. I have two very pretty greyhounds drinking tea with me; they belong to the house, and I have invited them to spend the evening. Jackson slept at this place on his road, and recommended it to me. The country, except this little vale of Felton, is uniformly dull and rich. It may please a farmer, but it reconciles me to Durham. There is neither moor nor moss, nor tree nor bower. Eternal turnips and hard-corn, and great farms of 800 acres, with bullying corn-stacks and long barns. And now you will allow I have done a good deal to-day; and, though altogether I certainly prefer home, yet I think the recollection of Farne Islands will haunt me. There are always servants in the castle, and Lord Barrington offers me a residence there at any time next summer. He says it is very usual to billet people there. Bentham was at Bambrough ten days ago, as appears by a Visiting Book; whither he was going I know not. Yours very sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

Jackson went on Sunday to dine with Captain Landles, at Easington, near Belford, and was to go to-day with him to see farms at Coldstream.

I hear an excellent character of Math. Culley of Fowberry, who was at Mainsforth. He seems much respected, but he did not, as I supposed, live near Bambrough. Jackson will very probably see us on his road home.

I do wish to be at Mainsforth again; for, though I have seen a good deal, I think I grow old, and travelling fusses and tires me, and I think if I got back I should hardly put my horns out of my shell again for some time. I have a little cold, but not to signify. I hope and trust yours is gone.

Sam. Barrington will be at Mainsforth Friday or Saturday, to take leave of you.*

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* This brave young officer fell at Quatre Bras in the following summer.

XXXVII.

To The EDITOR.

Dear Raine, Jan. 15, 1815.

I have had both your letters. I think I do not want the Rokeby registers,* otherwise than as I shall be glad to see your collections at leisure hereafter. I have long ago formed an opinion that most of Hutchinson's materials were derived from G. Allan's collections, and that as to his genealogical and other matters, my own infinitely surpassed them, including what he never saw, Dugdale's last Visitation, *cum multis aliis, per Radclyvium nostrum.* Far from giving 50*l.* for these collections, were they to be laid before me *ad integrum*, I would not give ten guineas for the whole of them, and not five guineas for his interleaved Hutchinson. The fact is I have regularly gone through all the Durham records myself, so all extracts thence are of no use. As to the other *addenda* from other sources, I can only argue from what I know, that the greater part were from Allan's collections,† which Hutchinson declined printing, wishing to make a saleable work. In short, you will see I am very cool about the matter, and had rather peruse the original portfolio of James Raine, unless the said James Raine should see enough to convince him that I am totally wrong in my estimate of the said volumes. The only thing which could induce me to pay for them, would be to *see* a volume, and thereby judge of the contents, and they may, if they wish for a chap, entrust *you* with a favourable specimen. Yours very sincerely,

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* In the history of the ancient and knightly family of Rokeby of Rokeby Mr. Surtees always took particular interest. The name has long ceased to exist in the neighbourhood. The two last in the district, probably the last in the direct line, were grown-up men in humble life, and were I believed drowned at the same time in Marskebeck, near Richmond, in the great flood of 1771. Mr. Surtees once told me that if I could find out a lad of the name and lineage, he " would send him to school and give him a chance." The interest he took in the descendants of old families was extraordinary.—See Sir Thomas Conyers above. Upon reading the following entry in my extracts from the parish register of Richmond: "1613-4, Jan. 12. John Conyers, bellman, hanged;" after thinking a while in silence, "I would," said he, "give a guinea to know how a man with such a name had come down so low in the world, and why he made so bad an end."

† A note is here required. In the first place Mr. Allan, and his share in Hutchinson's History of Durham. The point is settled by Mr. Allan's affidavit in Mr. Hutchson's " Apology," prefixed to his third vol. that the book was composed and written by the latter from materials chiefly supplied by the former. Mr. Allan's rough copy of the sheets, as they belonged to the late Sir Cuthbert Sharp, and are now the property of the Dean and Chapter of Durham, by the gift of the Bishop, proves that as far as those sheets go they were all submitted to Mr. Allan's revision, and corrected; and they further prove that Mr. Allan was the sole author of the Introduction prefixed to the first vol. and extending to p. xxxvi., the whole of which, with its various cor-

R. SURTEES.

XXXVIII.

TO MRS. SURTEES.*

DEAR ANNE, Mainsforth, Nov. 5, (S. A.)

I got home without rain, and my spirits recovered wonderfully as soon as I saw Loughbank Wood. I found all well, and invited myself to dine on a roast chicken and red herring, and a moderate glass of old Madeira. I rode to Middleham before dinner, but Ed[ward] S[mith] was gone to Stockton. They will not give me the price I think my wood deserves, and so the bargain is not closed.

All is well here, and I hope to return refreshed against Saturday; but it really is a glorious change to have elbow-room, and see green fields again, and red beech and brown oak.

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rections and alterations, is in his handwriting. One copy of the History at large, having been struck off upon writing paper of a folio size, was interleaved and bound in six volumes instead of three. Upon the death of Mr. Hutchinson this copy (a volume being missing), came into the possession of Mr. Bell, a well-known and most respectable bookseller in Richmond, together with many others of Hutchinson's books, some of which were purchased by the editor on the day on which the above letter was addressed to Mr. Surtees. For the large Hutchinson Mr. Bell asked 50*l*. This sum, as it will be seen, Mr. Surtees declined to give. The book was afterwards purchased by Sir William Chaytor of Croft, and was by him placed for several weeks in the hands of Mr. Surtees and the editor. Sir William eventually sold it to L. C. Hartley, Esq. of Middleton Lodge; at the sale of whose books, two or three years ago, it fell into the hands of a bookseller at Bristol, who advertised it in his catalogue as Hutchinson's History of Durham, prepared by its author for a new edition, whereas the MS. additions consist almost entirely of nothing more than the authorities at length, to which a reference had been made in the text by the author. Of matter strictly new there was none of importance.

* An extract from this letter is printed above by Mr. Taylor, vide p. 151.

And it was all my own desire to go to Durham. What a son of a turnip!

> Oh! restless head and fickle heart,
> Still discontent with what thou art;
> Each pleasure when possess'd soon ceases,
> And only in pursuit it pleases.

But indeed it seems a settled point that bears are best in woods (at least great grey bears), and so when they cry to go to Durham again, put the muzzle on. You are a good and a patient wife, a lamb yoked to a bear (this is a paw *). You may tell my friends that I am gone for a few days into the country for my temper, and that I feel better.

Bradley is very weak, but doing well. His wife was here to-day for some wine. There is no new case of fever.

It has mizzled and rained all the afternoon. I have no news. The filly is nearly well. Believe me, your penitent bear,

R. Surtees.†

There is a question moved in Tristram Shandy, whether a white bear be better than a black one, so I have sent you both.

I am very well, except that my eye is really very sore. If it should be troublesome and look frightful, I positively will not be exhibited on Saturday, and I hope you will not desire it.

Mrs. Surtees, at Mrs. Davison's,
Old Elvet, Durham.

XXXIX.

To The EDITOR.

Good Master Rayne,

By this berer I send a draft of yo^{r} Pattent‡, which you will see to have ingrost wth such alteraco̅ns or more ample words as shall seeme meet to you. Wherein you cannot doe bet^{r} than search such auncient formes and precedents of such maters as ye have by you at Dirhame. I care not how ample ye draw it, as yᵉ last clause will p̃vent any abusion. In haste, yoʳ very loveing friend,

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* Here there is a rude drawing of a bear's paw.

† Between the signature and the postscript, are drawings of two dancing bears, a black one and a white one.

‡ This amusing piece of humour owes its origin to a conversation a while before, in which Mr. Surtees assumed to himself the title set forth in the preamble of the patent, and conferred upon me the office which it conveys. The document was afterwards duly engrossed, with numerous additions; but for those which are not here printed, Mr. S. was not answerable. The appointment was committed to paper *currente calamo*, and evinces its writer's great command of the latinity and phraseology of such like documents. In his subsequent letters, the appointment is duly recognised, and some amusing commissions are given to me to take proceedings *virtute officii*.

Frō Mensforth, yᵉ 30 daie of Novʳ. [1815]. R. SURTEIS.

I know not whether it were safer to have after the clause giveing power in yᵉ Cathedrall a *salvo jure cujuslibet.*

Remember as a witness *Thoma Shirwode,* cui consimilis Commissio dirigitur in Darnton Est et West warde.

PRO MAGISTRO RAYNE.

Robertus Surteys de Mainsforth Armigꝰ totius Com. Pal. Dunelm. et Sadberge Topographꝰ et Historiographꝰ pⁱncipalꝭ diƚco nobis in erugine Jac. Raine cƚico. De fidelitate industria et provida circumspeccõe tua plurimum confidentes tibi conferimus ac ꝑ p̃sentem cartā ñram confirmamꝰ officium Vic' ñri generalis in Topograpħ tā in sp̃ualibꝫ quā in temporalibꝫ infra Ep̃at' Dunelm̃ Eborascire et Richmount cū plena potestate visitandi ões eccƚias tam Cathedraƚ ṽl Collegiat̃ qͣm ꝑochiales infra p̃dc̃m Ep̃at' Dunelm̃ Eborscire et Richemount ac inspiciendi et (scrutandi) õia Reg̃ra ꝑochialia ac alia hujꝰmõi queeũq̧ et ubique ac eađ uti opus fuerit trͣnscribendi ac in Reg̃ra ṽra ꝑticularia seu libros pergameñ remittendi ac tͣnsc̃pta hujꝰmoⁱ ṽra nobis de tempore in temp̃ tͣnsmittendi ac p̃sertim ꝑ p̃sentes plenam damus tibi auct̃em inquirendi indagandi ac penitus rimandi õia Reg̃ra Chartular̃ et cartas orig̃ tam sp̃alia qͣm Regalia Archiep̃alia seu Põtificalia infra Eccƚiam Catħ Dunelm̃ et infra Thesaur̃ ejusđ Eccƚie ṽl extra non obst̃ aliquo Dec̃ Preƀ Canõico Vic̃ Virgatore vel aliq̃ alio ejusđ Eccƚie moͣcho ṽl laico. Et tenore p̃sentiũ ões Dec̃ Preƀ Cañonic̃ Vic̃ Virgator̃ necnon ões gardianos Eccƚiaꝝ ac cƚicos ꝑochiales infra Ep̃at̃ et Com̃ p̃dc̃os [ut sint] intendentes tibi et assistentes monemus tenore p̃senciũ, non obstante aliquo statuto ṽl ordinacõe de Reg̃ris in Eccles̃ sive cistis ferreis asservandis antehac edito Necnon de uƀiori gr̃a nr̃a et ob bona ac laudibiƚ ꝯvicia nobis per te antehac impens̃ et adhuc impendenđ officiũ tibi conferimus Deputati Norroy Regis Armoꝝ infra Ep̃at' Dunelm̃ Eborscire Richemount et Nordhumbr̃ cũ plena potestate audienđ ac terminanđ õia ac õimoda Stemmata generosoꝝ hoĩū quoꝝcūqꝫ infra p̃dc̃os Com̃ et ubique ab aqua de Trent usqꝫ in aquā de Tuede ac eađm in Reg̃ra ṽra remittenđ in ꝑpetuam rei memoriā Sciturus q̃d si remissus vel minus diligens repertus fueris seu q̃d absit vitam duxeris enormiter dissolutam ad amotionem tuam ꝑcedemus cū castigatione cōdigna nisi protinus resipisceris. In cujus, &c.

XL.

To The EDITOR.

Dear Raine, 1815.

On Thursday arrived Clutterbuck's Herts, a plain, unaffected book, but I dare say steady and good. The frontispiece is a dusky view of the interior of the choir of St. Alban's; far less distinct and less relieved than our despised *Durham pancake*,* not by Blore. There are figures kneeling at the altar rails, taking the Sacrament from a reverend man in a great wig; some very beautiful etchings from Clutterbuck's own drawings, chiefly done by Cooke, of picturesque old churches in Herts; a pretty view of St. Alban's town, the abbey above; Lord Bacon's monument; several architectural sections of St. Alban's; a *coloured* plate of painted glass, which I detest; and some elegant brasses.

Nichols sends me proofs very sparingly; however, I think it will go on quicker now. As soon as I get the first sheet of the Appendix, I shall come to Durham to collate in the Treasury *cum orig.* Blore, who has been very ill, and very sore plagued with my concerns, has sent the Dalton miscellaneous plate beautifully finished. Yours very truly,

R. Surtees.

XLI.

To The EDITOR.

Dear Raine, Mainsforth, Dec. 9, 1815.

I have Norton's Warning, a catching title I confess, and which caught me; but it has no interesting particulars of the Northern Rebels, only in generalities—good advice and thrumming up the papists and monks in abundance. It is stated to be by *Thomas* Norton; intended I suppose for one of the family of the old patriarch of rebellion *Richard*, but was in fact the composition, as supposed, of Lord Burghley. I gave 2*l.* 2*s.* for it to Ballantyne. In regard to Dibdin, I can in no wise spare Cosin's letters till after the Christmas vacation, when you may have them if inclined to extract for him; but meantime I may do part of it myself.* As to Dean Sudbury's Life, if he thinks it worth while, I will send my copy to London to him *viâ* Nichols.† When you write for anything from Longman's catalogue, be so good as order for me, if unsold, 5879, Bouvet's Pandæmonium, 10*s.* 6*d.* I once had it, and lent it to a foul fiend, who stole or lost it (Walter Scott).

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* The engraving of the choir of Durham Cathedral had been so called in derision.

XLII.

To EDWARD BLORE, Esq.‡

DEAR BLORE, Mainsforth, Dec. 11, 1815.

I received your parcel from Durham yesterday, and feel much obliged to you for South Winfield, which is quite new to me.

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* Extracts from Bishop Cosin's Letters, to be made use of by Dr. Dibdin, in his Bibliographical Decameron.

† The Life of John Sudbury, Dean of Durham, by Dr. Zouch, one of its prebendaries, in folio, with an engraving, from the portrait of the dean in the chapter library. This book was privately printed, and is now rarely to be met with. A copy was presented by its author to Mr. Surtees, another to Mr. Carr the master of the school, and another to myself. These were the only three given away in Durham.

I find among Mr. Surtees's papers, and by his pen, the following epigram upon Dr. Zouch, who in 1808, after having declined to accept the bishopric of Carlisle, which had been offered to him in that year, through the interest of his nephew the Earl of Lonsdale, took unto himself a wife, after having been for many years a widower.

"Magni sublimisque animi, doctissime doctor!
Exemplum mundo nobile semper eris:
Tu cælestia enim terrestribus atque beatam
Præponis vitam conjugiumque mitræ."
Dunelm. prid. id. Sept. A.D. 1808.

Dr. Zouch, whilst rector of Wycliffe, at one time took a few pupils, among others, Sir H. Vane Tempest, and Sir Charles Turner, of Kirkleatham. It was once contemplated top lace Mr. Surtees under his care. "Had I," said he once to Mrs. Surtees, "gone to that good and learned man, I should have learnt something indeed."

‡ This letter refers chiefly to the engraving of the interior of the choir of the cathedral, then in progress for the first volume of the History. The figures were eventually all of them removed from the plate, save those of the two boys in the minor canons' stalls, which Mr. Surtees, in his letter, calls the gallery.

I cannot reconcile myself to the introduction of the genteel figures on the benches in the choir, particularly the gentleman in pantaloons, whose mouth is twisted up with an evident design of quizzing, nor have I much more patience with the young lady on his left. In short, unless it is absolutely necessary to fill the benches, I think the whole company were better away, always excepting the two minor canons at the desk and the two groups of singing boys, who look extremely appropriate. It may be said there ought to be some auditors, but I am sure it is not always so; and I observe, in every old print that I look at, any figures in the stiff yet fleeting costume of the day look ridiculous as soon as that costume is past, whilst ecclesiastical robes, &c. always look well. I therefore sincerely wish it could be managed that none of these interlopers should appear, particularly the group of four on the right, of which I deem the lady and child the least offensive, and, on the left, the two ladies reading in one book. I have not the least objection to the snug man in the corner beyond the choristers, nor to the two aloft in the gallery, but I really think the piece would be much chaster and more elegant without the others; and, if there must be a figure or two, I would prefer a verger with his staff and gown, or anything robed.

After this long observation, which I would beg you to consider and answer, I have nothing to do but to approve all the finished plates; but I do not see that the autograph at all offends the eye in Gilpin's plate, and it is so appropriate I don't wish to lose it.

The Dalden Monuments and the Knights are as well as can be. If the Cloister door do not come up at last to your ideas, do not let it be arranged as a frontispiece. Indeed, I do not know that there is any need of frontispieces. The plates will, for the present, I fancy, rest altogether at the end of the volume, and it is still in my power, till the work is printed off, to direct the binder to place them as frontispieces, or hereafter under the Cathedral.

Of FitzMarmaduke's "*crede michi*" I know not what to say. Even if we could get into the Treasury for any time, it would be difficult to find without a complete rummage, being in the miscellaneous and unindexed box of Horden, Claxton, &c. &c. I will, however, see in a few days what can be done. It is unfortunate that this should be almost the only seal which I have referred to in the letter-press.

I will send the money or most of it for Mr. Cooke in a few days, when I am in Durham, which I trust will serve the purpose. You may depend upon it in a week.

The lettering is all right on the Houghton plate. I expect Raine next Tuesday on his Yorkshire route.

Mr. Ettricke will be glad to pay for the plate as soon as ever it is finished. He has written twice to say so. Mr. Cooke may therefore have that when the work is completed.

With many thanks for your continued attention to my work in all its bearings, believe me yours very sincerely,

R. Surtees.

XLIII.

To EDWARD BLORE, Esq.

Dear Blore, Mainsforth, Jan. 9, 1816.

As the two cathedral plates are to be paid for by the Chapter, I sent the last proofs to Mr. Darnell (now both one of my committee and one of that body), and I have just received a note from him, stating that he conceives Mr. Byrne's plate * "is quite a failure at present; it will require a great deal of work." Of the other plate,† he thinks it would be much better without any figures at all; the two boys up stairs, who do not hurt the effect, and may be supposed to have strayed thither by chance, excepted. There appears, he imagines, no need of the company or choristers to mark the distance, as the desk shews that sufficiently. He will probably write to you on both subjects himself, but, being at Stockton, I do not see him every day. However, as to Mr. Byrne's plate, I cannot possibly, without great alteration, let the Dean and Chapter be called on to pay for it, and I feel certain the work will be objected to as at present. The best way will be to send Mr. Darnell (who, being now a prebendary, will be able to speak to his brethren both as such and as on the committee,) finished proofs for inspection; for I really cannot and will not ask them for the money. Many thanks for your exertions in every shape. As to the period of gestation which my work has still to undergo, I can form no very decisive opinion. I have to add to the MSS. before Nichols nothing but the Lives of the four last prelates, which will scarce occupy six pages, a short Introduction to be prefixed and already written, and a few very brief addenda et corrigenda ad calcem; and, whenever I receive proofs of the Appendix, &c. I am ready to return all these with the proofs. I

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* The entrance into the Cathedral from the Cloisters; published in vol. i.

† See the preceding letter.

should think the 1st of March at the utmost should do every thing, but I have experienced enough of a work of this sort to know that strange causes of delay intervene, and I also know that much of the delay has been owing to the state of my own feelings.

I really can say nothing about the Bishop's plate. All his lordship said to me was asking me how many impressions were wanted. I mentioned the just number printed of my work, and I am very happy to get the use of the plate, paying for so many impressions as I use. Perhaps the Bishop knows as little about it as I do, and I do not like to mention it to him. He retains the plate, and if he finds that I have paid, &c. he can set it right if he chooses. I am willing to take on myself the expense of the impression in proportion to the number I use. I have sent your last to Mr. Darnell; therefore, if I forget any point, excuse it, and believe me yours sincerely,

R. SURTEES.

I feel naturally more anxious as to the plates furnished by the Dean and Chapter than for those paid by myself, that they should be satisfied their money was well expended, and that good work was exchanged for a liberal price, which they, I am sure, are in every instance ready to give, but will certainly feel disappointed with anything less than the best work of the best artists.

XLIV.

TO THE EDITOR.

MAISTER NORROY, 24 Jan. 1816.

Wot ye wele yat y^{e} cote assygned to Dabid Hilton ligging in Sadlere strete, Az. two razours in saltier ꝑp^{r}, on a chief de gowles a comb argent, wth y^{e} creast to y^{e} same longyīg, on a barbour's blocke a wygge ꝑp, is lymited to y^{e} aforsayd Dabid and hys male esshewe. Yf yerfor ony varlett frō ——— enquire of yow of y^{e} armes of David Hilton, sumtyme seneschall of Duresme, in y^{e} tymes of busshops Nathaniel, Wyllyam, Edwarde, Joseph, and Johan de Edgꝰtona (whose sowles God assoyle), ye shal order his armys as Hilton of Dyons in y^{e} boke ye have of myne, which howse of Dyons is y^{e} cōmon stocke of David le Seneshal and David le Barbour; albeit mani men of yis linage (which is first deryved of Helton Bacon in Westmerlande) have, without ani warranty, usid y^{e} armes of Hilton, (an) auncient and noble Baron of y^{e} bushopric, Arg. 2 bars azure, with Moysen hedde, yat was Corniger, for a creaste; whereof take special note, for yis losel goeth on corrupting all ancient cote armour, as moche as in him lies, pceding on ani similitude of name to give the bering of better howses to divers mene men yat haue bene Maiors of ———. We haue no mo wherof to adv͛tise you at this present, but referr it to y^{r} judgement whether it might be convenyent to assygne armes to Maister Boulton,[*] horologer, in Duresme. Yeven at Mainsford, y^{e} 24 daie of Januarie, 1816.

R. SURTEES.

It were convenyent for distinc͞con of howse if issue should be ascertayned of Job, Solomon, and Moysen Hilton, yat were weavers of grete craft, to give to such issue y^{e} p̄per armes of y^{e} howse wth a chiefe wavy of divers colours.

For Maister Norroy, att his chamber in y^{e}
Baylye Strete, these.[†]

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[*] John Bolton was in his day a well-known maker of clocks and time-pieces for halls and church towers, and had a museum full of odds and ends, which he was glad to exhibit for a slight remuneration. He afforded Mr. Surtees much occasional amusement. Bolton lived originally at Chester-le-Street. He afterwards removed to Durham, where he died in 1821, and was buried in the churchyard of St. Oswald's, with the following epitaph by Veterinary Doctor Marshall:—

Ingenious artist! few thy skill surpast
In works of art, but Death has beat at last.
Though conquer'd, yet thy deeds will ever shine,
Time can't destroy a genius large as thine.

[†] This is the first letter received by me in my official capacity, in pursuance of the Patent above. David Hilton, a respectable hair-dresser in Durham, and an undoubted descendant of the Hiltons of Hilton Beacon, through the David afterwards mentioned in the letter, was a favourite with Mr. Surtees. In fact, it was his peculiar pleasure, nay, he considered it a duty, to treat with considerate respect any one with gentle blood in his veins, however reduced in the world, and he seldom visited Durham without paying a visit to the poor old barber, who was an amusing man in his way. The two were more than usually brought together during the time that Mr. Blore was making his drawings of the numerous and splendid seals in the Treasury, with which the History of Durham is illustrated, as he lodged in David's upper apartment. David's counter was studded with counterfeit coin. Bad crowns, half-crowns, shil-

XLV.

To THOMAS SHERWOOD, Esq.

Dear Sherwood, Mainsforth, April 11, 1816.

On Easter Monday Raine spends the day here with his virtuous colleague Carr, and if we can tempt you hither a bed is at your service. In Raine, I fancy you will find a congenial spirit with whom you may worthily toast Dugdale's memory on the banks of the Tees. You have, I presume, seen Whitaker's prospectus of his extensive work on Yorkshire; if not, you may see it here. I heard lately from Bentham, who mentions ——— as having neither lost his vernacular tongue nor his heraldic propensities. He seems much pleased with him. I have acquired since you were here a *lovely* and almost perfect collection of Durham Tokens,* *cura M. Young*, *Lanchester* and *Billingham* included, but no *Cradock*, which seems R.R.R.R.

R. Surtees.

lings, and sixpences, as they had come to hand and had imposed upon him from year to year, were nailed down upon the board.

Of David's grandfather, and his unlawfully marrying people upon Barnard Castle Bridge, there is a note in Sir C. Sharp's Hartlepool, p. 82. That note, along with some others in the book, was written at Mainsforth by the Editor, at the dictation of Mr. Surtees; and the form of marriage—

"My blessing on your pates, and your groats in my purse,
You are never the better, and I am never the worse,"—

was adapted in some measure from an old rhyme which Mr. Surtees remembered. I well recollect my asking David, on the following day, whether the above lines, which I quoted to him, were indeed the very form of marriage used by his grandfather; "Yes," said he, "goks, them's them." David died rich for one of his occupation, but he had been careful and even penurious. In his last illness, when his doctor recommended a more cheering diet and somewhat of indulgence, David took from his pocket three pence with great reluctance, and sent for a glass of brandy. His son, another David, was a freeman of Durham and a newsvender in Pentonville, only visiting Durham when there was a contested election; and there is now, I believe, a third David, *patrias exercens artes.* Touching Sharp's Hartlepool, and the additions made at Mainsforth to his MS. before it was sent to the press, some amusing anecdotes could be told. For David's grandfather and his unlawful proceedings there is at least some foundation. To return for a moment to the letter. The Hiltons of Hilton Castle, county Palatine, and the Hiltons of Hilton Bacon, county of Westmerland, are two distinct families, utterly unconnected with each other in their origin, whatever may be said or assumed to the contrary.

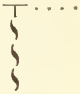
* Mr. Surtees's Durham Tradesmen's Tokens, of the seventeenth century, forty-five in number, described in the catalogue as *very fine*, were sold at the sale (p. 197), and produced only the small sum of 1*l.* 18*s.*

XLVI.

To The EDITOR.

Dear Raine, Mainsforth, May 11, 1816.

Wilt thou return my pedigree of Boteler? I have sent Sir C. Sharp by this evening's butcher the three remaining volumes of Randall. Amongst some loose MSS., I perceive letters of Gyll and Hutchinson, which I think Nichols would like to overhawl. To me they are nothing. If you have Sherwood's Gainford Registers, let me see them again, and your Hartlepool extracts when convenient; chiefly for the *basters* of Sir Raphe Conyers, begot before his knighthode, on the bodies of divers mene women within St. Hilde's precincts (Hartlepool), who must all be added in Saxon zigzag. Yours, sincerely,



R. Surtees.

XLVII.

To The EDITOR.

Dear Raine, Mainsforth, May 17, 1816.

When last in Durham, I felt it incumbent on me to ask Sir Cuthbert hither some day during his stay in Durham. My wife says between a wash, in the early part of the hebdomad, and sweepers who are to appear on Friday, Thursday will be the only day convenient to receive company; and as that day is a half-holiday, will Carr or you, or both, or any other friend accompany him? Perhaps three of you would chaise it, and make *dies Jovis* a jovial day. If nothing intervenes to prevent it, I shall write to Sir Cuthbert on Monday, to ask him for Thursday.*

Nothing of Blore or Nichols since I last saw you. Yours truly,

R. Surtees.

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* This letter indicates the commencement of Mr. Surtees's acquaintance with Sir Cuthbert Sharp. They had a short time before become personally known to each other. After this, Sir Cuthbert frequently visited Mainsforth, and a correspondence was kept up till the death of the former, chiefly on genealogical subjects. Upon the death of Sir Cuthbert in 1849, his collections were purchased by the Bishop of Durham, for the sum of 250*l*., and presented by him to the Dean and Chapter, in whose library they are now preserved, along with those of Hunter, Randall, Allan, &c. One volume, No. 44, a

XLVIII.

To EDWARD BLORE, Esq.

Mainsforth, June 13, 1816.

It seems a most outrageous thing to send and demand the money on delivery of the copies,* and, were I to follow my own inclination, I should not even send a bill, but let them inquire and pay when they choose. I beg no one may be *dunned*, nor forced to swallow the book. *Here* none will be sent out at all till sent for. In fact, I never considered myself as having received subscribers' names; the book was like enough to be scarce; those gentlemen who chose to secure copies, sent in their names, if they chose, to the booksellers; and I apprehend they are to receive and pay for them exactly as for any other book sold at the shop; that is to say, *just when* they choose. Another thing is, I object to too much advertising. The Gentleman's Magazine, for this

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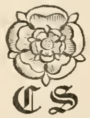
thick quarto, consisting exclusively of Mr. Surtees's letters, contains the following memorandum.

"This volume consists of letters from Mr. Surtees during several years, on which I place the highest value, as records of kind feeling and antiquarian lore. When he died, my pursuits received a blow from which they have never recovered, as I lost the friend whose love of the science gave a stimulus to my exertions and pursuits.—C. S."

Soon after Sir Cuthbert's own death, it was intimated in a northern newspaper, by the pen apparently of a relative or a friend, that he had compiled the whole of the pedigrees for Mr. Surtees's History, a statement which was afterwards contradicted to a certain extent in the Gentleman's Magazine. The greater part of Mr. Surtees's pedigrees were compiled long before he began to print even his first volume, and certainly long before he had become acquainted with Sir Cuthbert. Sir Cuthbert, it must be admitted, rendered him much assistance in the second and following volumes; but it was chiefly by supplying such information as parish registers and other modern vouchers could afford. He could give no help in a Latin record. Of a few of the pedigrees in the fourth volume, those of modern families, he was the sole compiler. These, however, are six only in number, three with his initials, and three with the device in the margin, C. S. *under the rose.* On this subject, Sir Cuthbert on the 14th June, 1837, thus writes to Mr. Taylor, then engaged in writing Mr. Surtees's Memoir:—



"Latterly I took the management of all the modern pedigrees, and, as I would not be thanked for my assistance, he got an odd wood-cut made, only to be known by ourselves, and to be sometimes affixed to a pedigree, a sort of rose with initials, to which I could not object."

* The first volume of his History, which had just been published.

and the next month, and *once* over in half a dozen newspapers, will be quite enough. It really *blows* a thing of this sort, to see it hawked about week after week. *Here* twice in each Durham and Newcastle paper is all that shall appear. The following persons are those whom I have some doubt about considering subscribers, and I should be sorry to cram a folio down their throat, still more to send a man into their houses to demand prompt payment. * * * *

XLIX.

To Mr. ANDREWS.*

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, July 28, 1816.

One special omission has been made, which would go near to overload my soul with negative sins—Walter Scott has been forgot, and I beg you will, with what speed you may, send him a *large-paper copy*, and a *small* one; signifying that the latter is for any friend he may choose to bestow it on. The mode of transmission I leave to you; but if you do not well know the track to Abbotsford, near Melrose, I presume a direction to Edinburgh, per mail or coach, would be the best. I have nothing else to say; but this smote me on the road home. Yours,

R. Surtees.

L.

To The EDITOR.†

[Autumn] 1816.

I have only just time to tear out your Dunbars. Muscamp I do not well recollect—will search, and either next Saturday, or earlier, will send you a list of all my Norhamensia, with a disclaimer of all right in Norham and Insula Sacra. I wish Blore would take Coldingham and Norham on his return and Holy Island, only I don't wish to have him wrecked on the Farne Isles.

Now take care of yourself; for, though I hear from others as well as you, that your complaint is trifling, yet, however trifling, it should be watched with extreme jealousy. Get strong, and next year we'll go to Bambrough together.

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* Mr. Surtees's bookseller and publisher in Durham, for whom he always entertained the most friendly regard. With respect to the copies here ordered to be sent to Sir Walter Scott, see p. 165.

† I had just undertaken to relieve Mr. Surtees of a portion of his labour, by writing the history of the detached parts of the county generally called North Durham.

I purposed to be in Durham to-day, but the fine weather tempted me to run after hares and rabbits, which I cannot catch, and I am busy in *silva cædua*, where I dare not trust my three Johns, without some direction; but I think I shall see you next week, *die incerto.*

LI.

To Messrs. NICHOLS.

Dear Sirs, Mainsforth, Jan. 1817.

I have just time to cram this little parcel of letters (which I have some time intended for you) into a parcel for London. The letters are all addressed to the Rev. Mr. Ward,* on the publication of his Grammar, and if any of them are thought worth printing, the short memoir of Mr. Ward may be given as a note. Your second letter arrived safe, and a book is ordered to proceed for Mr. Hamper *quam primum*, and a dozen or fifteen to follow by some slower carriage. My best thanks are due to Mr. Bentley for his elegant specimen of your new Phœnix press, which, I trust, may continue long to scatter sound learning and morals through the country, before it yields to a successor in a fresh conflagration. I do not, however, hold myself acquitted as to Mr. Bentley, by giving him a large book and saying "Take it and read it through;" and my poverty, not my will, consents to letting the matter stand so at present.

You will use your own discretion in publishing any of these letters in your Addenda to the Literary Anecdotes.

R. S.

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* The series of letters to the Rev. William Ward, thus communicated, were printed by Mr. Nichols in his "Literary Illustrations, vol. i. pp. 510-520, with an account of Mr. Ward by Mr. Surtees."—J.B.N. See also p. 189, note †.

LII.

To The EDITOR.

Dear Raine, [After 1816.]

A. W.* having no money, passing two brode pieces, and expecting none till tearme day, hath written to Maister Shaftoo beseeching him to send 20 lb. to Maister Edward Bloor forthwith.

G. A. hath, perhaps, money of A. W.'s, but it is all more than due to Fra. Smale's att^{y}, &c. on bill and bond.

However, the most rueful portion of this letter refers to Walter Scott, for whom all Scotland might grieve "from Rosse's hills to Solway sea."

R. S.

LIII.

To The EDITOR.

Mainsforth, Jan. 17, 1817.

Extractum Lraꝝ quarund' ab admodū Reṽ Patre Dño S. Dunelm' Ep̃o Ven' viro ———— capelłno suo missaꝝ quaꝝ dat' apud Mongewell vices̃ qͣrto die Dec̃ Mdcccxvj.

"Pray assure Mr. Raine that I shall most readily (not only) subscribe for a large-paper copy of his intended work, but give all the assistance which my offices at Durham and Auckland afford. I have to congratulate Mr. Surtees and him on an offer, recently made to me, and which you will suppose I did not decline, of the papers well known to them both by the name of Mickleton and Spearman's MSS. to be deposited in Bishop Cosin's Library. They need not be told by me that these spoils of time shall not be withholden from them."

Take heart of grace, therefore, for thou canst control George and quell all his scruples.

——— Et jam North Durham assuesce vocari.
Quin mox in patriam redeas sub vere sereno
Barbaricos ducens Bebbæ de monte triumphos,
Et referas sterilis (si quas dat) Scotia lauros.

Sir Cuthbert is gone to Newcastle, and has already sent me the first fruits of Gateshead Register; Riddels in abundance, some of whom remain yet to be explained. Of ——— nothing, except an absurd report, which I sincerely hope is unfounded, that he is lying under sentence of death in the Tolbooth (Edinburgh) for stealing Q. Mary's Prayer Book, highly illuminated and chased in gold, from the Advocates' Library ———. We have had ——— here for a week, and he studied Robinson Crusoe very devoutly. * * * Durham is full of dance and song, and Dr. ——— is going to give a ball and supper in the Treasury, and David Hilton and Tyler will play at cards on the Claxton box in the outer chamber; and all this while I cannot find that this great news of Mickleton and Spearman coming to town has occasioned any sensation. I should scarcely have written with so little to tell you, but that Mr. ——— desired I would communicate the Bishop's good intentions. Yours very sincerely,

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* Mr. Surtees's affection for Anthony a Wood and his writings, has been mentioned above. He here assumes to himself the initials of Wood's name. G. A. is Mr. George Andrews, his bookseller in Durham, whose name he generally expressed by its initials.

R. Surtees.

Rev. James Raine,
Ovington, Greata Bridge.

LIV.

To the Rev. JOHN HODGSON.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, Jan. 19, 1817.

Perhaps some of the following extracts may be of use in your intended account of Jarrow. The originals are in the Treasury; and, if any of these seem sufficiently interesting, I will obtain you full copies. You need not return these, as they are only transcripts from my own collections. Believe me, yours very sincerely,

R. Surtees.

Of Jarrow, any general information which will not interfere with your own particular publication will be valued, as your local knowledge will ensure its accuracy; but I am far from wishing to anticipate you and your preserves; your Roman, Saxon, or Danish game shall, on due notice, be properly respected. I am not aware whether Mr. Ellison has returned from the continent. In a book professedly devoted to genealogy, the pedigree of his family can scarce be omitted, and, if he has no regular account drawn out, I will make the best I can of it, and send the proof to Hebburn, to receive dates and corrections, as the least troublesome mode of having it rectified. Believe me, with sincere respect, yours very obliged,

R. Surtees.

LV.

To C. K. SHARPE, Esq.

Mainsforth, 12 Sep. 1817.

[The begining of the letter is wanting.]

“This Gervase was certainly more gentle than his grandfather, being, generally, the most noted person of his time for courtesie. He was very prosperous and beloved of all, &c., as he was an extraordinary kind landlord and good master.” Maister Thoroton * then proceeds, as an instance of Sir Gervase's prosperity and lovesomeness, to stile him “the husband of seven wives:—the first was the beautiful Penelope, daughter of Robert Earl of Warwick (she was mother of the wretched unfortunate Sir Gervase, his father's greatest foyle); 2. Frances, daughter of Francis Earl of Cumberland; but, that you may see all the dates and calculate Sir Gervase's speed:—

1. Lady Penelope Rich, ob. 26 Oct. 1613, æt. 23.	=2. Lady Frances Clifford, ob. 22 Nov. 1627, æt. 33.	=Sir Gervase, ob. 28 June, 1666, æt. 80.	=3. Mary, dau. of John Egioke, of Egioke, Warw. wid. of Sir Fra. Leek, ob. 19 Jan. 1630.	=4. Isabel, dau. of Meek, wid. of Jo. Hodges, Aldm. of London, ob. 10 July, 1637.	=5. Ann, dau. of Sir Fra. Southe, of co. Linc. Knt. ob. 1 June, 1639.	=6. Jane, dau. of Anth. Eyre, of Rempston, co. Notts. ob. 17 Mar. 1655.	=7. Alice, dau. of Henry Hastings, Earl of Huntingdon, ob. 1666.”

The great Sir Gervase was red-haired, and died, says Thoroton (who attended him), “of a petrifaction of his ureters, as things are petrified by the dropping well, near Knaresbrough.”

Sir Gervase had issue by his first, second, and sixth wives only. As Thoroton's Nottinghamshire is probably not very common in Scotland, I extract these few hints relative to this great man. Another such instance I may hardly hope to find of *conjugium septemplex*, but a few other inferior worthies shall be noted.

Observe our English prelates, as soon as they were let loose, made ample use of their new privilege of espousing maidens and widows:—

Archbishop Hutton had three; William James, Bishop of Durham, three; Richard Barnes, Bishop of Durham, married Jane Dyllycotes, a French woman, in Lent, of all times, for his second wife, after bidding farewell to his first with "O! Fridemonda vale—*victrix casta fides*."

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* Antiquities of Nottinghamshire, 1677, p. 55.

Sir Timothy Whittingham, of Holmeside, Knt. (son of William Whittingham, the iconoclast Dean of Durham) had three wives, and of one of them is the following entry:—

S^t Nicholas N. Castle. Burials 1604. "Dame Whittingham murthered by her husband, buryed 17 Ap. 1604."

He lived long afterwards, much respected in consequence; buried another dame, under a great blue slab at Lanchester, in 1617; and, in 1619, is described as "an ancient knight, a severe justicer, and very fitt to be Provost Marshall of the Trained Bands of Durham."

Sir John Calverley, of Littleburn, co. pal., three wives, but he was a douce, honest man, and never slew them except in fair childbed. 1. Ann, dau. of Hutton, Archbishop of York, 8 children. 2. A dau. of said Sir Timothy Whittingham, 4 children. 3. Eliz. Freville, 9 children; in all 21 by three wives.

Sir Thomas Hilton, Baron of Hilton, four wives; 1. Eliz. dau. and coh. of John Clervaux of Croft. 2. The Lady Lambert. 3. A dau. of Sir Henry Boynton. 4. Agnes Baxter, widow, died *sine prole*, 1561.

You may observe, if I have not told you before, that Bishop Burnet notes the cool behaviour and recollection of Sir H. Vane, previous to his execution. "When he saw his death was designed, he composed himself to it, with a resolution that surprised," &c. "Some instances of this were very extraordinary, though they cannot be mentioned with decency." This is doubtless the job—Burnet, i., 237-8, Hist. own Times. The lady born posthumous, was Albinia, wife to Henry Forth, Alderman of London, and had by him Henry Forth, of Darlington, Esq., a hanger-on at Raby, who was the very image of his grandfather Sir Henry Vane.

As I can find no Scotch ghosts nor warlocks, I'll give you an English one. Christopher, first Lord Barnard, (son of Sir Henry Vane,) was persuaded by his wife into a most unreasonable jealousy and dislike of his eldest son, and intending to pull down Raby, actually proceeded to take the lead off, when his son stopped him by an injunction in Chancery. (The case is in Vernon's Reports.) This old jade, after her death, used to drive about in the air, in a black coach and six; sometimes she takes ground and drives slowly up the lawn to Alice's Well, and still more frequently walks the battlements of Raby, with a pair of brass knitting needles, and is called Old Hell Cat. The coach and six is nothing extraordinary; but perhaps the following equipage may be a little unusual.

"John Borrow departed this life, the 17th day of January, being Satterday, this yeare 1684-5, and was reported that he see a coach drawne by six swine, all black, and a black man satt upon the cotch box. He fell sick upout and dy'd, and of his death severall apparitions appeared after." Verbatim from the diary of Jacob Bee, citizen, glover, publican, schoolmaster, brewer, and diarian, in a certain book intitled, "Jacob Bee, his booke, given him the 29 Aug., 1681." Another extract: "Mr. John Whittle, a popish taylor, being very troublesome to the taylors in Durham, departed 23 April, 1685. A figure of a blazing star was seen." Bee was son of Nic. Bee, of Framwellgate, in Patrick George's parish, and the beloved husband of Elizabeth Rabbett He says he "began to shave together with * * * and shaved one man very ill."—*Diary*. He afterwards kept a regular account of his shavings, and on the morning of Bishop Crewe's triumphant entry with his second lady, madam Dolly Forster, "shaved seventeen persons, amongst whom was the bishop's butler." One would think one was reading the genuine remains of P. P. the parish clerk.

The claim of "the Lady Slingsby," lies between the possible wife of Sir Arthur Slingsby, (son of Sir Guildford S., Knt., employed in Ireland, and Comptroller of the Navy, who was eighth son of Sir Francis of Scriven,) created a baronet at Brussells, about 1657, and Elizabeth Cuffe, said to be of Cuff Hall, county Somerset (but in the family pedigree merely styled an Irishwoman), wife to Sir Francis Slingsby, of Kilmore in Ireland, constable of some castle there, &c., &c., younger brother to Sir Guildford abovenamed. It is certain the Lady S. was no direct *Baronetess* of Scriven.

Painted Glass.—I have got you the head of a monk, which I mentioned I think at Edinburgh, and since that, the arms of Richardson, *three lions heads*, very *basely done;* but I mean to reside great part of November in Durham, and I fancy many reliques are scattered in Durham. I never thought about them before. About 1775, the great east window in the Cathedral was blown in, and the painted glass was picked up and scatterred over the town, the light being restored with clear glass. There is one great box full of fragments preserved *in usum Dec. et Cap.*; but much found its way out, and of such is my hope. Durham is an ancient place, full of oddments. Be so good as to direct me how to pack glass safe. I am very young and sore afraid.

I shall be most happy to hear that the heir of Cherrietrees is preserved to posterity. He should have a medal and motto, "Haud ulli veterum virtute secundus." Believe me, yours ever sincerely,

R. Surtees.

LVI.

To C. K. SHARPE, Esq.

Dear Sharpe, Mainsforth, Nov. 14, 1817.

I have been shamefully negligent, but that same lubberly lad, of whose abrupt departure you complained, has made another Hegira from his father's seat ——— without calling for his cargo, which was in readiness.

I now inflict a parcel on him, under cover of which, I send you a box with a monk's head, which came from a window in the abbey, blown in about forty years ago, and a miserable glazing of the arms of Richardson, impaling Vavasour, cracked and soldered in the middle. There are four pieces of plain coloured glass in the same house from whence the arms came, but they have stuck them up in a passage light, and won't accept of clear glass instead. I believe other fragments are still to be had; and I have people on the look out. In great haste, believe me yours truly,

R. S.

LVII.

To C. K. SHARPE, Esq.

Dear Sharpe, Jan. 9, 1818.

Though I have delayed writing from day to day, in hopes of a traveller bound to Edinburgh, it has not been want of admiration for your witchery that has kept me silent. I never did see so much in so small a compass.* There is so very much of Sharpe in it, that I must conclude you have favoured me with a sketch in your very best style. Accept my best thanks for this inestimable gem. A pudding, &c., shall be bound up in a splendid Somerville. It has imposed on many of our semi-antiquaries, who are not permitted to hear the genuine story.

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* A copy of the drawing of the witches referred to in a former page, from which an engraving was afterwards made for Hogg's Queen's Wake.

Your assistance to Master Constable has obliged me to take in his magazine, that I may read your histories, marvellous pleasant, of frail countesses and fauns, " a' black, but very bonny." Do tell them to give us more good old stories, and to leave out their criticisms and literary disquisitions, falsely so called.

Your glass is packed up; but it would be an Irish present to send it by the mail. I saw last month a chest full, which a modern owner has stripped from an old bay-window at Walworth, and keeps in a great box, but will part with none. It contains the arms of Elizabeth and all her chivalry, in roundels, with garters and devices, roses and portcullises. It's worth your looking at if ever you come to Mainsforth; and good post road. I think I shall pick up some more fragments in Durham.

I wish you would keep a look-out on young ——— on the sea-coast, and let me know how his fish diet goes on. He is heir to all our ancient honours of ——— and will be some day, probably, lord of a beautiful tract of country which I rode through yesterday from Barnard Castle nearly to Brough, twenty miles of hill and dale, and wood, Lunedale and Bauldersdale. Lord ——— and his brother have no connection; but I should like to hear of the lad coming to good, or else farewell the ———.

Give my most sincere respects to your mother, and Miss Sharpe, and fail not to remember me to honoured Walter, if in Edinburgh, and let me know that his health is favourable. I hope to see your good town, before he leaves it for the summer. Yours very truly,

R. SURTEES.

LVIII.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

DEAR SIR, Mainsforth, Jan. 16, 1818.

Your Barnabæan communications shall go to head quarters. He must make out his own case about Braithwaite,* who, I find, from Burn and Nicolson (where his pedigree is exhibited), was an idle, classical, gentlemanly dog, like enough to write poetry, whose family came to a bad end, much owing to his improvidence. Once, I have written about Hucheoun, but I think the Christmas vacation came in the way. I shall now desire Mr. Nichols, who I know gets things copied at Oxford, to look to it. I am about to send him some papers in a few days.

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* The late Mr. Haslewood and his inquiries respecting the authorship of Drunken Barnaby's Poems seem to be here alluded to.

Now remember, you promised us a visit. I shall be at home all next week, from Sunday to Sunday. The week after that I shall be chiefly in Durham. Afterwards, probably, at home again. But the first time is the best, if you can slip your foot out of the chains of law and animate us here for a few days by strange discussions, novel observations, and a defence of the French nation, who, as Mrs. Surtees is pleased to assert, stand very much in need of such assistance. Yours very truly,

R. SURTEES.

LIX.

TO THE EDITOR.

DEAR RAINE, Mainsforth, Ap. 29, 1818.

This comes by a messenger extraordinary, Mr. ——— our schoolmaster [at Bishop Middleham], who, hearing of your vacancy,* wishes, at all events, to know what sort of qualifications are required for places *hujusmodi*. You need use no delicacy, as, though he presents himself before you, he has not, I believe, much idea of succeeding, being totally unaware what will be required. For his conduct, ever since I have known him, I can answer soundly. His writing and cyphering I presume to be sufficient, being myself no scholar. He can gauge and measure land, (or stations, *i.e.* castrametation,) and is, naturally, an uncommon clever, quick fellow, certainly above his present situation. Latin, I tell him, will be a rock a-head, though Yorke has been cramming him lately. I tell him also, I know nothing of your hours or your emoluments.

This post brings me a letter from Jos. Dawson.† He wants sadly to see us the next time we are at Edmondbiers. Indeed, he wishes to see me on a case of conscience, on which you will give him much more profitable advice than myself, I dare say.

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* The vacant office was that of mathematical and writing master in Durham school. Mr. ——— did not obtain the appointment. The successful candidate was the late Mr. Charlton, a gentleman of the highest respectability and attainments.

† See p. 293, above.

[Inclosed in the above letter, which was unsealed, was the following.]

VIR AMPLISSIME,

Præsento tibi ——— in vico quodam (cujus nominis oblitus sum) prope Rubeum Montem tuum natum, honestis satum parentibus, terra (haud mari quidem) variis vicibus jactatum, apud nos hodiernis diebus in Ludi Literarii agrestis (*rustici*, placed above) ergastulo delitescentem. ———eio nec ingenium deest nec vivida vis,* quippe solo natura subest; quod equidem, sicut in Eborascensibus cæteris (men of Eoferwicscire), sic in Rubeo-Montanis † vestris maxime semper ita rem se habere observavi. Locum, quem ambit, vix, ac ne vix quidem, sperat; rerum hui'mo'i penitus ignarus. A te discat quid ab hypodidascalo hujus ordinis jure petatur; nec insulso modo, Iacobe, tractes, nec aspero; quin ad lares suos sub occidente cespite (Ep'i Midlam) leniter dimittas. Scripsi pomeridianis horis,

Tui amantissimus,
R. S.

LX.

To The EDITOR.

DEAR RAINE, Edinburgh, 2, Fred. Street, 3 June, 1818.

I have had a very consolatory letter from Blore. He is coming down, either to Edinburgh or Bambrough, in a few days or weeks, expressly to see you and me, and finish his sketches for what he calls "Northern Antiquities." Is this your work or some Edinburgh thing? However, we shall catch him and work him a little. Our plans are thus:—Edinburgh is in a state of heat, which makes my head ache and my hands tremble. People who have much more of the salamander than myself feel it, and, if I were to live here, I would take a few lessons of that burning woman. Mr. Trevelyan, of Wallington, is here, and several people whom I know. We dine at Walter Scott's today with Charles Sharpe and other antiquarian socii. Let me hear from you about Broome Park, and, if you think right, we'll write to offer our company when I know the times and seasons. Answer me quickly. Thou knowest my impatience, and this *arson* of Edinburgh does not cool me.

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* Nec uxor pudica, honesta, cauta, cata, non ita pridem our huswife vel housekeeper apud Maynsforth, quod est una magna securitas (velut diceret Barnabas) pro bono conductu alicujus viri, Anglice for y^{e} good and holsome haviours of any syche kempe.—Note by Mr. Surtees.

† Men of Richmondshire.—R.S.

R. S.

LXI.

To The EDITOR.

Dear Raine,
2, Frederic Street, Edinburgh,
Wedn. morning [June, 1818].

It is impossible that I can think of leaving Edinburgh till the latest day in my power, which is Monday. On that night I purpose sleeping at Berwick, and travelling towards Broome Park next day. But, if the weather is fine, I shall be tempted to take a day for Norham, and, in that case, shall reach Broome Park on Wednesday. You must be ready to depart with me, in spite of all attractions, in a very few days, as I must see Hendon in the end of the week, and, if you could spare a day, we could go from Newcastle thither by Jarrow. Blore's landlady, who has a face shining with good humour and might make a good landlady for Jedidiah to describe, supposes Blore, poor fellow, to have sailed for Hamburgh.* The lodgings are admirable. I am going to view the tombs of the martyrs in the Grey Friars churchyard.

R. S.

Rev. James Raine, Bambrough.

LXII.

To The Rev. JOHN HODGSON.

Dear Hodgson,
About 1819.

I hasten to arm you with such introductions as are in my power; but I apprehend that before you receive them you will have overcome all difficulties of introduction to libraries, &c. I can depend upon Mr. Sam. Bentley for shewing you every attention, and I wrote to him individually, as he particularly conducts my work at the press;

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* Mr. Blore had left Edinburgh to join me at Bambrough, for the purpose of making drawings for my History of North Durham.

but the letter will do equally well if delivered to Mr. Bowyer Nichols. Bentham is an old friend of mine, who has a good topographical library, an extensive acquaintance, and can introduce you to the library of the Antiquarian Society.

The Heralds' Office.—I am unaware whether my friend ——— is in town, and, if he be, whether he will think it for your advantage to act as your introducer to the College; the fact is, the place is *suapte natura bellicosum*, and there has been a split in the college, which has placed ——— in an awkward predicament with some of his brethren;

* * * *

at any rate, he has vast stores of his own, which he will readily communicate, and knows more of northern pedigrees than all the college together. You may consult him on all the above difficulties frankly, and he will tell you whether he can be of use or no.

I add a modest letter to Mr. Young,[*] whom you must understand I never saw in my life, but, in ———'s absence, he has done very much for me.

If you want more auxiliaries, call on Edward Blore, 27, King Street, Portman Square. I do not know anything you can do for me, but, if ——— is not in town, be so good as direct the letter to him.

I send, on another slip, some little memoranda about documents in the Museum and Heralds' College. This and all the other gear will not go in one frank, so I shall trouble Mr. Ellison with a couple; both the contents are to be claimed as yours. Yours, truly,

R. S.

LXIII.

Rev. JAMES RAINE, South Bailey Streete, Duresme, at Mrs. Reed's.

Trusting yat yes p̃sents will fynde you in y^{r} upp^{r} chamb^{r} (w^{h} is moche pleasaunt w^{in} syght of y^{e} laddes sum^{r} howse, where Crof^{r} Shearewodde watcheth mee eate my meate), safe returned frō y^{e} Beares',[†] I send you an Epistle of Davye Howme, to the p'or of Duresme, dated at Coldbrandspeth, w^{h} is singular curious, and may be wel noted in y^{r} boke forth coming. It was found under a stone in my pore howse of

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[*] Now Sir C. G. Young, Garter King of Arms, between whom and Mr. Surtees there grew up in after-years the warmest friendship.

[†] Berwick-upon-Tweed.

Mainforde. I purpose abyding in Duresme, at the sale of bokes late longīg to y^{e} parson of Wessington, and schal desire yow to engage me an upper chamber and sleping rome, if it may be had, at mistris Davison's, mother to y^{e} now parson of Wessington; and I shall abide in Duresme by the space of one weeke, in w^{h} time moche may be devised. I reste with dewty to Maister Johne Carr, and Rose his bedfelo, and yo^{rs} to command,

ROBERT SURTEES.

Frō my pore house of Mainforde,
this fifteenth Januery, [1819.]

LXIV.

To C. K. SHARPE, Esq.

DEAR SHARPE, March 24, 1819.

I shall be extremely happy to receive your Warlock book, either by the mail, or by the only other channel I can think of, in Messrs. Constable's parcel to George Andrews, bookseller, Durham, who has some of their magazines and other matters monthly. But if this does not exactly hit the time, do not suspend me another month, but let me have Law* by the mail. I do trust you will go on throwing out from time to time successive portions of recondite Scots history, and specially diablerie of all sorts; in which, though I have none of your faith, my imagination is horribly interested.

I grieve to hear you complain of ill-health. You talked of Bath, and should you ever execute that purpose, remember there is a halting-place for you here, with a warm room, a sunny garden, and your own liberty in all things lawful.

I believe I may be in Edinburgh for a day or two, as late perhaps as mid June. I shall be at Berwick, with James Raine of Durham, who takes from my shoulders the portion called North Durham, *i. e.* Norham and Islandshire, constructing a folio volume, which may be either part of my work, or taken by the Borderers as a separate publication. We are going to explore Coldingham, and many other places which were connected with our said Cuthbert. The charters at Durham are innumerable on these subjects, and armorial seals will be published in plenty of Scots gentry, benefactors to Coldingham; and in particular, a series of seven Earls of March, Waldeve, Gospatric, &c., and an odd fellow called *Thor Longus.*

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* Memorials or memorable things that fell out in that island, from 1638 to 1684, edited by C. K. Sharpe, Esq. 4to. 1818.

My own work, vol. ii., goes on slow and steady. I hope to present you with another huge folio in about six or eight months. Having the proofs up and down is very tedious.

If Scott is in Edinburgh, do remember me to him. I hope he is well, free from all complaints. I do most heartily love and honour him.

I am going to rake together some Jacobite stories of Radcliffe, Forster, &c., as I hear Hogg is about to publish annals of those times, and I wish to have some of our English Jacobites bound up in the nosegay, which I dare say will be miscellaneous enough. Will Scott shed a ray over it from his flaming torch ? I wish he had undertaken it.

My best respects wait on your mother and Miss Sharpe. Believe me yours truly,

R. SURTEES.

LXV.

To THE EDITOR.

[Late in 1819.]

Have you not a copy of the *Hiltons** (from vol. ii., p. 20, &c.,) printed separately I mean. If you have, let me have it for the Christmas. I want to enter divers notes which have occurred since, and have thoughts of adding a title-page and other *supplements*; which, with Lord Strathmore's plate, will make a handsome separate thing—print about twenty copies. Bentley, now separate from Nichols, might be glad to do this. I am sending off some rubbishy books, but discern one or two which might find a dark corner in your future rectory, *apud Muglynw'*, or the like, or some place *in patronat.* —— . Have you Bishop Anthony Sparrow's Collection of Articles, Canons, &c., Edward VI., Charles I , or Stillingfleet's *Irenicum* or *Weapon Salve?* I have also a book or two about the Starry Heavens, with Sidereous Observations and Diagrams, by Jo. Kepler and Peter Gassendi, which Carr is welcome to; himself is as rare of occurrence here as a comet.

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* His own account of the Hilton family, extracted from the second vol. of his History.

LXVI.

To EDWARD BLORE, Esq.*

Dear Blore, Mainsforth, Dec. 16, 1819.

Having an opportunity in a parcel, I send a line merely to say I had yours, and to quiet your apprehensions for us, as to the Radicals, who may certainly exist for any thing I know, but we are not at all sensible of it here. I believe the whole matter to be extremely exaggerated; and, whatever may be the case in Yorkshire and Lancashire, have not the slightest idea that there is anything like a serious disposition to rebellion here. There may be five or six hundred discontented colliers, and as many iron manufacturers on the Darwent, where they have been much distressed, but nothing like general disaffection. The people frighten one another. The best account of the matter is in Virgil, Æn. iv.—

> " Fama malum quo non aliud velocius ullum—
> Hæc tum multiplici populos sermone replebat."

I merely slip this line into a hasty parcel, to tell you we are well and quiet; but we can get neither shillings nor sixpences. The people hoard them. Yours truly,

R. Surtees.

LXVII.

To Sir C. SHARP.

* * [About 1820.]

From depositions in the Spiritual Court, Durham, anno 1617 :—

Porret *contra* Delafule.

" Cecil Kirbe, widow of John Kirbe, of Hartilpole, *ætatis* 33, hath known Isabel Porret twelve years &c. This examinate, betwixt Martynmas and St. Andrew day laste, cominge from the well in Hartinpoole, did hear and see Isabel Porrett and Helen Delafule chide together, and did heare, &c. the said Hellen standing in their own dore name, tearme and call the said Isabell Porret ——, thou art a——; further saying that if she had not passed her word to Mr. Maior she should not have passed by with a hide (skin) on her face, &c."

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* See p. 171

Shall I venture to place my own Tyne-side ancestors on the same profaned sheet ?*

17 Jan. 1617. George Wrightson, clerk, examined. But let him pass, and let old Brodeoke tell his own tale.

" William Suerties, of Brodeoke in y^{e} parish of Ovingham, gen., ed lxxij *annor.* and father of Edward Suerties, mentioned, &c., sayth at Mr. Robert Suerties, of the cittie of Duresme, late deceased, about ven yeares agoe, came to this deponent's house at Brodeoke, as he had en done before, and said he had a great desire that his lands should ynew in the name of Suerties; and that if this deponent were ased, he would give his neice Margaret Coleson, to Edward, this eponent's son, and would settle the best part, &c." Well, this passed on, and about two years after, old Brodeoke goes to Durham, meets Mr. Sureties in the market, who takes him and his cousin Newton home with him, renews the application, and the match is concluded, and the parties betrothed, in the presence of Mr. Robert Sureties, Mr. William Sureties, George Wright curate of Ebchester, Sir John Maughan priest, and one Silvester, whose other name Mr. S. " knoweth not if he hard it;" and of Richard and Rafe Newton.

A much longer and more pithy deposition of Ralph Newton, of Mickley Grange, gent., aged 48, " that he was at his uncle's, Mr. Sureties, at Brodeoke when *old Robin* came, and saying, &c., asked to see the lad (Edward), and clapping him on the head said, 'a wife, a wife for the lad, thou shalt have her, thou shalt have her,' &c.; and he was present when they were betrothed." And the merry old dog adds, " he saw Edward kisse her up behind a doore;" but that the match was put off by Mrs. Sureties, wife to Mr. Robert, who said " she could not well spare said Margaret about the house; but as this deponent thinketh, wished another match."

A cloud of other witnesses, Richard Newton, of Eltringham, gent., aged 23, Mr. John Hall, draper, Durham, &c., and the said maidenly Margaret, herself, who says "her aunt delayed the match, she was too young, &c.; but she could be well content to perform her promise, and says she did take herself to be contracted, &c."

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* Mr. Surtees's collection of family anecdotes was numerous and amusing. He would often tell the following tale with much glee, believing it to be genuine. I transcribe it from one of his papers.

" The father of Robert (Robin of Ryton), was the first who raised the family from poverty, by making a remarkable bargain, for, being merry in company, where a young woman of great fortune was with her lover, one of the company drank to the lover's best thoughts, who answered he had none, not even for his mistress, any one being welcome to his interest with her for sixpence; this Edward Surtees the father gave him. She, resenting the usage, refused her lover and married Surtees, and the wife got the name of Sixpenny Jenny to her death."

These curious papers are mouldering in files, in a dark closet, in a worse state than the Wills on the flagged floor; they are far beyond cream colour, and have more the rotten cheese and port-wine tinge, and crumble at every touch.*

LXVIII.

To Sir C. SHARP.

* * * *

Coins.—I wish you would buy me, or write to the salesman to do so, lot 15, second day, the Scotch coins. If you mean to sell old Bear Peter, I would give 25*s.* or 26*s.* for him, not more. For the James III. touchpiece (they always have holes, which shews they have been used), 12*s.* or 14*s.* but, as a curiosity, it is worth more, only I dislike imperfect coins. Cunob. I will not meddle with. I wish to have one British specimen (perhaps they are Gallic), but will buy one with CVNO, or CAMV. The imitations of nobles are Dutch, of Utrecht and Campen, I believe worth little. I want them not. There is a fine noble of . . . . Burgundy, which I suspected might be yours. Look well at your miscellaneous Edwards, &c. and do not throw away any which have *Villa Berevici*, boar's (? bear's) head mint-mark, nor *Robert on Hadleie*, nor *Villa Radingi*. The last is so rare you are not likely to have it. All the following mints are somewhat scarce, Berevic, Cestre, Exon, Villa Knygeston (*i.e.* Hull). I have them all fine, except *Radingi*. The Mary is the Dowager head. The young head, which is the finest, is the Scotish lion alone with the tressure, but, if your Mary be *very fine*, do not sell her to the Newcastlers under 3*l.* 3*s.* I'll warrant her worth it in London. I think 2*l.* 2*s.* the price of a fair specimen, such as I presumed yours might be, but if fine she is worth 1*l.* 1*s.* more. Peter should have on his reverse the double eagle, and on its breast St. George and the Dragon. It is the common ducat gold of Russia, which, however, is not common; date, about 1712 to 1720, head laureate; if perfect, worth about 25*s*; if not quite fine, *worth the gold.*

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* The north aisle of the Galilee, partitioned off by a wall, was then the Registry. The present registry was built in 1820.

LXIX.

To Mrs. SURTEES.

Who would think on
Turk * at Lincoln.

Dear Annie, (*Postmark*, 11 May, 182 .)

I have had strange journeyings by land, and, I may say, by water. I saw Ely, which disappointed me as to scenery; 'tis a fat, humpish, sloping island, crowned by a cathedral and a few clerical houses; a place evidently destined to fatten a bishop and certain clerks; betwixt ——— and Cambridge a dreary fen; the cathedral, cold, chaste, and regular, and no profusion of fine Gothic ornament nor much glass. I got by the coach to Chatteris, where I was almost better pleased with the poor remains of an old nunnery, a mouldering wall, a green croft, and a shattered cross. There the coach left me (going to Lynn, in Norfolk), and I got a chaise one long stage across to Peterborough, which pleased me as well as ever. The road from Chatteris to Peterborough is through fens and marshes. Our Carr edges on a large scale; only conceive the Skerne forty feet wide, and me in a chaise fording the old Bedford river, which, with a little overflow from rain, was near a quarter of a mile, but very shallow. At Peterborough, early; got restless, and found a Deeping chaise, which I persuaded to go round with me on its return to Croyland—a strange old abbey place in the very middle of the fens, with three bridges meeting. At Market Deeping I slept, and, at eight, the Lincoln mail caught me up and brought me here by half-past one. A flat, sandy, dreary country we went through; but the magnificent approach to Lincoln pays for all; a vast high cathedral towering over the town, which is half a mile below, and the steep space between hung with orchards and gardens now in full bloom, and a few gentlemanly houses gathered round the Cathedral Close. I am fixed at the Hart, an old obscure-looking inn, but the best in the place, where they seem a hundred years behind London, and half that behind York, but civil and quiet. This Lincolnshire is all a mere agricultural county, and the boys bow and the girls courtsy to every thing like a *Turk*. Lincoln is only in manners a great village. I am just waiting for dinner (5 o'clock), and shall have time to finish this before the mail goes to-morrow. There are only *two coaches* go through this place, and, I must either go by Hull, or, which I think I prefer, by Gainsborough and Bawtry. I hope to be at York on Thursday night, and shall stay a day there. The weather, this morning, was wet and nasty, and I was outside (inside full), and a little chilled, but, I trust, no worse. I shall dine and have a little ramble, and go early to bed.

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* Mr. Surtees's application of this name to himself, when writing to Mrs. Surtees, has been already remarked upon.

9 o'clock.

I have been at the Will Office and appointed with the gentleman, a very civil Mr. Swan, to meet me to-morrow. There is a Gainsbro' coach . . . . night, but I may probably stay here all to-morrow. There are a hundred nice odd things to see. I may say I have been a pilgrimage from one abbey to another. 'Tis a queer, lost, quiet part of the world; and this inn seems like an old deserted college in vacation time. My new hat has got the old twist, and all the clergy bow to me: it is a regular shovel. I asked the waiter where I could buy a small guide to the cathedral and a little map of Lincolnshire? He says "Gan to Mr. Brookes's;* he has all sort of bukes; Sir Mountague Cholmley and he's fearful thick when he comes a' town."

Thursday morning.

I slept well in a queer old den half a mile from my sitting-room, and this morning discovered there were two other Christians in this enchanted castle. Being kept in separate cells, it was odds we discovered it. I think a decent lawyer-like man is likely to go to York with me to-morrow, for the coach ends at Gainsborough. I will write when I reach York.

R. S.

LXX.

To The EDITOR.

Dear Raine, Crouch Hill, Hornsey, May 8, 1820.

We have been delayed by Miss Yarker's illness, but I believe we may see Dover on Tuesday, and Calais next day. ——— was to be executed [married] on Thursday, but I have seen no account of the sentence being carried into effect. Nichols and he say that there need be no delay on account of the arrangement of plates, but this you know best, and, if not satisfied, must write to him. ———'s wife seems a sensible, good-tempered woman, who looks as if she would keep his house in order, and be decent and menceful. We all wish you were with us, and I wish I was at Edinburgh.

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* If I am not mistaken, this same Mr. Brooke still sells all sorts of books, and, what is more, he is a scholar and an antiquary, in whom Mr. Surtees would have delighted. His historical and descriptive account of Lincoln cathedral is a complete pattern of a guide. That glorious old church has perfectly inspired his pen, and has gained for itself a history.

R. S.

LXXI.

To The EDITOR.

Dear Raine, Hornsey, London, Tuesday, June 13, 1820.*

Just a week ago we landed at Dover, under a royal salute, having the Queen alongside of us, and she chased us all the way to London next day, but we gave her the slip at Greenwich, and stole away to Hornsey. We are all well at this present writing.

Just to give you an item of what we have seen. *Imprimis*, he who hath seen York need not regret leaving other cathedrals unseen. It is worth twenty of them together.

Proximos Petro tamen occupavit
Antwerp honores.

Rouen also is fine—high Norman style; but the fronts of all their churches are thickly bedizened with ornaments and images, sayntes and dyvels, in such excess, that I really begin to think it was better for us that the besom of reformation swept a few of the lice off our old jades; and, as to internals, there is nothing like York. Dirty altars dizened with flowers and black with lamp-smoke, and most idolatrous pictures, make one regret the chastened splendours of an English cathedral, or even the barren interior of a Scotch kirk. Many of the folks, however, seem extremely decent, and no doubt there are, as Sancho says, good sort of people in all places. To give you our route briefly: we left the great road at Abbeville, up to which point there is nothing worth seeing; bare uninclosed tillage fields and little wood; then to Neufchatel and Rouen, through fair Normandy, the best and brightest province of France. There is a strong resemblance to England; inclosed farmholds, orchards, and mighty woods of beech, elm, and chestnut, hanging on the hills for miles in long undulating outlines. Rouen is superb in old wood houses, some of them dated 1400 to 1500; whole streets of most picturesque effect. In the cathedral, under a huge altar-tomb, uninscribed, are said to sleep the old Norman princes. We traced the Seine all the way to Paris, and entered that glittering metropolis of sin by its most splendid barrier of Neuilly, through groves and palaces and gardens with gilt domes, &c. that made my eyes ache. All is glitter, military parade, and a most unceasing intensity of life and motion, which fatigues an Englishman. The city as divided from this court end is nothing; black and stupid; no trade, no front of commercial independence; unlike the lusty London lads. From Paris a dull uniform road to Brussels, through the fortified towns; Flanders more English, as neat as a garden; Brussels a deserted metropolis, large and peaceful, with a touch of old York about it. Oh! Antwerp, queen of gavel ends! What profusion of streets, broader than even London, all run up in fantastic gavels with trees and vines in and about their dwellings, and the Scheld like three Thameses washing the old walls like a sober majestic old Dutch view, covered with ships of all nations. I never saw such a place in my life; every house is a study of itself, and I am learning Dutch that I may go there again. From Antwerp back to Calais; nothing particular except Gand, an inferior Antwerp, and a fine farewell view from Cassell over Flanders, inclosed and wooded for leagues round the base of a green *Castle Hill.*

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* See p. 162.

At Paris we saw Dr. Haggitt, Gamlen, Shipperdson, and Dick Wharton; and, at Antwerp, Collinson of Gateshead. I shall be here ten days longer, if you choose to write. I have had such a ramble already, that I may not see Scotland this year, so we shall hardly meet till after your holidays. Yours, very truly,

R. S.

LXXII.

To Sir CUTHBERT SHARP.

Dear Sharp, Mainsforth, Oct. 17. 1820.

* * *

Besides, I have an adventure for you, if you choose to atchieve it. I have lately had a correspondence with a Mr. Hill (S. Hill, Jr. Esq. of . . . . Coll. Cambridge), whose mother, it seems, was the heiress of the old line of Bainbridge, of Fryerhouse, in Teesdale, whose pedigree stands in Dugdale, 1670. This youth has a pretty notion of drawing a pedigree, but must have rather a strange one of my *status* and occupation. I took some trouble to give him a pedigree of his house of Baynbrigg, and the same day I had your medalets I heard from him, that he was leaving town for three weeks for Paris, and begged me to accept 5*l.* which he actually inclosed for my trouble; desiring, at the same time, to subscribe, &c. &c. All I have to add is, he may be found at Meurice's, if you choose to see his genealogical face; but this, just as you please. I shall write to him there, on the score of the 5*l.*, neither in sorrow nor in anger, but just to set him right; but, shall not name you; so you are quite at liberty.

'Tis a strange mistake, and may amuse you in France, that Froissart mentions a *Baron Aveugle*, who, nevertheless, evidently had the full use of his eyes, and could see to lay on his blows; and this turns out to be literally the *Baron of Ogle.*

That you may have all Durham over-sea matches, Richard Hodshon, first of Lintz, uncle to Sir Robert of Hebborne, about 1615, married Juliana, daughter and heir of *Albertus Hinderusius, in Prucia.* I do not expect you to identify her without a voyage to the Baltic, but hence come all the Albert Hodshons.

William Blacket, of Hoppiland (ob. 26 Dec. 1695), styled in his epitaph "a Rege Suecorum agens apud Scotiam," Swedish Consul, I suppose, imported a *French Duchess*, so termed, whom he picked up at Stockholm. She was buried in the orchard at Hoppiland, not choosing Hamsterley churchyard. Her style was *Marie Duchesse de Blois.* Ob. circ. 1690. I fancy she is *introuvable.*

The Hardwicke Freviles have an authenticated descent from the old Lords of Tamworth, &c. and were probably Norman. Does the name or arms occur in the French books? They quarter Marmion, France and England, &c. &c. Paternal arms, Gules, three crescents ermine.

I throw these hints together just as food at perfect leisure, for a wet day in the libraries.

By charter, 1180, before Bishop Hugh, &c. Hugo Burel gave Windgate to Henry Pudsey, in exchange for Percy and Mureres. Hugh Pudsey was sometime called *Earl of Bar*, in the realm of France, and Chancellor to Lewis VII., son of the Duresme Bishop Hugh.

It might be a curious study for an idle hour or day or month to trace if French Chronicles have existed of the Norman gentry who followed Rolliades to England. I recollect thinking a good deal on these subjects when I saw the old side-chapel and tomb of the Norman princes at Rouen.

From whence are Bruce and Baliol—Bailleul. The first, is it a personal appellative? The last may be an office.

In Durham, soon after the Conquest, we had as territorial owners: De Valoignes (a lion rampant: I have a fine seal of Roger de Valoniis), Pontchardon, Hugh Gubioun Lord of Tudhow (a chequy coat: the name seems personal, *gubio*, *gudgeon*), D'Estouteville, Guischard de Charron, Montboucher.

It would be curious to note even that such places exist, still more that French-Norman noblesse of the same name continued. We know that there are French and English Harcourts, both noblesse. Query; French Percys or Nevilles—Neuville. There is another odd point of connection between the isle and its opposite continent, of still earlier date. The old Britons fled in numbers to Armorica or *Bretagne*, and their British names still appear on the very face of the map, and their old dukes, like our Welsh princes, were Hoels, Conans, and Arthurs; but this is quite out of L'Eveche de Duresme. Is Amundeville or Hamundeville any place known in the village of Normandy? It is, I presume, *Villa Hamonis*, and Umfreville, probably, or Humfreville, *Villa Humfridi*, whose ancestor is said to be cousin to the Conqueror and Lord of Tours and Viane.

I have had another fee, 2*l.* sent me from a mad squire in Somersetshire for an answer to some queries after the name of Barwise, in Cumberland. The deuce is in the people; and there's another Earl of Marchmont too desires my aid. They spring as fast as Baron Hiltons.

Our fine weather is broken into soft autumnal rain. No frost yet, and the flowers like a second spring. Every thing comes up except my second volume.

Lord Strathmore's trustees offer me full access to all papers at Streatlam and Gibside, and complete the plates.

Sir C. Sharp, Galignani Libraire,
18, Rue Vivienne, Paris.

LXXVIII.

To Sir C. SHARP.

* * * * * 1820.

— *Now for French wives.* Madam Whittingham. Take her own deposition. Katharine Whittingham of Durham, widow, 9 Dec. 1590; to my son Timothy, " all my landes and title of landes which I have in the realme of France at Bugee, scituate within two or three miles of the city of Orleans, which descended to me from my father, Loys Jaquemans of Orleance;" and mentions her great French bible. Now the Visitation of 1615 calls this lady, "Catharine, daughter to Lewis Jaquemans, heir to her mother, being heir of *Gouteron in Orleans*," and another account says Whittingham, who was ordained at Geneva, married a sister of John Calvin.

Bishop Barnes. "Richard Barnes and Jane Dyllycotes, a Frenchwoman, were married in his castle of Durham, upon Wednesday, the second week in Lent, 27 March, 1582. *St. Oswald's.* This must be a corrupt name, like *Dillyfoule* for Delaval, &c. &c.

Sir Thomas Ridell of Fenham, &c. colonel of a regiment for Charles I. died "a banished man for his loyalty" in 1652, and lies buried in St. Jaques's church in Antwerp. His brother Robert married *Magdalen, a French lady.*

I have lately had letters patent, for they came open on the road, from James Chipchase, directing me to create Andrew Hume of Gravesend, mariner, Earl of Marchmont. His descent stands thus:—*

Sir Patrick Hume, Earl of Marchmont=
3. Andrew=Isabella, dau. of *Sir* Andrew Ford, or *Doctor* Ford, of Darlington.
William, died at Bristow in 1747=
Andrew John Hume, the Petitioner ! ! !

Isaac Basire, archdeacon of Northumberland, Rector of Stanhope, Prebendary, &c. native of or near Rouen. During the usurpation he travelled in Greece, Palestine, and was professor at Alba Regalis, ob. 1676, æt. 79. His arms in the cathedral yard are . . . wavy . . . Crest, a demi-angel, wings and arms outspread. Perhaps the coat may occur in some old collection of French blazon, but no matter. He calls himself *Rothomagensis Gallus*, and writes about 1640 to his brother Peter Basire at Rouen. His brother writes to him then at Egglescliffe, "I, remembering the good cheeses you make, do desire you, if there be any ships to come directly to Rouen or Diepe, to send me one *as big as the moon*." N.B. Yarm. cheese.

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* Extract from a letter to the Editor on the same subject:—

"Here is a sailor at Gravesend, who desires me to make him Earl of Marchmont; and here is his pedigree:

Patrick, first Earl of Marchmont.
Patrick, 2d Earl. | Alexander, 3d Earl. | Sir Andrew, 3rd son.=Isabel, dau. of *Sir* or *Doctor Henry* Forth, of Darlington.
William, died at Bristol 1747=Doll Waggit.
John-Andrew, Claimant, 1820.

"Crawford (1716) calls the above Sir Andrew of Kinnagham, *Baronet*, and Judge of Session. If any modern peerage you can refer to (I have none) can extinguish Sir Andrew's issue, it may do the poor fellow's, I mean John Andrew's, brains a service, for the sooner an extinguisher is put on his earldom the better."

We have had a noble harvest, and folks will say that brings cheapness, and cheapness stagnation of trade; but the poor will at least have sound bread. The autumn is still most lovely, calm, and sunshiny, the trees all gold and crimson.

I am heartily glad of the birth of Henry Charles Ferdinand. I trust the interesting situation of the child may make a favourable impression on the public mind. The Duchess of Berri must be a gallant lass. If they should strike a medal on the young prince, let me have one hereafter. I have the duchess.

"In 1645 Bishop Cosin (then an exile) did, with the consent of the reformed minister of Charenton, near Paris, in his priestly habit, with his surplice, &c. bury Sir Wm. Carnaby, a noble English knight, &c. not without contradiction of the Romish curate." I presume they have no registers of heretics, otherwise a flower or two from Charenton would figure in your next *Registrum* or *Chronicon*.

Woodness is comfortable, like his own Jacob Bee, at Sherburn House.*

To Sir C. Sharp, 18, Rue Vivienne, Paris.

LXXIV.

To The EDITOR.†

Dear Raine, Mainsforth, 7 Jan. 1821.

Raby and St. Edmund's arrived at Durham on Friday, and this morning (Sunday) I had a copy done up with plates complete. Saint Edmund's, subject, and etching, and all together, is a gem to set off any volume, and I rest quite satisfied with the general appearance of the book, still reserving my unqualified preference of Lambton to any thing of Turner's. I do not enter into his obscure style, and with some difficulty recognise the groves and wooded ravines of Gibside, which are so indistinct as to look to me like brambles and furze bushes. Blore's etchings represent the places in all truth, and seem to me a most gentlemanly style of proceeding. The Nevill tomb forms, I think, a very gorgeous subject for the front. If Blore will tell me by you a little about money matters, I will do the best I can. I will beg, borrow, or steal for him. You can drop a line as you pass Rushyford, for I fear you will not have time to drop yourself. Last week came ——— and staid two nights, in company, as it chanced, with the ———, who sat in a canton, and heard the ex-actor sing and rant. He says nay, but I am convinced he'll to the well-trod stage again. He looks well and fresh, and eats and sleeps well; but his head is full of recitations and medleys of that ——— stuff that poisons his brains. Yorke is extremely anxious about you, and when he reads of thieves and swaggerers says, "Well, I hope they wont catch Raine." N.B. One commission only, a 2*s.* 6*d.* one. Bring me a clean, spick-and-span, bran-new halfcrown of George IV. Yours very truly,

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* Vide p. 51.

† This letter refers chiefly to the plates intended for the second volume of the History.

R. Surtees.

Rev. James Raine, at Edw. Blore's, Esq.
56, Welbeck St. London.

LXXV.

To The EDITOR.

[After 1820.]

* * * *

I am commencing a series of operations, hitherto with great success, on the midland district of Stockton Ward. On Wednesday I traced Bishopton Mound, as well as I could.[*] I wish Blore to plan and sketch it accurately. Faber calls it an Arkite remain, *sed apage et rem et vocem.* It has nothing to do with any one but Roger Conyers, "qui ad sui munimentum cœpit domum suam munire apud Biscoptun."[†]

* * * *

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[*] History, vol. iii. p. 67.

[†] Sym. Dunelm. p. 276.

LXXVI.

To The Rev. JOHN HODGSON.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, Dec. 31, 1821.

I have just had time to cast a hasty glance over your fifth vol. (part iii. vol. i.) I like your brave plan of laying the foundation of records first, and then referring to them; but, whatever it may be to the general reader, these documents are as amusing to me, and give occasion to as much reflection on the ups and downs of families and estates, as any regular narrative. The rental of 1663 is very interesting in this respect. I write however chiefly under an anxious wish that something should be done towards perpetuating the towers and peels of Northumberland. I would wish to see every old strength and castelet preserved, and really if you can get such an artist as Edward Swinburne,* and have his beautiful sketches executed so as to preserve their delightful truth and simplicity, you will be a greater benefactor to Northumberland than by throwing out a few expensive plates for the benefit of connoisseurs. The plan also of reducing Buck's Views pleases me mightily. Widdrington looks like a gorgeous old dame in full dress. The very bulls' heads are on the great flight of steps, and one imagines knights and ladies pacing up with solemn steps and slow, to feast in the great bay-window room on the left. Now is there not spirit enough in Northumberland to raise a fund for illustrating your pages with the views above hinted at? I should really hope it only wants setting a-going, and that Major Anderson would not stand single in such a list. At all events, permit me to book myself ten guineas towards your future volumes. I am afraid I have not sufficient acquaintance in Northumberland to set the stone a-rolling for you, but I really hope it may be done.

I think your Society † condescend to give tradesmen's tokens of the old issue a place on their shelves. I take this opportunity of sending of few of these knick-knacks, and some other trash which may sleep in their drawers till age makes them venerable.

Raine, you probably know, is in London; his direction is E. Blore, 56, Welbeck Street, Cavendish Square. Believe me, yours very sincerely,

R. Surtees.

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* See hereafter.

† The Society of Antiquaries of Newcastle.

LXXVII.

To J. B. NICHOLS, Esq.

DEAR SIR, Jan. 15, 1822, Mainsforth.

Perhaps this original letter of Bishop Lowth [Potter,*] may be acceptable to your father if he proceeds with "Illustrations," &c. Frevile Lambton, of Biddic, Esq. to whom it is addressed, was a gentleman of considerable literary acquirements, and his library, which was only lately sold (the property of his niece Mrs. Mary Lambton), contained a great many books of sterling value. You will please to return the original, and if made use of, say, "Communicated by Henry Donkin, Esq. Durham," whose leave I have to transmit it. Yours very truly,

R. SURTEES.

LXXVIII.

To THE EDITOR.†

DEAR RAINE, 22 Feb. 1822.

I got your inclosure only this morning, and have had little time to consider the subject. The day has been spent in *sylva cædua*, "felling tall larch, rough elm, and verdant pine—thick hung with clust'ring cones," till my hands are as resinous as yours were when you cruelly rifled the nightingales of Ovington.

I lament that Whitaker's last work on such a gallant subject is so meagre. The desideratum is a History of noble Richmondshire on a new flation and fusion, carefully preserving every glowing gem and fragment of sparkling mica which the magician has flung from his rich mines so carelessly over the surface, fusing in the same furnace the grosser ores which he threw aside, and following up the numerous rich veins which he neglected to pursue. And who should be the subtle alchymist? who but C. Clarkson, whose industry and fidelity are on record in his substantial, sterling quarto, which will be a book of reference and authority as long as Swale washes the castled cliffs of Richmond; but I fear too much has been done to expect this, and Whitaker will at least stop the way for years against any regular and ample historian. To correct merely the errata of "Richmondshire" would be a tedious task; to fix where additional information and illustration should terminate is still less easy. A mere account of parochial structures and fonts, with scattered touches of landscape and reflections here and there *pro re nata*, which recall the best days of Whitaker to mind, compose the whole work; and, to render it complete, a sturdy detail should be given of the descent of property and blood. My own knowledge of the district is trifling, and my collections as to Yorkshire merely incidental; my assistance, therefore, even if my hands were at liberty, would be of no avail. *Te penes arbitrium.* If you had leisure to look aside from the Tweed, much might be done; but I think, betwixt the Farne Isles, Old Bebba, and the "painful indoctrinating of youth," you are also pretty well entangled in the briers. Clarkson seems the fated individual for whom, if aught is to be done at present, the high emprize is reserved; and who can wish for more than such an honest chronicler as Christopher? Most seriously, I have not seen a volume so stuffed with genuine, worthy information, well arranged and plainly told, and I trust the citizens of Richmond are sensible of its value: their grandchildren certainly will. Let me know if anything is proceeded in; but, for the above reasons, I can be of no use. All the Yorkshire charters, &c. which I have, are from your books.

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* Printed in Nichols's Illustrations of the Literary History of the Eighteenth Century, vol. iv., p. 853.

† This letter refers chiefly to a scheme proposed by certain booksellers, upon which I had been consulted, for the enlargement and correction of Whitaker's History of Richmondshire.

Commend me to the great Tate, whom I have ever honoured and admired, both for his own gallant character and for his steady attachment to such an idle fellow as you are. You only teach school eight hours per diem, and, if you would just give up those ugly tricks of eating and sleeping, you might bring out a History of Richmond in seven volumes folio (*inclusis* Gale *et* Whitaker) in the spring of 1852, or vicesimo secundo Alexandrinæ Victoriæ Mag. Brit. &c. Reginæ. I wish you would prevail upon Tate to meet you here at Easter. I think it might do *you* good, and

"Much honour'd were my humble dome
Should learning's chief beneath it come."

About Dawes:—Hodgson told me some little time ago there was such a plan. More I know not. Is money wanted? A couple of guineas or so are ready.* Dawes was famous not only for Greek but for an emunctory trick which he had, stronger than any man in Illyria.

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* Through Mr. Hodgson's exertions, subscriptions were about this time raised, and a monument erected in his church of Heworth in memory of Richard Dawes, the author of the Miscellanea Critica, &c.

Can you give me a Bruce charter and seal to be cut thereunto, to fill about a fourth of a page for Hartlepool? Of such you spoke.*

LXXIX.

To Sir CUTHBERT SHARP.

1822. [Before the publication of the 2nd vol.]

* * * *

Raine is returned. He tells me G. Andrews says, "We shall have a sale at Grange." You cannot think how disagreeably this way of talking of our poor ex-member grates on my nerves. I have no stomach to that feast, and hope to hear that all the treasured stores of Grange will rest where they are.†

* * * *

LXXX.

To Sir C. SHARP.

[Circ. 1822.]

* * * *

Jacob Bee in his glory.—Will of Robert Tully, of South Street, gent. 8 Aug. 1678:—"I doe order that Mr. Hunt, Mr. Hadley, Mr. Lancelot Bowes, Mr. Haull, George Moore, and *Jacob Bee*, shall carry me to my grave: every one of them shall have one gold ring and one scarf." Tully was son of an old Rector of Romaldkirk by a Bowes.

My Garland shall seriously be printed some day by Sam. Bentley, who is to rival Bulmer; but they will be *à l'antique*, and can have no dedication to moderns. This must not, may not, be; but, if to any, to the mighty Minstrel of the Border, whose name may shed a gleam of romance over the pages. But probably no dedication at all.

* * * *

LXXXI.

To The EDITOR.

.. Aug. 1822.

* * * *

I have had two letters, one from Mr. Young the herald, the other from a relation, to say that John Taylor died in Edinburgh on the 5th of August, of a rapid fever. He had landed with a bad cold from the steamboat. I do not know when I have been more hurt. His cousin, William Taylor, Birchin Lane, has all his papers, &c. and writes to know if there are any belonging to you, or that he was transcribing for you, and to describe them, and he will forward them. I think I am quite disturbed in my conceptions about it.*

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* See Hist. vol. iii. p. 116.

† See pp. 146, 147.

* * * *

* See above, p. 306. With Mr. Taylor Mr. Surtees had not been long acquainted. A modest request from the former that Surtees would help him, if he could, in a genealogical inquiry in which he was engaged, led to a correspondence which soon ripened into a friendship. Mr. Taylor was of northern extraction, having been born in the parish of Whickham. In genealogical inquiry he was indefatigable, and he took the greatest pleasure in rendering every assistance in his power to Mr. Surtees and myself, who were at such a distance from the College of Arms and the British Museum, those storehouses of genealogy and history, as to render his aid invaluable. On the 23d May, 1823, Mr. Surtees thus writes to Sir C. Sharp:—"The account of poor Taylor's burialplace in Edinburgh, and the reason for not permitting a memorial, are very wretched. I wished to lay a stone over the spot, even more than a cenotaph at Whickham, which is all that can now be done." Every attempt to remove poor Taylor's remains was also resisted. Eventually a monument was erected to his memory in the south aisle of the church of Whickham, co. Durham, with the following inscription. The "Car. Geo. Young" is now Sir Charles Geo. Young, Garter King of Arms, to whom Mr. Taylor had bequeathed the principal part of his genealogical collections:—

M. S.
Johannis Taylor,
Hoc in agro Dunelmensi
honestis orti parentibus;
integer vitæ, fidus et constans
amicis charissimus extitit:
Originibus Angliæ (favente genio) deditus
industriâ quam felici res genealogicas
et scientiam Heraldicam coluerat,
testantur quæ supersunt collectanea.
Morbo lethali apud Edinam correptus
procul à suorum cinere
in cœmeterio Ecclesiæ Occidentalis
jacet ΑΝΩΝΥΜΟΣ:
hanc idcircò tabulam
amisso (heu! nimis maturè) socio
paribus studiis et amore devincti
Robertus Surtees, Jacobus Raine, et Car: Geo: Young
pon: cur:
Obiit V^{to} die Augusti A.D. M.DCCC.XXII.
annum agens trigesimum quartum.

LXXXII.

To Sir CUTHBERT SHARP.

Mainsforth, Oct. 29, 1822.

* * * *

Ask this question of any military or war-office man:—

Robert Oswald, aged 93, late sergeant 58th foot; pension one shilling per day; died September 24th, 1822, at Bishop Middleham. The quarter is due September 25th, and the widow and daughter are advised to swear that he died the 25th, but they are honest; and his last hour was on the morning of the 24th.

A soldier's pension is certainly due to the day of his decease; but I have a recollection that their pay is always in advance. If so, however hard, he has no claim; and these are no times for extension. You can easily ascertain this.

Oswald saw Wolfe fall. I have his memoirs in autograph, which I think I shall reserve for your private press.*

I trust you are in harbour. Yours in haste,

R. Surtees.

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* In another letter, Mr. Surtees sends the Memoir to Sunderland, to Sir Cuthbert, with a request that it may be printed upon *whity-brown* paper, on a broadside, letter for letter, and word for word; and printed it was forthwith, with the most scrupulous regard for his directions. I cannot refrain from placing this piece of home-spun biography before the reader.

The Adventures of Rob. Oswald.

Mr. Rob. Oswald Sargent Listed into his Magesty King Gearge 58 Rigimint of foot and from thence he went to Herey foot Shier and from thence to Plimoth to Cork in Iarland from thir to Halifax and Nouiscostia we goined the grand armey 13:000 Gnral Amus and Genral wolf Commanding Ofisers from thence to Cabilton we dis in barked to fight the french 1700 of them meant to disimpos ous but we bat them so 2 days after fought 4 day after we fought them againe and we got the Victrey and drove them Jnto the Town and laidseag to them for 13 weaks night and day Candulating upon thim with Cannian and Bumshill we sent a flag of trous into the Town saing if they wood not liver up to us we wood storm them all the French Genral Caplated with ous and gave ous the Town we lost 150 men but what thay lost we canot tell we left 3000 men behind ous to gard the Town we Jmbark with Genral Wolf to at Tack tow gret fishreys in the land of New found land we took gasp Bay with a deal of los in the night 20:000 of ous set out with a pilate to take mount Lewey and Storm the Town and Took all the inhabitins and Solders

Next morning we took the preast and governess of the town and a man of ware bering up to take the fishermen and thir fish of but if thay (would) not tell us what she was we wood hang them all thay said tow Goons wood fetch hir in and one wood

LXXXIII.

To Mr. G. ANDREWS, Bookseller, Durham.*

Dear Sir, 1823.

Only remember when the pie is properly baked, to send a large copy to the Countess of Strathmore, " with *Mr. Surtees's respectful compliments*."

set hir of so we fiered tow Goons to fetch hir in so we shot 250 men on bord and took hir so we set fire to the town and of we came So we came to Halifax and took our wentrs qarters So Genral Wolfe came in the spring and ordred ous of for Canaday to take quebeck we ent red the river st alans then we took Hail eistans of couder with verey Littel Loss we took Islant otans we had 2 verrey hard ingagemenes and bet them of then we took Mulfraransey and thare I got wounded in my Bodey so we bet them agine and then we took pointcleavey so then we laid surch to the town ther we laid 14 weaks we smnsed the town and thay wood not sorrender so Generall wolf orders for ous to go on bord of the boats and go about 5 mils above the tawn in the dead our of the night so the french opned the gates and came to fight ous on the plans of abrome so we took a 4 gun batrey from them so genrell wolf came up and said we ware 2 good men to stay thir so make for yon hill so we met the french in the fase coming in a Collam so thin we fired on them and ran in with our bynets till they ran a way our adey Camp bid ous Retreat buck and farme the Line and the we marched up the firs Braggade the french march up to fiight ous we (beat) them and Ciled Genrell mount Callam thay wear 17:000 to 10:000 and we still had the Better of them Genrell Wolf was wounded sare and as he Lay he said has the Lorrels of England the day so he Dead with Pease both with god and man Genrell Mounton was wounded Lord Tounsend took Comand So we drove them into the Town so the next day we bured the Dead 3000 of ours and 7000 of thirs and found 2 genrell more of thirs in the slain and the town held out 4 days and in that time we wear all most starved to death and we wear for sed to shoot the pidgins as thay flew by ous in flocks for want. in the 28 of aprill thay came down to layseag to ous and we went out to fight them and we could not come on them 2 deep far thay wear A bout 40:000 of them and a bout 7000 of ous and they banged ous in to the garrison and J was wounded in that same time we war forsed to fight boath men and women for a bout 11 weeks shor of pervition for we had onley a bout 2oz. of Pork and bread aday and half a pint of Room aday and our woman fired a 6 Goon batrey and our man of ware came oup and we went and took mounttrall and Fortjackatre Portjackatree and Sindslamala sirrell and that is the end of Canaday then we went Havanah and we lay seage to him and took the town fram them so we came home into Eiarland and was little beter thir for we had to go to curch with our fierlocks with ous we went to foorth servis we to Giberalter So J was discharged for my wounds broke a gaine thear was onley 3 of ous left that went out of England Gradeurs Rob Oswald.

Robert, son of Thomas and Anne Oswald, baptized April 9th, 1729.

Robert Oswald, Out Pensioner of Chelsea Hospital, buried September 26th, 1822, aged 93 Years.

Bishop Middleham Register.

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* After the publication of the third volume of the History.

Write this in some visible place. It would be abominable to neglect this, which is the only civility perhaps I can ever pay in return for Lord Strathmore's attentions. Yours truly,

R. SURTEES.

LXXXIV.

To THE EDITOR.

DEAR RAINE, [After 1823.]

Survey St. Giles in and out,
  Get over the stiles
To Maudlen * about,
And Kepyer, and give the medical case
  That was done in that place,
Of an alderman that cramm'd himself
  And took the bottle off the shelf.†

LXXXV.

To THE EDITOR.

DEAR RAINE, Mainsforth, 15 July, 1825.

The great heat takes out of me all notion of York in the assize week. . . . I do not know the extent of your holidays. If they do not last so long, I'll e'en make a break-out earlier, as soon as ever we are relieved by a thunder-storm or a water-spout.

I had the books, and shall be glad to hear of your Gestes towards Carleil, *ad*, *et ultra*, *murum*. I grieve that Richard [of Cirencester] should be a forgery. What is Pierse Bridge if there be no *Ad Teisam?* I wish you would take a survey of the station, and note any memorabilia. . . . . manu præ nimio calore tremulus.

R. S.

Rev. James Raine, Ovington, Gretabridge.

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* Magdalen Chapel, in ruins.

† The above was written when Mr. Surtees was gathering together information for the history of the parish of St. Giles in Durham. I had frequently heard him say that he intended to avail himself of some peg or other on which he might hang the case and very characteristic prescription by Dr. Hunter above alluded to, and I therefore give it a place in a note. It is, as is believed, the only scrap left by Dr. Hunter, the antiquary, in his medical capacity, and it appears to terminate abruptly. A medical

LXXXVI.

To The EDITOR.

Good Maister Vice-Chanc^{r}, Frõ Mainsforth, 6 Aug. 1825.

Wee doe with greate and hartie contentement accept the newes of yo^{r} p̃ferment,* and doe esteem it to be an office right worthily bestowed. Wee doe counsaile ye, if other maters lett not, to put forth some pithy peece on the dewties of a Chan^{r} of the

---

practitioner of the present day would probably smile at bleeding a patient in the saphæna vein for a surfeit of brandy and water, ale, and oysters. The Walls were a family of great pharmacopæian fame in Durham till nearly modern times:—

Carolus Wall, pharmacopæus Dunelmensis, pleni habitus, et doloribus rheumaticis, rheumatismo et anginæ a suscepto frigore per decem elapsos annos obnoxius, alias vegetus, elapsi mensis die 2, sub vesperum, cum aliis sociis inserviit ebibendæ misturæ e vini spiritu succo limonum aqua fontana et saccharo confectæ, sub dio, in hortis Kepierianis, ad minimum per duas horas, aere tum temporis humido; inde reversus, edendis ostreis et superbibendæ cerevisiæ aliquod tempus insumit, et postea, sera nocte, domum lectumque petiit. At a primo somno vomitione et inquietudine et vigiliis lacessitus, reliquum noctis et partem insequentis diei insomnis transegit. Hora circiter nona, e lecto surgens, horrore correptus, ad aliquod tempus lectum petens incaluit, inquietudine et vomitione manentibus, quamvis enematum frequenti usu intestinorum contenta satis exonerasset. Ego, a prandio vocatus, inveni hominem anhelum inquietum, abdomine, præcordiis et hypochondriis inflatum, sudore perfusum moderato; in lecto jacere nescium propter respirandi laborem, erectus tamen non male respiravit, causatus præcipue primarum viarum infarctum aut distentionem: Pulsum inveni fortem, inæqualem, confusum; urinam crudam neque contentis saturatam nec rubicundam. Sanguinem impero detrahendum e saphena, ad uncias duodecim, et vomitioni cohibendo julapium ex sale, absinthio, succo limonum saturato et postea aqua cinam. hordeat. et menthæ diluto cochleatim sorbendum, et epispastuum amplum et acre applicandum . . . et pro potu ordinario infusum ingrediens' pectoral', cum tantillo succi limonum. Reliquum diei et insequentem noctem inquietus transegit, eadem perpessus symptomata; somno per vices breviori gavisus et sudore parvo. Proximo mane, hora nona, sanguis e brachio dextro missus ad × rheumaticorum similis pulsum reddidit fortiorem, non tamen regularem; et hora prima pomeridiana eadem quantitas detracta è sinistro, et vesperi e saphena. Ea nocte propinavi potionem catharticam, et una intermissa hora emeticum è pulv. rad. Ipicacuan. et syr. limon., unde eliminata satis magna quantitas phlegmatis admodum viscosi cum euphoria, at parvo vel nullo symptomatum levamine. Post sextam horam a potione sufficienter purgatus, manente adhuc præcordiorum et abdominis distensione, urina hucusque qualis primo morbi die cruda absque contentis cujuscunque generis; pulsus præterea inæqualis et confusus.

* The Rev. James Baker, the Chancellor in Spirituals, had, a few days before, constituted me his Principal Surrogate in the Consistory Court and Diocese of Durham.

S̃pualties, and, cheefly, touching the right proveing, ordering, and conserving of deed men's testaments, and of the great measure of benefitt by which both the publique and ev̑y in his pticular may be thereby advantaged. Trewly, Reṽd Sir, it were not amiss if, in y^r^ discrec̃on, ye should, from y^e^ pulpitt of S^t^ Marie, touch on the need yer is yat ev̑y Christen man shuld testate, for y^e^ p̃venting of sutes and variaunces emongst his kin efter his departure from this mortall stage, and of y^e^ grete nede yer is of employing some cunning clerke to drawe such instruments lawyerly and advisedly, and yat it is ev̑y man's dewty to sett forth, at the topp or hedde of his testament, his simple and trew confession of y^e^ Christen faith, and, after that, to speke of the right ordering and deciding of his chattells, and especially to see that suche as stand seized to anie uses be faire and honest men, and not needie nor lusting efter other men's estates. Trewly, me seemeth, it were well for the good will ye bere our publique libraries yat ye advised ev̑y one, that hath anie auncient bookes or collections of evidence, to beware how they suffer theise to fall into hands of ignorant or idle kin, that shal not understond or valew the same; which wold be trewly a casting of pearles before a sort of swine; but so to dispose of such bokes or evidence as they may be treasured up for time to come in some publique storehouse of learning. And the like matter, though it be of less needeful import, may be touched on as to Coynes and other curious gim-crackes, whereof yo^r^ namesake, Maister Rayne, of Aukland, had good store, now for want of dew care lost and dispersed.* In yo^r^ own pticuler you will doe well to cause y^e^ registrar to fumigate often his office with vinegar and elder flowers, and to cast forth all dead vermine or petrified † rats, which may be found amongst y^e^ Rotuli, and specially to avoyde y^e^ filthy practice of taking tabacco; or, if he will needs smoak, let him provide himselfe with whity-brown or "cut and dried Dolly," and not goe about to light his pipe with men's testaments,[*] puffing, as it were, the evidence of men's landes into filthy smoak and black aire. Ye shall doe well, also, in a worde to the wise, to beware of a * * * *. Trewly I have mis-spelt yᵉ laste worde with moche thinking on our wordy freend ———, which is now in Dubblin, wher he and his ladie had like to have been kilt by a madde kowe, which wounded twenty-three Christen persons very greevously, and slew one pore char-woman in *conspectu* ———, as his letters missive to Maister Alysaunder Logan doe testifie.

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* Allusion is here made to the Inventory of "Robert Raine, usher of the free grammar schoole of Bishop Auckland, gent." made after his death in 1668, from which it appears that he possessed "a litle cabbinett with two gold rings, a large corrall with a silver chaine, a seale, and several pieces of silver, with some other things therein."

† The skeleton of a rat once found among the rolls in the Treasury was so termed by an official person in the hearing of Mr. Surtees and myself.

Maister Publique Orator of yʳ Universitie[†] purposeth coming hither on Mondaie, and stayeth over three nightes, and on yᵉ Wednesdaie we goe to Seggefield ꝑcessionally. I feare yee will be so lett and hindered, for honour bringeth trouble, that ye cannot come forth to us, where yoʳ p̃sence shuld, as at all tyms, be right hartilie acceptable. Soe no more, but restith in all trewth yours to cōmand,

R. SURTEIS.

Have ye not anie petigree of yᵉ Baliouls fairly drauen out from evidences? There is moche discrepaunce in Maister Dugdale's maner of setting forth thereof, and yᵉ evidences yat pertain to Bernerd Castel, and ther seemith to be divers men of this name omitted in yᵉ discent. Aᵒ 1231. Vixerunt John, Eustatiꝰ, Henry, and Nigel de Baliol, who made convention with the bushop; and in 1254 lived Eustace and Goceline his brother, and in yᵉ "Liber Vitæ" Barnard Baliol senʳ, Barnard fił ejꝰ, Ingelram, Wido (which soundeth Guy), Eustace fił ejꝰ, Hawisia, et altera Hawisia, Agnes de Pichenei uxor Bern. jun., Matildis mater ejꝰ, Hugo fił ejꝰ, et Roger et Joh̃es filii Hugonis. Alysaundre Balyol, brother of John Kinge of Scottes, some say left a sone Alysaundre, but nothing set downe of his eshewe.

Maister Jakkys, wee doe apprehend, is at Cambridge. Wee wold hartilie desire that he were through his exercises, and were ordayned to some sp̃ualty.

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[*] A person of the name of Trotter, who was Registrar of the Consistory Court a century and a half ago, by the appointment of Bishop Lord Crewe, is said to have not unfrequently lighted his pipe with a Will, crying out, "Here goes the Testator."

[†] The present Master of St. John's College, Cambridge, at that time Public Orator of the university.

Ther is a testament, found in an odd boxe in y^e^ courte at Yorke, of one Peres Scotte, a preste yat was chaplen to Meg of Meldon, and he styleth himselfe "Clerke and Maister of the Blak Arte," which is a straunge description for any Christen man; and in y^e^ bodie of y^e^ instrument he speketh outright of divers sleights and cantrips, which doe at least sit on the skirts of the Darke Kingdom; and he geveth divers spirits kept in botells to a preste in Framagate, and, by a coddicill, he revoketh moche of what he hath saide, and leaveth his Mistress of Meldon sole executour, and one he namyth Auld Nykolas to be supvisor, which matter the Chancelor of Yorke duly perpending, did refuse to graunt letters, unles it were clerid who suld be intendid by Nykolas, which mater I send for y^r^ instruccõn, if, q̃d absit, y^e^ like case hapen in y^r^ dioc̃.

LXXXVII.

To EDWARD SWINBURNE, Esq.*

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, Nov. 3, 1825.

My letter directed to Capheaton, giving some account of the situation of our poor friend Taylor's family, has probably crossed yours on the road.

I have received the proof and the vignettes safe. I am extremely well pleased with the soft effect of the sky, and the light thrown on the town. The water too, I should suppose, well managed. I am too little of a sailor to see any defect about the rigging; but do certainly observe the main vessel to be Dutch-built. I will return the vignettes in a few days by coach. I think the Tees Force might make an admirable plate. I am unwilling to relinquish any of them, if in progress we find that the artists do not let the delicate spirit of the originals evaporate. A specimen or two will try that. * * * Believe me in haste yours truly,

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* Edward Swinburne, Esq., was a younger brother of Sir John E. Swinburne, of Capheaton, Bart., and an amateur artist in water-colours of the highest taste and fame. Mr. Surtees, as it appears, became acquainted with Mr. Swinburne through their common friend Mr. J. B. Taylor, who has been mentioned above (p. 138). Upon Mr. Taylor's death, Mr. Surtees thus feelingly writes to Mr. Swinburne in another letter. "To me the loss of a frank and friendly creature, always ready to further my slightest wish, and also of (*illeg.*) with a purity and simplicity little known, is irreparable." Of the drawings which Mr. Swinburne kindly made and presented to Mr. Surtees, for the illustration of his History, the following, which speak in sufficiently plain terms of his taste and powers, were engraved, and appear in the fourth volume. Limekilns at Southwick, Shields Harbour, Hartlepool, the Lower Tees near Dinsdale, the Bridges of Bishop Auckland and Winston. Other drawings, especially of Lumley Castle, the High Force, the Fish-Lock at Dinsdale, were ready for the engraver. By the kindness of Sir John Swinburne, the editor is in possession of the various letters which were addressed to his brother by Mr. Surtees on the subject of the above drawings and engravings, and also of those by Mr. Hodgson, extending over several years, relative to the embellishments for his History of Northumberland, to which Mr. Swinburne was also a willing contributor, both by his pencil and his purse.

R. Surtees.

LXXXVIII.

To The EDITOR.

Maister Jayme, Frō Mensford, 26 Nov. 1825.

(I call ye not M^{r} Canc^{r}, bicause y^{t} is no gret mater of start.) Yee sall wote how I am sore letty^{d} of jorneying to Doresme on my affaires by an income in my chinne, which is called *Phlegmon Erisypelatous*, and is likest of anie other thing to a burning fyer sett to y^{e} berde as itt were by ould Nykkles, or his prentice ayont Brigge; and y^{e} hayre, continually growing and renewing (renovando et crescendo, as y^{e} Millars and Decimists say*) thorof y^{e} sore, like a prickly stoble of ill weeds, *lappi et tribulæ*, doeth prevent all tonsours from attempting y^{e} adventure, so yat on y^{e} mater I goe about wth an ould gray morning goune (sikelike, reverently, as y^{e} Busshopes wore at y^{e} stake at Oxsenforde), with gray haires clippit on y^{e} upper lippe ; and as to y^{e} nether, as heven dealith wth grouth of haire. Now to come to the cheefe mater in hande—ther is on

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* Mr. Surtees here alludes to the Rev. James Miller, Minor Canon, and Vicar of Pittington, who, after a long litigation, succeeded in setting aside sundry moduses paid in lieu of tithes in kind, in his benefice. A question of a like kind afterwards arose between him and Dr. Bell, the master of Sherburn. "Miller," writes Mr. Surtees awhile afterwards, "must take the title of Victor Decimus Maximus. I hope he'll try Dr. Bell's metal, and crack him." With Surtees, however, who loved truth and despised evasion, Dr. Bell had brought himself into disgrace. At a time when the landed proprietors and incumbents of the county were vieing with each other in supplying all the information in their power for the History of Durham, to a courteous application made by its author, for permission to inspect the muniments of the hospital, an answer was returned by the doctor that the muniments had been all destroyed, but that he should be glad to see the applicant at breakfast, naming a day. Surtees, who knew that the hospital possessed records of importance, replied that he was engaged on that morning to breakfast at home with Mrs. Surtees.

Maister ———, dwelling in Bedford Streete by Covent Garden, which is naught, and upon the upshot has nearly fayled; and I, haveing noe good billes, doe remit unto you v *l.*, which yee sall fynd meanes to multiply, and soe send the fulle some of v *l.* xiv *s.* to the said bankeroute, which wilbe greete releefe, seeing y^e hole he doeth owe is onely thirty thousand of poundes sterlinges, and some oddes.

I have found y^e greatest benefitt in my own ailment from a receipt I larnid of a preest, to eate hot rost gose well stoffyt with onyon, and to drink shortly thereupon thre glasses of red wine of Oporto, which doth thicken and crassify y^e discharge, and to avoid all small and acid drink.

Out of a boke of Pharmacie, handed me by y^e said preest, (which I will tel you is not of over good fame, yet his skille may be good,) I doe send you a receipt, of which use your likeing, onlie yee have good oportunitie, *et nemo sine experientia doctus.* Y^e paragraffe is yis.

"A corde maid verie fayrly of y^e dryed tayle hayres of a deade asse, rubbed over with y^e marrow of a scholemaisters spirle bone, hang hym across y^e threshold, and yee shall see every one yat enterith to have triple heddes."

Yee will see how easilie yee may triplicate y^r schole for y^e nonce, and ye sall make beginning on Dikkon Hillys, being of a reasonable and convenient hedde, for, if ye beginne with some greete lumberlout, yee shall but stopp passage and triplicate darknesse.

I am not well remembered whether I tould ye y^t in my jorney to Yorke (wherein me thinketh I gat my complaynte) I mett ——— herauld (quondam), which is in grete fethir. I mett him in a fine cote (not his awne) going forth to diner at on parson ———'s, at or by ———. He comended hymself to yow very trewlye, wherewith I conclude myself, yo^r infirme broder, R. S.

For Maister Jayme Rayne at his dwelling, w^h is
well knawen by alle messengeres, Doresme.

LXXXIX.

To The EDITOR.

Good Maister Rayne, Maineford, 20 Jan. 1826.

Ye schal understonde that I stode for ye in the libr^y Tewesday and Thorsday,[*] and on y^e first daie cam a certen nobillman of y^e reaulme of Scotland, yat is callid Blynd Erskine,* and on namid Prynce of Shincliffe; and Dom^{s} Erskine gat a boke, which is fairly enterid; Maister Prynce askid for on boke yat was not imprinted. And on Thorsdaie was grete snowe and hail, and yer cam no on nigh; but at the last it fell out, as I sat reading in Strype's Annals, the windowes all shook fearfully, and y^{e} portraicture of blody Mary movid, and right aneath Deane Sudbury a panel opened,† and there came in an apparition fairly attired, lyke a yong dame after London fascion; by which mater I gat a grete fright, for I knewe of non such passage. And on the next Tewsdaie, when Maister Wheler ‡ shuld have taken the key, he fell seeke of a grete stroke of payne across the smale of his bakke (a part which maie not be easilie found), and so I delived the grete key to Maister Millar, Scotus, and, he standing in som doubte, I also spake with M^{r} Prebendarie Darnell, who was verie willing to come in case of need; and with him I left your small keys, which he said he faithfully (would) liver over to you; and I did observe, Maister Rayne, that y^{e} dore hinges of the auld cabinet be sore shaken and disrupted, so that it hingeth altogether by the locke, which mater gat worse in my handling by the breking of an auld nayle, and Maister Darnell said yt shuld be amendid when ye returned; and I send herewith yo^{r} boke of Lycens and Administration, and one other old boke out of the privy Closet, *e dextra ut intraveris*, and one boke of Aydes and Subsidies, which methinke I never saw afore: and, when ye have had y^{r} use of it, I schal pray ye to send itt forth again: and I have of yo^{rs} one boke of Testaments, No. III, and y^{e} Catal. spectant. Fishlake and Hemingburgh I could not finde; so that mater restith. And having good hope to see ye in Dirrame in short time, I saie no mor at this present, except sending ye a curious receit to cure dronkenness in any ill man or wife, which is:

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[*] Mr. Surtees had kindly undertaken to attend upon my duty in the library of the Dean and Chapter during my absence for the week, and this amusing letter gives an account of his adventures.

"Take lyve vyperres, and bruise them not, but putt them in the pot or can whereof the dronkard schal go to drinke, and it schal moche amende him, and if he drinke of them and they engendre kindly in his kyte, it wil be better, for soe schall he drincke no moe."

Soe restith yours ever,

R. S.

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* This gentleman, who had the misfortune to have been born blind, was an excellent, well-informed man, and at that time resided in Durham, for the education of his sons at the school. The earldom of Mar, forfeited in the rebellion of 1715, was restored to Mr. Erskine's father by George IV.

† In this part of the library there is a private entrance through the wainscot into the deanery.

‡ See pp. 188, 189.

XC.

To J. B. NICHOLS, Esq.*

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, Dec. 1, 1826.

It was only this day that, being in Durham, I was informed of the event which must have called forth the feelings of an attached and dutiful son.

To *him*, I trust, to a *good man*, the transition was as little painful as it is permitted to any human being. Whilst nearer and dearer friends are expressing their feelings, I would not trespass on your time, and beg you will take no trouble to answer my expression of deep and respectful regret for the Father of English Topography. Believe me most sincerely yours,

R. Surtees.

XCI.

To J. B. NICHOLS, Esq.

Dear Sir, Hendon, Dec. 9, 1826.

You would receive my note of the 1st December, but I will not omit acknowledging the receipt of your very kind and attentive letter, and once more beg to express my deep sense of respect for the memory of your venerable parent. Believe me, with most sincere regard, yours,

R. Surtees.

XCII.

To C. K. SHARPE, Esq.

Dear Sharpe, Durham, Jan. 8, 1827.

I this day saw by accident, in a newspaper, an advertisement of a sale of coins (Patr. Mickle John's), on Tuesday, 9, &c. at salerooms,

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* This letter, brief, but expressive of sympathetic feelings, which Mr. Surtees to my knowledge most deeply and sincerely entertained for their object, refers to the death of John Nichols, Esq., who is here, with great justice and truth, spoken of as "the Father of English Topography." Of one County History of sterling value Mr. Nichols was himself the author. Of numerous others he was the printer; and there are few departments in which, by his pen, or his press, he has not contributed largely and essentially to the literature of his country.

Hanover Square. Now, of the nature of the collection I am ignorant, being *sans* catalogue, *sans* knowledge of the umquhile collector, and *sans* everything, save brief advertisement. I would not inflict on you the penalties and durance of a saleroom; but, if the collection include such articles, I would wish through some agent of your choice to get two or three Scotish pieces. I have odd coins, tracts, and poetry, relative to that corner of his Majesty's dominions, in which I have always felt a peculiar interest.

As there is nothing so relieving to a person acting by deputy as being specific, I would give for a fair gold St. Andrew of Robert or James 2*l.* 2*s.* each or either, or 2*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* if very fine. For Mary, with the head in silver, testoon or else, 30*s.* or if very fine 2*l.* 2*s.* Her gold with the head is extra rare, and may fetch much; if fine, I would extend to 4*l.* 4*s.* Other matters I will not press. With bonnet-piece I am provided, but have no objection to throw a pound, or so forth, on odd Scotch silver of any sort. All this in perfect ignorance of Mr. M. John's acquisitions.

I trust to send you a fourth volume final, if we live twelve months longer; and, whether there be Roberts and Mary's, Lyons and Ryals, or no, shall be glad to hear of you; to see you at Mainsforth I despair.

I write in haste on a bookseller's desk, and can only add, if Sir W. Scott is in Edinburgh make my remembrances. Believe me yours most truly,

R. SURTEES.

If money should happily be wanted for the purposes described, draw on me at Messrs. Backhouse, bankers, Durham, and it will be paid forthwith.

I just read in the Lives of the Norths, that the folks were fond of parading and being seen so doing in York Minster and Durham Abbey (just as we know they did in St. Paul's). Is there any trace of such usage as to religious places in Scotland; but, indeed they must have haunted ruined abbeys since Knox's time.

Though you released my vow, Nevill's Cross is coming on, and I would willingly connect you with the Kirkpatrick, if it may be.

I recollect Mr. Laing had a younger son, a fine lad,* with somewhat a metallic turn. I promised him some Roman coins, which were never sent. Is he still a collector?

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* If I am not mistaken, "the fine young lad with the metallic turn," is now one whom I am happy to call my friend, David Laing, Esq. Keeper of the Books in the Library of the Writers of the Signet, and himself the author or editor of numerous books of history and poetry illustrative of Scotland.

XCIII.

To The EDITOR.

Good Maister Rayne, 30 Mar. 1827.

Herewith yᵉ haff Priour Ebchestre's boke;[*] and, on Tewsdaie or Wadensdaie yᵉ schall haff by sauf conveyaunce yᵉ litle boke of Sent Cudbert. I schuld have bin in Doreme, but I hapened a mischaunce in ryding thorof a yet-stede, wherby I brak my skin on an yren hesp; and I mote not styre mekill till it were clene skynned over, yᵉ which is ryght nighe well. Our truste is to see yᵉ sumtyme aboute Pasque, yᵉ which is our prymerose tyme. I hadd a fayre letter from maister Pacock, toching repayres of his kirk of Denton. Marry, he sayeth he hath moved the executors of on Elizebet Warde to bestow on mee yᵉ ymage of Lo. Greystoke,[†] yᵉ which was throwen forth of Nesham by the ribald and lewd ꝑsons who made syke yll Reformacion under his highnes K. Hery VIII. Trewly I here it bruyted yat maister Thomas Rayne schall porchase yᵉ said house and garden in Hurworth, which schall be comfortabill everie waie, and yᵉ Baron wyll be in non daunger, for what saith the rhyme?

Ni fallat fatum, Greystoke quocunque locatum
Inveniet lapidem Thomas habitabit ibidem.

I mervayle to see no not of yᵉ Cymba at Fery. Peradventure its use was passed by, and yᵉ cawsay *quod ducit ad Mainforde* did supply its place.

I do ꝑceive one Thomas Claxton held lands in Spenyng more *in triangulo*, which methinketh were a verie fitt tenure for Maister Jakkys when he schal come to gayne landes.

R. S.

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[*] My copy of a Survey of the Possessions of the Priory of Durham in 1446.

[†] An effigy of a Lord Greystock found among the ruins of the Priory of Nesham, and for a long time preserved in the garden of Miss Ward of Hurworth. The effigy is now, I believe, placed in the church or church porch. Of this effigy an engraving was published in the third volume of Mr. Surtees's History.

XCIV.

To The EDITOR.*

Crown, Harrogate, 31 May, 1827.

* * * *

When we passed Catterick Bridge, the rain was coming down ppendicular and S^{r} Henry Lawson would be eating his dinner, so I wrote him a letter. He hath not the *Acta SS. Bened.* but hath two MSS. one, a "Description of the Ancient Rites and Monuments, &c." (Davis) and another a beautiful 12mo. with several illuminated initials, entitled "Vita et Miracula S. Cuthberti." He would have great pleasure in shewing either you or me the *latter*, of which he seemeth *tenax*, and would be glad to see us any time. I shall try to see them in returning. Can it be Reginaldus vel Historia sequior? Sir H. will feel very interested in any further account of the discovery recently made in the abbey. He has not seen the Durham paper. I wish you would send him one.

The Crown hath few brilliants, and the landscape looks grey and moorish, after leaving green Leeming Lane.

XCV.

To J. B. NICHOLS, Esq.

Dear Sir, Feb. 20, 1828, Mainsforth.

I inclose 16*l.* specifically for K. James's Progresses, which ought to have been earlier attended to, as a ready-money payment for a work expensive to the author. I have had the greatest pleasure from its perusal, and I heartily wish, indeed the matter has become quite a sort of thing that haunts me, that your young Phœnix would, in due time, think of that most interesting enterprise, an *Iter Carolinum.*† We know such works will not pay in cash; but time, good will, and opportunity, may do much. With best wishes, believe me most truly yours,

R. Surtees.

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* On the subject of the former part of this letter the reader is referred to the Preface to "St. Cuthbert."

† Mr. Surtees's kindness towards young Mr. Nichols induced him to make a public expression of the same proposal: "I wish Mr. Gough Nichols (the name is a *Phœnix*) would undertake the *Progresses of King Charles*. An *Iter Carolinum*, well benoted, would be a subject of still more intense interest than either the splendid Progresses of the Maiden Queen, or the mingled masques and forest sports of her successor."—History, vol. iv. p. 74.

The binding is delightful. I cannot of course know my exact debt, so settle your own way. There are also Mr. Davis's publications, which have saved Cornwall at the last gasp; I owe for them.

XCVI.

To Sir C. SHARP, Colonnade Hotel Haymarket.

Dear Sharp, Richmond (Sur.) 3 May, 1829.

Presuming you will have this about your breakfast time, I have to be with Lord Grey and Lord Dacre and possibly others, *in re Clarence*, to-morrow morning, and shall then gradually decline towards Westminster, inquire at Nichols' and leave directions there. My time must be uncertain; but, when I get into that latitude, I shall remain till the House meets, and perhaps hazard my spine to hear the petitions delivered. You had better go and endure the "peine forte et dure" with me for an hour or two. I have spent a pleasing, solitary, half-sunshiny, half-drizzly sort of day here: have been delighted with fields and hedges, aye even with ditches, dead nettles, dandelions, and ground ivy. This is my usual retreat for a vacant day. I was at the Temple Church in the morning, and it was so crowded that I, fearing to be *scomfished*, staid at the door, and finally took my seat on a bench near the door betwixt two pretty hand-maidens, one of whom compelled me to read psalms and lessons out of her well-thumbed, dog-eared Bible, and the other brushed my hat.

* * * *

My man John Hall writes, "I will mak otth ther is onely thre winders in the drawen rum and no mor, and the railway can be seen from them all, and from all the gurls bed rums, and will be embankd ight fot high in the cares." In his former and only epistle, he told me that "they were very bussy, and that the sweeps was clening—the gurls." *

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* A part of this letter was printed by Mr. Taylor in the Memoir. See p. 151, and also p. 302.

XCVII.

To J. G. NICHOLS, Esq.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, Aug. 5, 1829.

From similarity of writing, and from the seal, your anonymous correspondent of Sept. 1828, is *George Bowes Watson*, whose present or past residence I have not, but in 1820 he dated *War Office*, and his name, I see, occurs at that date, G. B. Watson, as senior clerk of examining arrears. As he very kindly forwarded me some information, I should wish to oblige Mr. W. in a similar manner, and if this will not trace him, can you in your Index Indicatorius, or Minor Correspondence, say that "if 'Anonymous,' whose letter of Sept. 1828 was mislaid, will send his direction to Messrs. Nichols, &c. he may be supplied with some information on the subject of his inquiry relative to the family of Surtees," or something to that purpose.* I know nothing of Mr. W. more than I tell you, but guess him to be a northern man, and descended from or connected with some branch of my numerous name. I return you the paper, which has no tangible connection with the pedigree of Surtees now in the press. The proof I return as well amended as I may, and it may be thrown off, Bishop Pilkington's coat filling the blank on 167. I inclose a note to Mr. Young, in consequence of which he will probably send you the arms of *Burwell*. I am not confident of my blazon. Do you never think of a northern tour, *Septembribus horis?* Our fine autumns are our glory, for spring we have none. Without further ceremony, I shall be most happy to see you at this or any time, and be your guide to our curiosities. Yours truly,

R. Surtees.

XCVIII.

To J. B. NICHOLS, Esq.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, Nov. 4, 1829.

I regret to say I do not write to set the press a-going, but to request, what I seldom trouble you with, that you would insert in your Obituary, the following very just tribute to one of my oldest and most excellent friends. Be it understood it is to be in the general obituary, not amongst the great and powerful, who have separate sketches. This is all very truth, and you may insert it *meo periculo.*

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* See the Gentleman's Magazine, xcix. ii. 194.

I have been much from home, and much from home in such a way that I could not take papers with me to any purpose. In the winter I purpose to set stoutly to work again. Believe me, yours ever truly,

R. Surtees.

[Extract from the Gentleman's Magazine (Nov. 1829), contributed by Mr. Surtees:—

"Durham, Nov. 8, 1829. At Bishop Wearmouth, Christopher Bramwell, wine-merchant, one of the oldest and most respected merchants of the port of Sunderland, eldest son of the late Rev. George Bramwell, rector of Sunderland, and of Hurworth. Honest, manly, sincere, unpretending, unmeddling, and kind and benevolent to every one around him, he lived happy in every connexion of social life, and died loved and lamented. The present generation must pass away before his name shall be mentioned without regret and respect."]

XCIX.

To Sir C. SHARP.

Mainsforth, Dec. 8, 1829.

* * * *

The sun never shines, and the woods are dripping with wet, and all is dull, and rents come badly in. I send this by Appleton, who is delighted with his appointment to the 26th, and hopes to be at Bangalore in the spring. Young ——— has taken a fancy for a red coat, and I think will sillily enough leave his desk and good livelihood to serve the King, if the King will have him; but a commission, even by purchase, is as bad to get as a title for orders.

* * * *

C.

To The EDITOR.

March 19, 1830.

* * * *

I have been prevented from coming to Durham by farms to let and lower. Our incomes are all ebbing fast away. North Durham I am reading *paginatim.*[*] The display of insular monastic life, of the

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[*] The first part of the History of North Durham, which had been published a few weeks before the date of the letter. Mr. Surtees had seen no part of the book during its passage through the press. On a few pages of early copy which had been submitted to him, he thus wrote about the year 1820:—

"Examined and approved. Do not leave out the holy flame that blazed in Iona, loitering monks watching the sail and the distant beacon, is all new, and a complete picture. The charters are a collection for which Scotland should give you a national mark of honour. Yours,

R. Surtees.

CI.

To J. G. NICHOLS, Esq.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, May 8, 1830.

I found your packet yesterday on my return from York. You have fully elucidated the Garths; and, that your labours may not be thrown away, Sir Samuel's blood shall be traced to its present representative.* I can just recollect hearing that General Garth made an attempt in vain to connect himself with the family of Headlam. It is now all clear. I shall try to add a few dates to the elder or illiterate line of Garth of Bolam, now represented by a grocer in Durham, who knows little, but promises me a family bible; and will then return the pedigrees. In the meanwhile, as to the Memoir, I must beg a little clue from you where I left off. It is so long ago since the MS. was composed, that I forgot how the arrangement stood. Did *Bolam* or *Headlam* come first? and did I not proceed so far as to state that Sir S. Garth's father made a will in favour of William his eldest, Samuel and the Col. having cost him their education ? You must either throw it off in letter-press or send back the immediately last MS. Have you not the *Birkbeck* pedigree remaining for Morton Tynmouth ? Sir S. G.'s aunts Adams and Pearts may have been maternal or paternal. His sister Cowling married a tradesman at Richmond, Yorkshire, as noticed in her father's will. With many thanks for all your assistances, believe me sincerely yours,

R. Surtees.

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and enlightened the furthest Western Isles (printed in North Durham, p. 51) ; nor the notes on Cairns and Saxon burials (p. 52) ; nor the Preb. of Lanchester, and wool-merchant of York (p. 53) ; nor, above all, Aidan's reason for preferring the sea-lashed shore of Lindisfarne (p. 52). Wilfred (p. 56) was a *verus* Bek, a sad thief. On and prosper—Rise and shine ! ——— is speculating on applying to you to get his duty done on Sunday week, as he goes to worship the beautiful idol set up by his brother ———.''

* See History, vol. iv. p. 26, &c.

CII.

To JOHN GOUGH NICHOLS, Esq.,

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, June 14, 1830.

Your proofs have reached me in my Yorkshire wanderings. I return the first portion of Garth, which might be printed off with the few corrections; but the woodcut of arms was somehow forgot at Newcastle. It shall be furnished within a week. Qu. Is there not a woodcut of Draper (see description of arms)? You may as well fill the blank on p. 25 with the Birkbeck letter, which Raine once sent to your Gent. Mag., but without the reference. I think the Edward half-crown was sent, not merely as 2*s.* 6*d.*, but as the coin of the first Protestant prince.

Once more, as summer comes forward, all steeped, I grieve to say in tears, and haloed round with mists, let me beg you to think on a Northern tour.* I'll take you to Abbotsford, and prove a guide from Tees to Tweed. I am going immediately to the south border of Scotland to meet Mrs. Surtees, who is now in Edinburgh; but direct anything here. I shall not be long absent.

I inclose a note to your father, asking, if proper, a vote for the Athenæum, for my friend and cousin Crosier Raine.

[To J. B. Nichols, Esq.—Dear Sir, I understand 100 new members are to be added to the Athenæum by list. It is an honour I never wished for myself, but a friend and relation of mine, Crosier Raine, of Gainford, but now residing at 32, Maddox Street, is troubled with an ardent desire to be admitted. He is proposed by Thos. Amyot, Esq., and seconded by Col. Gore, and is himself a very respectable man, of such habits as would render him a pleasant member of any society. If it is not inconsistent with rules of conduct prescribed to yourself, I should feel indebted to you for a score under his name, which I understand is the way of voting on the printed list.

——— offered me a place, sans ballot, on the first formation, but to me it was nothing. Believe me, however you dispose of this note, equally yours most truly, R. Surtees.]

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* The visit to Mainsforth, to which Mr. J. G. Nichols is here invited, was paid in the following August, and thus was he received by Mr. Surtees on his arrival :—

"Welcome, young printer, to these calm retreats,
Forget my proofs, and rest between my sheets."

A similar impromptu was once addresed by Mr. Surtees to the Duke of Buccleuch, in the Hall of St. John's College, Cambridge. The duke, then an undergraduate, had

CIII.

To J. G. NICHOLS, Esq.

Mainsforth, Nov. 3, 1830.

* * * *

"But hereafter, when Fr— and I and V—n M— are cold, caveant Episcopi."

Many thanks for your care, and this I think will do. I had marked it on the sheet. To those who know the Rector of Winston, it will be quite enough. We have but one *Fred.*, and it means this in common parlance, "when Fred. and I and Van Mildert are dead, &c.; for the present bishop knows and values Mundy. *Do not* put a final *t* to M— nor an M for Mundy. Have I said enough to explain my idea? 'Tis a familiar note to those who shall understand it.*

Our weather is still delightful, and the sun is this day gleaming through dark rolling clouds, which at sunset are gradully turning to volumes of gold and amber.

> "And still the sear leaf trembles on the spray;
> And still some tints of summer splendour tell,
> On far blue hill and lofty Western fell."

Just now should I like to see the sun setting over Stanemore, whilst you were exploring Brunskills in the church, or risking your precious neck in assaulting Brough Tower. The fine weather has somewhat delayed operations; but the Baliols are in progress. You received, I hope, a portion of MS. I have not yet got the Sledwich papers; but the drawings are completed. Yours very truly,

R. SURTEES.

You may insert in your next Obituary the death of a young and beautiful woman, as sudden as well could be. "At the rectory, Sunderland, after a few days' illness, of scarlet fever, Anne, wife of Mr. Morday, surgeon, daughter of the late John Goodchild, of Pallion, Esq." It has not been in the papers. She died the Sunday before last; and you may find her age in the Goodchild Pedigree, vol. i. Durham. The scarlet fever has been very fatal in Sunderland. She had just lain in of a first child. Her husband caught the disease, recovered, and she caught it and died; but you need not tell all this.

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begged a blessing, when Surtees, laying his hands upon the head of the youth, thus addressed him:—

> "Be to thy Scotland leal and true,
> My blessing on thee, young Buccleuch."

* See above, p. 145, and History, iv. p. 35.

CIV.

To J. G. NICHOLS, Esq.

Dear Sir, Nov. 8, 1830.

Two rainy days and a speck on the lucid face of our lovely Michaelmas summer have completed the "short and troublesome reign of King John" (Baliol),[*] and if it please heaven to send wet weather the MS. will be soon abundant; but to-day the sun shines, and in no season do I love a walk "by hedge-row elm, and hillock green" so much as in October, which is still the season, though I date November 8, 1830. Yours most truly,

R. Surtees.

CV.

To J. T. BROCKETT, Esq.

Dear Sir, Hendon, Dec. 21, 1830

I am somewhat at a loss how to answer the inclosed letter. I can state no objection to Messrs. Dent and McKenzie[*] publishing anything they choose; but I should not wish exactly to have my own work

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[*] History, iv. p. 55.

[†] Mr. Mackenzie's letter, which Mr. Surtees sends to Mr. Brockett for his advice, is to this effect: that he, the writer, having four or five years before taken the liberty of informing Mr. Surtees that he entertained the design of compiling a popular History of the County of Durham, on a plan similar to his (the writer's) History of Northumberland; and having expressed his conviction that it would not interfere in the smallest degree with Mr. Surtees's "learned, splendid, and invaluable work on the same subject," and having received an extremely liberal and encouraging reply, not only approving of the design, but promising to promote it, begs to know if the design still retains his (Mr. Surtees's) approbation. Mr. Brockett's report is confined to Mr. Mackenzie's declarations; that the History was intended for a totally different class of readers from those of Mr. Surtees's book; that he had no intention of abridging or extracting largely from it; that he did not mean to interfere with those parts of the history which touch upon genealogy, and the descent of property; and that he would submit to Mr. Brockett's perusal his proofs, whenever he availed himself of Mr. Surtees's labours. With these assurances, Mr. Surtees permitted the matter to rest until he should be able to judge for himself; but, dying in 1834, he did not see the first volume of Mr. Mackenzie's so-called History, the first volume of which was not published until that year.

Of Mr. Surtees's own History, three volumes had for some time been before the public, and most assuredly they, and Hutchinson's previous History, together with the "Saint abridged, *nor* the most interesting passages extracted and given wholesale. I do not wish to see *Elegant Extracts*, or *Beauties of Durham*, published in 8vo., but to all information and fair quotations they are most welcome; and if this was all that was intended, I do not know that any application was required. Can you have the goodness, if it involves you in nothing disagreeable, to see on my behalf, a proof or two, or a portion of MS., just to see the nature of the compilation. I have not their Northumberland by me to refer to. I am and shall be here, Mrs. Surtees having a severe cold, till Christmas-eve, so I shall not see Gesner till I reach home. Believe me yours very sincerly,

R. SURTEES.

CVI.

To J. G. NICHOLS, Esq.

1831.

General Aylmer was a younger son of Sir Fitzgerald Aylmer, of Donadea Castle, county Kildare, premier baronet of Ireland. He obtained a footing in the county of Durham by marriage with Anne only daughter of John Harrison, of Walworth Castle, Esq., and,

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Cuthbert" and "Durham Cathedral" of the Editor, constitute the very staple of Mr. Mackenzie's book, which is a mass of most unscrupulous appropriations, with rarely an acknowledgment of obligation or gratitude, all pasted together and passed off as original information, under the name of "A Popular History."

Another "*Popular History*" of the county, *similis farinæ*, by Mr. Fordyce, is now in progress, which I only mention, because in this latter publication the name of Mr. Mackenzie is set forth among the *Historians* of Durham as "next in order after Mr. Hutchinson;" although, as has been already stated, three out of four of Mr. Surtees's magnificent folios had seen the light before Mr. Mackenzie began to handle his scissors and his paste. Of those volumes, the use which was made by the appropriator will be seen at once from his account of that portion of the county of which Mr. Surtees did not live to write the history. The *original information*, which compilations of this kind do in reality contain, is of such a nature as to "place them at an infinite distance beneath the dullest details of regular topography. Ignorance of the subject, begetting perpetual misnomers, mistakes in chronology and in situation, together with imbecility and cloudiness of understanding, no more permit (continues Dr. Whitaker, whom I quote) such trash to aspire to the name of topography than a verger of a cathedral is allowed to rank with antiquaries."

having been long a very active magistrate, was elected chairman of the Quarter Sessions, co. Durham, on the death (? or resignation) of William Hutchinson, of Eggleston, Esq. The duties of this station he fulfilled with exemplary attention. He frequently also officiated as foreman of the Grand Jury. In private life, and in every domestic connection, General Aylmer was most amiable, and I believe had not, and did not deserve to have, an enemy. The strictest integrity, and the highest gentlemanly feeling, accompanied by the most simple and unassuming manner, rendered him an object of general respect and regard. His charities were large and unostentatious; and the whole tenor of his life was influenced by a deep and sincere, though unostentatious, sense of religion. In politics, General Aylmer was what used to be called a Tory, attached to the ancient institutions of the land, and averse to rash or violent attempts at innovation; but his politics were never carried into private life, and he lived on terms of intimacy with many valued friends who differed from him in opinion. General Aylmer's health had been long declining; and perhaps too persevering attention to his official duties hastened the catastrophe. General Aylmer was taken ill at the Quarter Sessions at Durham, held at Easter, and expired on the [5th Feb. 1831,] at the house of his friend Thomas Hopper, Esq., in the Bailey, Durham. His remains were removed for interment to his parish church of Heighington.

General A. has left an only son, John Harrison Aylmer, now an undergraduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, under George Peacock, and two daughters . . . unmarried, and Grace married to Reverend . . . Vivyan, rector or vicar of Wellingborough, Northamp.

Now, dear Sir, I have sent as much as you may, with a little transposition and sifting, make into a decent tribute to the memory of the very worthy general.* Of his military career, I know nothing. He certainly never served since his marriage. But all I have set down of his private excellence is most faithfully true. He is succeeded as chairman by John Hopper Williamson, of Whickham, Esq., second son of Robert H. Williamson, Esq., the venerable ex-Recorder of Newcastle, and Temporal Chancellor of this diocese.

I have been prevented from finishing some MS., which is all but ready, by railway business, and some absence from home. I hope to send a parcel in a day or two.

Will you recollect to get me " A Letter to the Lord Chancellor, on the late decision relative to the title of Earl of Devon." I do not know by whom sold or printed. It may come in a frank I should suppose.

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* See Memoir, Gentleman's Magazine, 1831, vol. ci i. 643.

See an account of the Aylmer baronetage, at great length in Playfair's British Family Antiquity, vol. ix.

Sir Fitzgerald A, 7th Bart.=Elizabeth, heiress of
obiit 1794. Fenton Castle.

Sir Fenton=Jane Grace Drake.
Sir Gerald A., now living.

2. John md. Grace Jane Evans. He is living.

3. Arthur, Lt.-Col. 4th foot, 1811.=Anne Harrison.

Margt. md. Sir John Hart, Bart.

CVII.

To THE EDITOR.

DEAR RAINE, Mainsforth, Jan. 14, 1831.

I am in the midst of the Baliols. Knighton says Edward Baliol died near *Dancastre* in 1363; Ritson (History of Galloway) says May 17th, 1363, at Whitley, near Doncaster; and Mr. Hunter * (South Yorkshire), states this to be Wheatley, now Sir George Cooke's, but Hunter refers to the Fœdera for a curious instrument, being a pardon to the said Edward Baliol for hunting in Hatfield Chase, near Doncaster, slaying deer, and catching great pike and breme, Oct. 1356, and another similar pardon for hunting in Inglewood, 28 Edw. III. Now I must trouble you either to send me the volume or transcribe these documents. I should like to see the description of the several head of game which Hunter says are enumerated. Is there any positive authority for a connection in blood between Trayne (of Streatlam) and Baliol, or Baliol and de la Hay. I find I have Astle's Scotch seals, but the early plates of Scotch kings, including Edward Baliol and the seal of Devorguill, are gone. I have some notion that they were taken out for references for Blore. Did they ever perchance come into your hands, or have you a copy of the book? Yours, R. SURTEES.

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* The Rev. Joseph Hunter, author of the History of South Yorkshire, Hallamshire, and numerous other topographical and historical publications. Mr. Surtees entertained the highest opinion of Mr. Hunter as an historian. In his own History, vol. iv. p. 63, he calls him "Perhaps the best of us all;" and again of the History of Hallamshire, he thus writes to Mr. Blore:—

"I am much pleased with the unpretending merit of the book (Hallamshire), which abounds in novel information, thrown out without any parade or ostentation, with much of excellent feeling and reflection naturally arising from the subject-matter."—Nov. 21, 1819.

CVIII.

To J. G. NICHOLS, Esq.

Dear Sir, Hendon, 10 Aug. 1831.

Two woodcuts are required at my hands, Neville's Cross, the property of Mr. Geo. Walker, and Sir John Duck (a sort of odd landscape, a bridge, a house, &c.) belonging to Sir C. Sharp, who wants to use it in a tract he is printing. It was introduced under *Silver Street*, I think, in the city portion. If, which is possible, you have already sent them, let me know. If not, please, in some moderate time, to forward them with anything else, and send proofs of Barnard Castle, both of what is finished, and of what is in the press, as, having nothing to refer to, I am afraid of repetition in my general account of the castle and scenery, which shall follow the woodcut plan. These hot days have al-almost rendered me useless, and I am come to inhale the sea breezes, but I return home on Monday first. I do not envy the senators. Yours very truly,

R. Surtees.

CIX.

To J. G. NICHOLS, Esq.

Dear Sir, Crown, Harrogate, Oct. 1, 1831.

I am happy at last to release the Whorlton and Sledwich sheets from their long confinement in type. They are now as well as I can make them, and may be printed off with the few additions.

I shall forward the B'd Castle sheets in a few posts. I am delayed by the vast mass of Streatlam papers which I am wading through, and which I hope may end in a separate publication There is a neat 4to MS. of the whole transactions of Robert Bowes, Lieger in Scotland, during great part of the reign of Elizabeth.* and perhaps 500 original letters from the Regent Morton, John Knox, Alex. Erskine, Lethington, and divers Scots statesmen, with many more familiar epistles. I have brought a large parcel with me hither.

We have run up to Harrogate for a fortnight, and have not seen the sun for four days. Yours truly,

R. Surtees.

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* The volume alluded to was printed by the Surtees Society in 1842.

I hold divers other papers of the Bowes family of later date. You are a true Englishman, and will enjoy the Antigallican spirit of Mr. Wm. Blakiston Bowes, the Fellow Commoner of Trinity, Cambridge. He writes to his mother ;—"As to my getting a servant, I shall never endure a Frenchman. They are so very impertinent, that they'd make me do them a mischief. For my turn true honest English is better.—Trin. Coll. Camb. Mar. 17, 1711."

CX.

To The Rev. JOHN HODGSON.

Dear Sir, Hendon, Sunderland, Dec. 10, 1831.

Were I at Mainsforth, I think I could refer to evidence proving that Wm. Bertram married Hawise daughter of Guy Baliol, who was that Roger Bertram's maternal grandfather. We have been long detained here by Mrs. Surtees's attendance on her mother, who has been in a very weak and dangerous state for many weeks. I shall be at home I think for a few days on this side of Christmas, and will look for Baliol and Bertram. As soon as ever we are again established at Mainsforth, I shall hope to see you for the purpose of making a complete inspection of my papers.

I recollect long ago seeing in a small 8vo. red-paper book of yours, containing a very few extracts from deeds of Gosforth, something that is not included in my printed pedigree of Surtees; of a connection, I think, with Bewick, referring to one of the last successive Thomas Surtees, towards 1500. If you can at any time refer to this I shall feel obliged by an extract from your notes. Have you any regular account of the family of Vaux, settled in Northumberland, and connected with Swinburn? I have a correspondent, an advocate in Edinburgh, H. S. Vanse, Esq. (which is a Wigtonshire corruption of Vaus,) who is very curious on the subject of the spreading house of de Vallibus, Waus, or Vaux, and I shall be glad to learn that any new lights will be thrown on the name in your future portions. Mr. Vanse has sent me copies of deeds which would go far to prove that Devorguill, relict of John Baliol, remarried John de Wallibus, a Scottish baron. Does this not go very far to contradict all other evidence of deeds, as well as Wyntoun, and Devorguill's own seal in widow's weeds to her charter of Baliol College? Other Devorguills may have been, but I'll send you the evidence. Yours very truly,

R. Surtees.

CXI.

To J. G. NICHOLS, Esq.

Dear Sir, Hendon, 6 Feb. 1832.

Thanks for the Votes. We received the same information from our solicitors, Bramwell and Fenner. The bowls have run as we wished. We have no objection to the docks,* but resisted our land being forced from us for a railway to accommodate the coal-owners. They will probably, if the docks are obtained, proceed to obtain a road by fair agreement with the landowners, and on a less injurious line.

Mrs. Robinson, I am happy to say, is so much better that we purpose moving to Mainsforth to-morrow or next day; where, as the railway is settled, I may hope to have some time to attend to food for the press. As the wood-block seems fairly missing, the sheet may be thrown off, and will do just as well without it.

Direct in future to Mainsforth, and believe me yours truly,

R. Surtees.

Can you inquire if such a book was ever published as "Memoirs of the Life and Times of Sir James Turner," or some such title? This Sir James was an officer under Leslie in the civil wars, and the memoir contains some curious matter relative to the march of the Scots into England, &c. I know it was printed privately by the Bannatyne Club, 1829, at Edinburgh, but an advertisement in the Literary Gazette, July 25, 1829, says an edition for public sale would soon be published by Longman, *sed quære*. I wish to have it if of any moderate price.†

Poor Raine has been ill for several weeks of a lingering, slow, or nervous fever, but he is now rapidly recovering, I have a cheerful note from him to-day. His illness began with a violent attack of cholera, I mean the English or common species. This place continues quite clear, and Newcastle is improving. There is a report of one case at Stockton, which is quite out of the regular north-western march of the disease. Durham, and even Chester-le-Street, so little to the south of Newcastle, have escaped.

I send you the Sledwish ceiling, drawn by Mr. Sopwith of Newcastle. You need not return it, as I can get another proof. It is neat, but not very freely drawn.

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* "When the South Docks were in agitation here (Sunderland and Hendon), he attended some meetings of the landowners; and on its being said that the Dock was not to have a railway to it, 'Then' said he, 'it will be a frying pan without a handle.'" —Sir C. Sharp to Mr. Taylor, 31 May, 1837.

† Published in 4to. Longman. Price 1*l.* 15*s.*

CXII.

To The EDITOR.

7 March, 1832.

— Sharp is gone to London about the Wet Docks. I am happy to see Hunter is going to edit Boucher's Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial Words.* I just remember Boucher, and have seen enough of his collections to know it must be in such hands a valuable work—a British Jamieson. I hope he will not insert the Newcastle slang, such as a "lobstropulous fellow," v. Brockett *passim*.†

CXIII.

To J. G. NICHOLS, Esq.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, 31 May, 1832.

I do not know what better you are to do than send the Coin Catalogue as a parcel by coach. I wish to have it in time to send an order to Mr. Young if any article strikes me.

You would receive MS. and *Descent of the Earl of Strathmore*, the latter to be submitted to Mr. Young. Before you send it, or when returned, add the following dates, which I dare say are correct enough, as I made them at the time. * * *

We are here, as yet, in a blessed state of peace and ignorance ; for, except a message from Hoult of Rushyford, I should be ignorant that Earl Grey was again Minister. I am afraid there's a stone set a-rolling that cannot now be stopped, and I also fear that the velocity *downwards* must increase as we roll towards the abyss. "Is this ‡ to be a final measure ?" every moderate man must ask with anxiety and trembling. Yet I trust there may be enough that is sound among us to prevent a total overthrow. Much of the Bill I would admit; much I dislike, but I care not, if it were final and not perchance the first of a series of revolutionary measures. Yours very truly,

R. Surtees.

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* Two parts only were published, 4to. 1833.

† Mr. Surtees had a great regard for Mr. Brockett, (see p. 427, above,) and contributed to his Glossary of North Country Words, but the book, upon the whole, disappointed him. He did not approve of the numerous slang words and phrases which appear in its pages, nor was he satisfied with many of Mr. Brockett's derivations.

‡ The Reform Bill.

CXIV.

To JOSEPH FRANK, Esq.

Dear Frank, Mainsforth, Nov. 24, 1832.

I owe many thanks for Robin Hood,* which I am re-perusing with great delight, ballad by ballad, as Ritson devoured the Border Minstrelsy. I wrote to Ra. Tatham, senior tutor of St. John's, to procure Sir Percy. He can have no difficulty in obtaining access to the MSS. but, if he be idle, I'll write to the Hon. Mr. Neville, Master of Magd. Coll. who will, I have no doubt, attend to the request. I have an opportunity of sending this by a messenger who is in haste to return. Believe me yours ever truly,

R. Surtees.

P. 221, vol. ii. What College is intended? There is no University College, Cambridge. Is it Oxford?

CXV.

To Sir C. SHARP.

24 Nov. 1832.

———'s son wishes to dispose of all his father's MSS. to some library or collector, in order to raise a little cash to enable him if possible to enter foreign service, from the absolute impossibility of getting into the British line without purchase. Blacket and I shall endeavour to get some assistance, or at least information, from General Sir Robert Swinburne in the Austrian service, who has got commissions for several young Catholic English. Edward Swinburne writes to him, and the interest is very good. The young ——— is six feet high, and as bold as a lion, and, though a little wild at college, has been very steady and attentive to his poor deranged mother's affairs for two years. He would give up all claim to the property to her and his sisters if he had just enough to carry him to a counterscarp to live—or die—in a blaze. Can you think of any purchaser for the MSS., copies of almost every pedigree he ever drew, rich in Yorkshire and Lancashire, and I believe true.

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* A new edition, published under Mr. Frank's superintendence.

CXVI.

To J. G. NICHOLS, Esq.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, Dec. 1, 1832.

I wish you would just put these addenda through the press in, perhaps, a loose way, as there may be additions. As I purpose to print a few copies of Barnard Castle extra numbers, I think the addenda are as well there.

I have your Strathmore pedigree. I must recollect the additional, I really think I sent you, viz. the marriage of Russell Barrington and [Maria,] heiress of John Lyon. Those names I must get again, and can do so with a few days' delay. Raine has just sent me Rickman's survey of Staindrop church,* which I will try to assimilate to my own more simple description. I think these architects are sometimes wrong, though ingenious, in fixing precise dates for the termination of certain styles of architecture. I fancy some modes lingered in country places. Yours most truly,

R. Surtees.

Who published Sir W. Scott's Letters to Mr. D. Gilbert, &c.?† If it is your own concern, I would assist you if I could, but I feel a great deal more than I can say here, and I rather presume Lockhart will do something.

CXVII.

To J. G. NICHOLS, Esq.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, Jan. 9, 1833.

I sent you yesterday under cover to Sir F. Freeling a somewhat trite memoir of Kit Smart the poet, which must be added to the MS. of Snotterton, parish of Staindrop.‡ I write to beg you will have the kindness to inquire if there are any other editions of Smart's poems than the quarto, 1752, and that of 1791 by his nephew, and correct any other errors that occur to you about his publications, which, after all, seem to me of very inferior stamp.

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* Raine's own. Rickman surveyed only St. Andrew Auckland.

† A small volume of Letters of Sir Walter Scott, chiefly addressed to the Rev. Richard Polwhele. 1832. 12mo. The best of them are also printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for Nov. 1832.

‡ See vol. iv. p. 128.

I observe the decease of the venerable author of Surrey,* and of a friend of mine also of very advanced years, Berkeley of Cotheridge,† who was a hale elderly man when I used to visit at Sir Edward Winnington's in Worcestershire, in my Oxford vacations.

I expected a frank for this, for we swarm with members, but Sir W. Chaytor is behind his time, and I will not lose the post.

Moreover, I owe Thorpe, the bookseller, 5*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* or thereabouts. If you could tell him to send his account to your office for payment, I have a 5*l.* Bank of England note ready for the first frank, which I do not now inclose, to avoid double postage.

We shall soon have the question whether a Quaker can enter St. Stephen's chapel. I believe if Joseph Pease is declared ineligible, there is no intention to oppose his future return should facility be given by an Act to admit him.

My friend Bowes is seated at all events.

I am sorry to say my brother-in-law Wm. Robinson as well as his wife are both in such a dangerous state of health, that I should not be surprised if I am obliged to be in London, for which I have no inclination, even were the occasion more pleasant.

With kind remembrance to your father and family, ever yours most truly,

R. SURTEES.

CXVIII.

To J. G. NICHOLS, Esq.

Harpur Street, 6 May, 1833.

DEAR SIR,

If you have a spare proof of the Strathmore Pedigree as it was finally settled, be so good as forward it to Mr. Bowes, 54, Conduit Street. I shall not be able to reach your neighbourhood to-day, being obliged to face the city on some of poor Wm. Robinson's affairs. I did very well whilst influenza floated on the winds of April; but this burst of golden May, in which every one rejoices, quite overpowers me, and I must fly to the country as soon as I can. From our situation, I could not possibly have ventured to leave town yesterday, but the present attack is subsiding. Yours,

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* William Bray, Esq. of Shere, the historian of Surrey, and Treasurer of the Society of Antiquaries.

† The Rev. Henry Rowland Berkeley, D.C.L., of Cotheridge Court, co. Worcester, died Sept. 17, 1832, aged 92.

R. SURTEES.

CXIX.

To The Rev. C. R. CAMERON.*

DEAR CAMERON, Hendon, near Sunderland, Aug. 5, 1833.

I have waited till I could write to you with some certainty of our movements We hoped to have been at home by the 12th of August, but Mrs. Surtees, who is very unwell, is staying here at her mother's for the benefit of sea-bathing, and will, I think, continue here till the end of this month. I hope, therefore, you will come and stay with us at Mainsforth on your return southwards; and meanwhile, if you are at Whitburn, you will find us here not four miles distant, half a mile from Sunderland. If you go first to Whitburn, your best road will be through Yarm and Stockton by Castle-Eden and Sunderland. The *Dene* or valley of Castle-Eden is very beautiful, and Wearmouth iron bridge you will pass over on this route. If you point to Gateshead, it would be just as short and better road † to proceed from Thirsk by Northallerton, Croft Bridge, Darlington, and Durham, to Newcastle. The cathedral and general situation of Durham, and Lumley and Lambton Castle, near Chester-le-Street, are the chief objects on this line. Our situation at Mainsforth is thirteen miles from Stockton through Sedgefield. On the other road we are three miles from Rushyford and nine from Durham. To Hendon the Bakers will readily shew you the way, and we shall look out for you ten days hence. Lincolnshire is almost a *terra incognita* to me. I once got to magnificent Lincoln and emerged again by Gainsborough to Doncaster. If you cross the Humber, note Beverley's fair minster, and therein the Percy monuments, but York is the glory of our northern lands, and perhaps of England. At Thirsk your road divides—to Northallerton, &c. or by the Tontine inn and Stockton.

We can give you a dinner and beds here. The Bakers will tell you all about it. Yours most truly,

R. SURTEES.

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* See p. 10, above.

† Both roads are good, but the Great North road is the better.—R. S.

Dr. Chalmers is preaching here yesterday and Tuesday, for the benefit of the Scottish churches here—an odd plan. Seats are taken by ticket, 3*s.* each. The Methodists would lend him their great chapel, and say they would go to church and eat their cheese and bread whilst he's preaching. We have all manner of sects here, Dissenters and Sub-Dissenters, Jews, Catholics, and Quakers, about twenty various professions, Zion Chapel, Smyrna, &c.

Rev. C. R. Cameron, Swaby,
Louth, Lincolnshire.

CXX.

To Sir C. SHARP.

Mainsforth, 11 Sep. 1833.

I think at least in the first instance the Collection should be confined to genuine Durham ballads, or what J. Bell calls Northern Rhymes. Some imitations (but such mine scarcely are) might be added, but perhaps I might throw these into a separate though uniform shape. They would make a small garland and some embellishments. Let us have the old stuff first. Some local traditions might be mentioned as notes to the metrical remains, but have we a single old line of poetry to hang the Lambton Worm or Cold Lad of Hilton on? To enter into any dissertation on Brownies, &c. would be exceeding the limits of a metrical collection; so tell the stories short and quaintly. The Houghton Hunting Ballad is very local. Rookhope Raid was reprinted by Sir W. Scott and Jocky Bell. It is a truly Weardale ballad of some interest. I ought to have Ritson's Garlands reprinted by Triphook. There is a good old song about Stockton in ancient Stockton's commendation; some modern, as " Sweet Lass of Cockerton." I ought to have it, but can't find it.

CXXI.

To J. G. NICHOLS, Esq.

Dear Sir, Mainsforth, 15 Nov. 1833.

I sent you a Durham paper with an account of the opening of the Northern University. I send you another which records the honoured end of my poor friend John Carr,* whom I loved next to my heart. His scholars are subscribing to found a Carr scholarship, and to give an annual Carr golden medal.

The new university is hailed by all parties as a rising star (a northern light may I say), of bright and unsullied lustre. Everything seems propitious, and the wealthy Cathedral Church of Durham has devoted a large portion of its revenues to the new institution; but the death of Carr has thrown a gloom on the general feeling. He died probably more deservedly and sincerely lamented than most persons recorded in your Obituary. He was eminently distinguished as a mathematician, having taken a [second] wrangler's degree at Cambridge, and was, perhaps, not less distinguished as a classical scholar. He peculiarly excelled in pure Latin composition, but his private character was to me his chief recommendation. Kind, unobtrusive, gentle, but independent; most pure, most blameless, wrapped up in domestic feeling, and neither meddling with nor caring for the world, I firmly believe he had not an enemy. His death has cast a gloom over Durham. Raine will send you a better account; if not, use this. There was a quiet, unobtrusive independence about him which I never, perhaps, saw equalled; a purity and delicacy of mind and manners arising from the union of a complete education and the most perfect sense of honour, united to the most unaffected simplicity of manner. As to a schoolmaster, he never looked like one; but he sent good scholars to Cambridge. No boy ever left Durham without loving him; and between Raine and Carr there was an excellent master. Poor Carr could teach, but he could not govern, except by kindness.

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* This letter is redolent of truth and friendship. It speaks of death; and, in consequence of the death of its writer, which took place very soon afterwards, it is, with grief be it stated, the last of Mr. Surtees's letters to be placed before the public.

The Rev. John Carr, M.A. was the youngest son of a gentleman of an ancient and respectable family seated at Stackhouse, near Giggleswick, in Yorkshire, which was connected in blood with the Carrs of Northumberland, and appears to have migrated southwards in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Mr. Carr was educated at Giggleswick school, and afterwards prosecuted his studies at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he became second Wrangler, in 1807, and in due time was elected a fellow of his college, an honour which his eldest brother had previously obtained. In 1811 he was appointed head master of the Grammar School of Durham, and in 1817 was presented by the Dean and Chapter to the vicarage of Brantingham, which he held till his death. One who reveres his memory and looks back to a period of fifteen harmonious and happy years of official connection and co-operation with him in the performance of a responsible and laborious public duty, can bear ample testimony to the truth of Mr. Surtees's opinions and statements. What he has said he has said well and truly.

Mr. Carr had a short time before his death been appointed Professor of Mathematics in the newly-founded University of Durham. The establishment of a Carr scholarship, and a yearly gold medal in the university, alluded to by Mr. Surtees above, which was at one period meditated by Mr. Carr's scholars, was not carried into effect; but a splendid architectural monument by Rickman was erected to his memory in Durham Cathedral, upon which is the following inscription :—

✠ JOANNES CARR A.M. PER XXII. ANNOS SCHOLÆ DUNELMENSIS ARCHIDIDASCALUS HIC SEPULTUS JACET. PRÆCEPTORI CARISSIMO QUOS SIBI ET MORIBUS ET DOCTRINA ARCTISSIME DEVINXERAT DISCIPULI POSUERE. OBIIT A.D. MDCCCXXXIII. ÆT. XLVII.

"The Rev. John Carr, M.A., sometime Fellow of Trin. Coll. Cambridge, of an ancient family at Stackhouse, near Giggleswick in Craven, in the family at least since Henry the Eighth's time. He married Rosetta-Anne, daughter of John Thomas Hendry Hopper, of Witton Castle, co. Pal. Esq. and has left a numerous issue."

If Raine does not send you a better account, this is true as far as it goes, and I would not wish him to die without some memorial in your never-fading record of departed worth. Yours,

R. S.

Printed by J. B. Nichols and Son, 25, Parliament Street, Westminster.

ERRATA.

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